Nov. 2,1963

THE NEW YORKER

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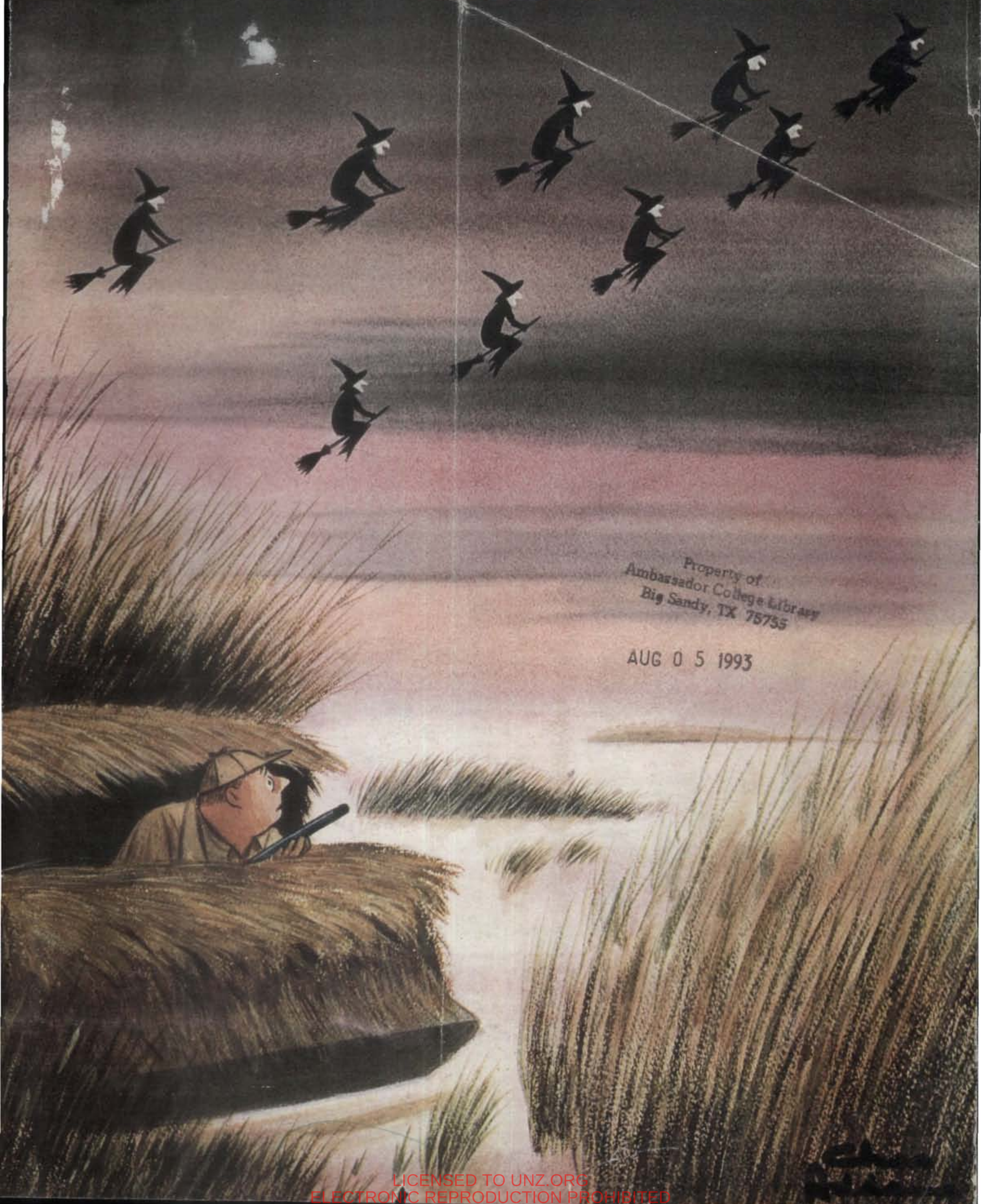

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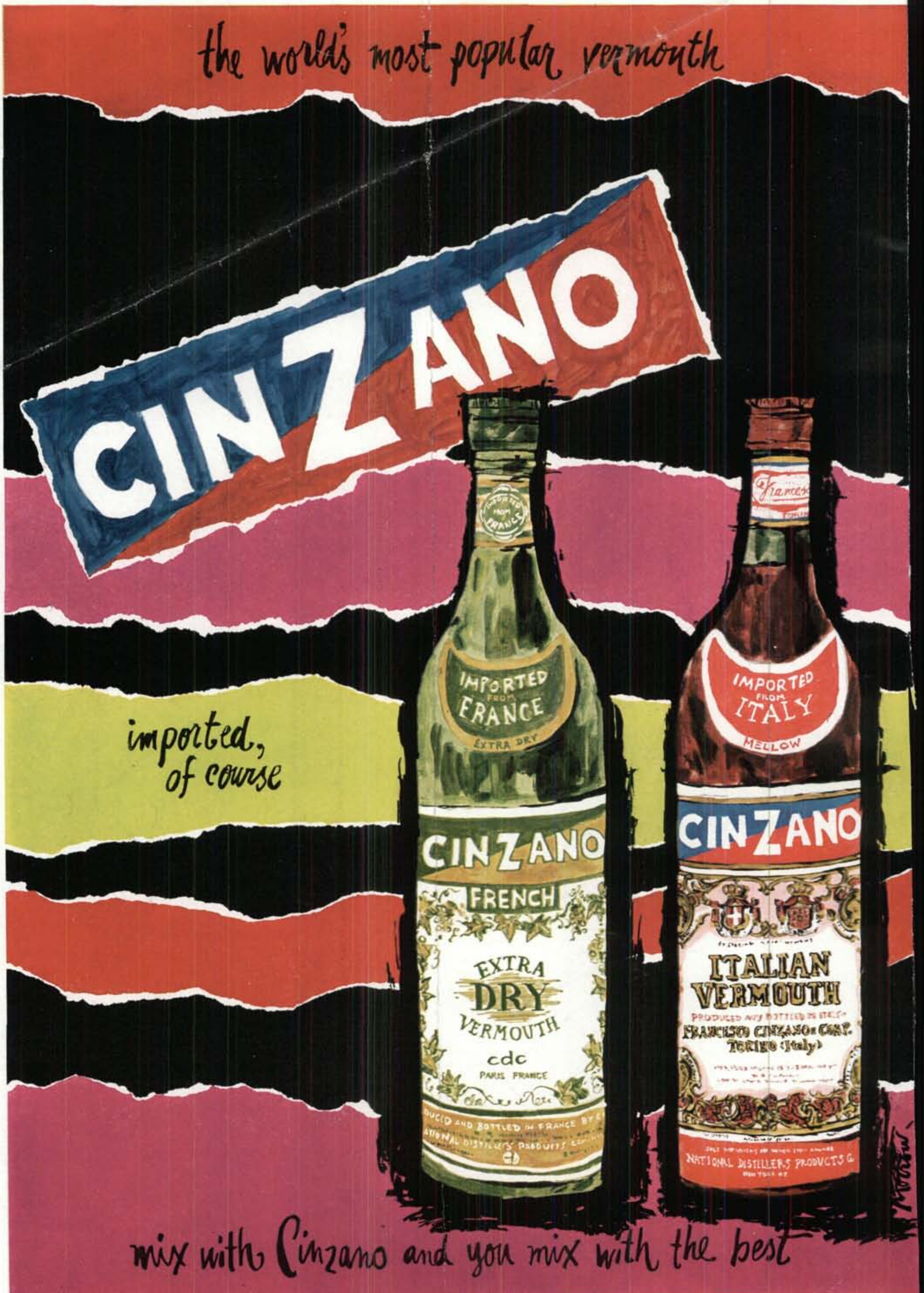
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but pleasant little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walkup apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marie Bell and Her Company—The final performances in a two-week repertory, in French, of Racine tragedies by this troupe from Paris. Through Saturday, Nov. 2: "Bérénice.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 3: "Phèdre." (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer, and so, for that matter, are all his colleagues in the enterprise. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—A drama about an R.A.F. encampment where there is very little happiness. The play, written by Arnold Wesker, is rather shapeless, but it does have its dramatic moments. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard prancing about in an English comedy that is long on eccentricity and short on wit. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. Albert Finney turns in a memorable performance as Luther, and the others in the cast, directed by Tony Richardson, are all noteworthy, too. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, one a rather ordinary business about a young man being taught to chase the girls, and the other, a big improvement, a farce about a far-out detective who is so effective in shadowing a lady that she presently finds it hard to get along without him. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's exploration of life among some new-day aristocrats. The drama takes its time about getting under way, but it includes some fine scenes and all kinds of deft performances by the cast. Outstanding among those present is Alan Badel, who plays a rueful alcoholic. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spoon River—A first-rate dramatic interpretation of Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated masterwork, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who also adapted it). All of them are superb. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe:** A diversion in which four wits—Leigh Wharton, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.). . . **mary, mary:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **never too late:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Ballad of the Sad Café—An adaptation, by Edward Albee, of Carson McCullers' novella, with Colleen Dewhurst and William Prince. Directed by Alan Schneider and produced by Lewis Allen and Ben Edwards. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jennie—Mary Martin adrift in an ocean of ennui, which describes the early life of Laurette Taylor. Arnold Schulman wrote the book, and Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz provided the music and the lyrics. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. Eva Gabor has replaced Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **oliver!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **stop the world—i want to get off:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley. Joel Grey will succeed Mr. Newley on Monday, Nov. 4. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 37, November 2, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Tambourines to Glory—Langston Hughes' gospel-singing play (adapted from his novel of the same name), for which he also did the lyrics and Jobe Huntley wrote the music. Clara Ward, Hilda Simms, Robert Guillaume, Rosetta LeNoire, and Louis Gossett head a cast directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos. Presented by Joel Schenker and Hexter Productions, in association with Sydney S. Baron. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 2. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. LA 4-0728. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Ballad for Bimshire—Ossie Davis turns a minor role into a major one in this cheerful, slapdash musical about Barbados. Talley Beatty's dances are lively, and Irving Burgie's songs rate B-plus for music, C-minus for words. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Morgan Sterne. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A philosophical whodunit by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, in which a government official investigates the judicial authorities of "a foreign city" to find out which one of them has been dealing with the underworld. The first act is good; the second and third acts tend to get a little high-flown and stagy. With C. K. Alexander, Alan Oppenheimer, and Muni Seroff, all of whom do well. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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God, Man and You, Baby!—A revue by Phillip S. Gelb. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A play by Martin B. Duberman. Opens Thursday, Oct. 31. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

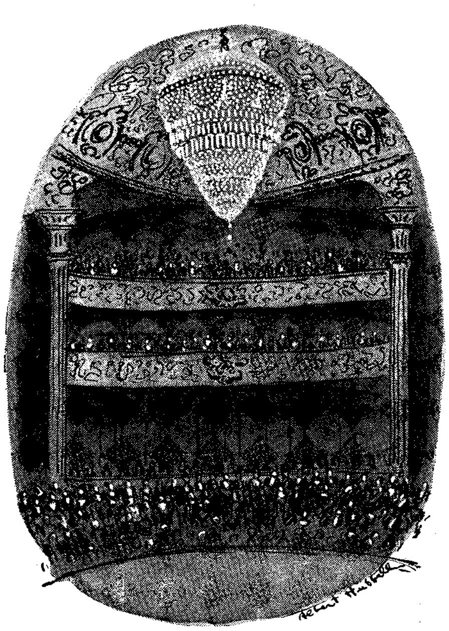
Mr. Simian—An earnest, muddled parable. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Opening Night and **A Matter of Like Life and Death**—A brace of one-acters that are not very strong in themselves but that certainly provide some playable roles for performers. The performers who make the most of the roles are Peggy Wood and Ruth Gates, as an alcoholic old star and her dresser, and James Karen, Frances Sternhagen, and Marlene Warfield, as a scientist, his wife, and a cheeky maid. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Streets of New York—A musical based on Dion Boucicault's play of the same name, with a book and lyrics by Barry Alan Grael and a score by Richard B. Chodosh. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Walk in Darkness—A play by William Hairston, adapted from Hans Habe's 1948 novel of the same name. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

MISCELLANY

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by a company appearing here for the first time. "An Unusual Concert" will be presented at all performances through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at noon and 3:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 23.)

National Ballet—Up from Washington for one performance, presenting "Les Sylphides," "Con Amore," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Hommage au Ballet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco lets the grace notes fall where they may as he hews to the melodic line of his jubilant ditties. Dick Palumbi, who is his pianist, and the Enrique Madriguera orchestra are just as happy-go-lucky. They all do dinner and supper stints in the Royal Box; dancing occurs the rest of the evening. On Monday, Nov. 4, the place will be taken over by Diahann Carroll, night-blooming flower, who sings in the manner of angels. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book—preferably one for hammock reading. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of extrovert literature. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is the home of Stanley Worth's minute band. On Mondays, another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Carol Lawrence, in whom the arts of soprano and ballerina find common ground, puts her best foot forward twice a night in the Persian Room. She's ably assisted in her floating-in-mid-air sequences by her young men-at-arms, Robert Lone and Johnny Harmon, and assisted all the time by Joe Harnell's perspicacious band. On Wednesday, Nov. 6, this song-and-dance interlude will be replaced by Ethel Merman, who defies classification by being *sui generis*. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling orchestra and Mark Monte's small,

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St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—*Status quo ante* and all that prevail in the Maisonette, home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room resounds twice a night to the campaign oratory of Alan King, the Great Abolitionist. (Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and cabdrivers all must go.) His merry and meritorious arguments are surrounded by quantities of efficient dance music from a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *crostini*, Puccini, and *vini*. Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three all-out singers and comedians assist him. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The management has rolled out a wall-to-wall red carpet for Bobby Short, the troubadour of the home-is-where-we-hang-our-hats group. His piano, set in the middle of décor of awesome grandeur, is flanked by his trio (Beverly Peer is its mainspring), and he's onstage from ten to three except Mondays. The piano of Otis Clements whiles away the cocktail and dinner hours every night but Sunday, and on Mondays he's there until twelve-thirty. . . . **EMBASSY CLUB**, also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Roland Haas plays Chippendale piano from six-thirty to ten, except Sundays, for diners in this stately manse. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, there's well-modulated piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays, when Forrest Perrin does the honors. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajolled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five-thirty to seven and again from eleven to three—there is organ music of a serenity quite appropriate to the setting. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers. Budd Gregg strokes a piano from dinnertime through suppertime. He's away Mondays, which are devoted—with the assistance of music by the Commanders—to the Twist, a recent art form now of interest mainly to antiquarians. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, Joan Bishop plays dulcet piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): How to dress beautifully and yet seem to wear nothing at all is the curriculum of the highly energized career girls who make this their nightly playground. Distributed among them are François Szony and Nancy Claire, balletomanes who give us earthlings an idea of what heavenly bodies zooming through space look like. Dancing is provided for us earthlings as well. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): A different sample of *les girls*—i.e., Jane Russell, Connie Haines, and Beryl Davis, who are doing their rumpus

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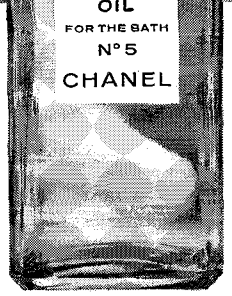
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

room trilogy of song and chatter just as it was done in the gaming rooms of the Wild West. It's partly auld lang syne and partly aw, what the hell? Dancing.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George White has an eye for the ladies, and the current edition of his "Scandals" is proof of that, but the conversation and the comedy come under the heading of Grim Tidings.

CABARETS

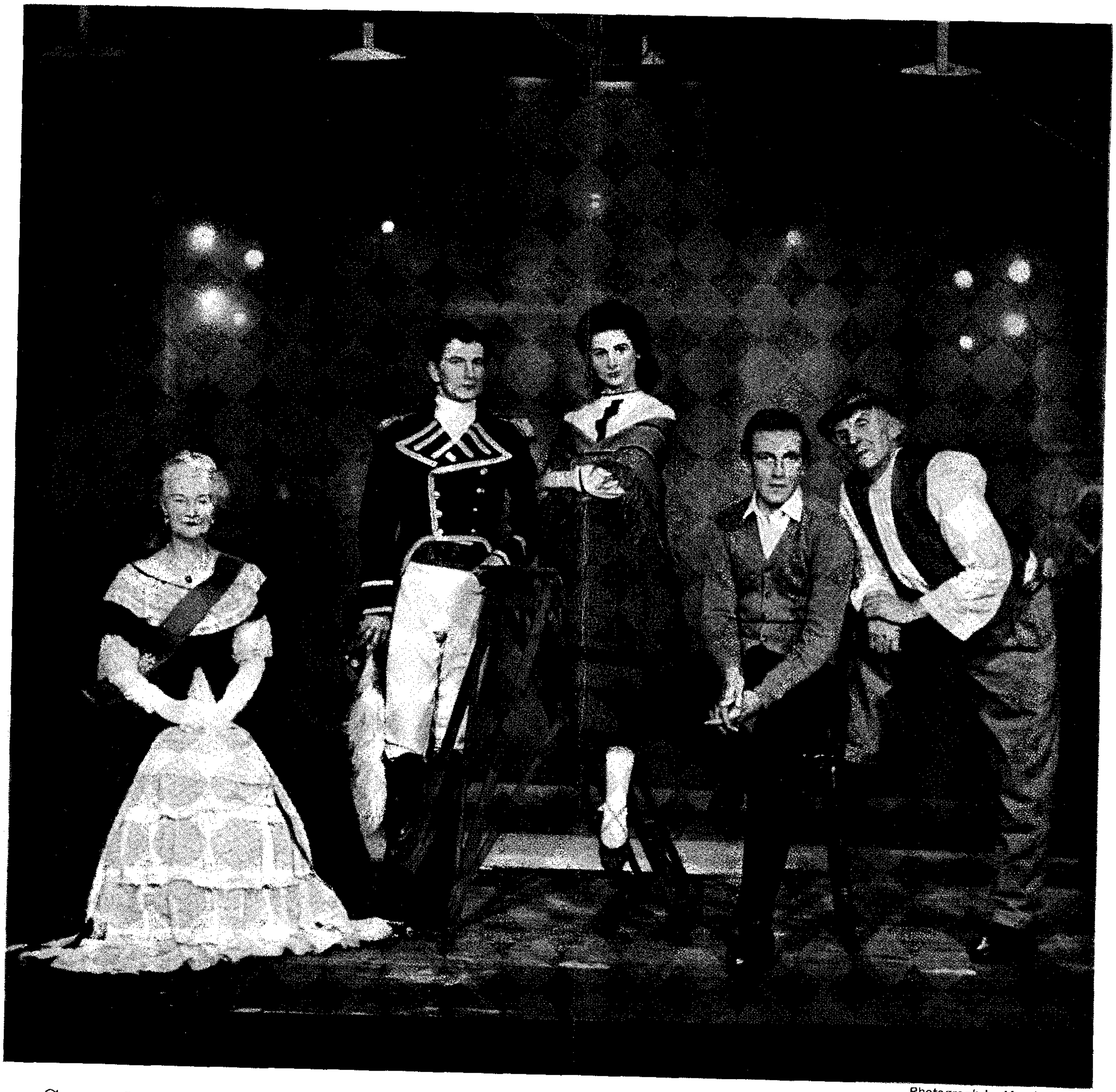
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A year later, Julius Monk's revue, "Dime a Dozen," still finds the whole world a theatre of the absurd and still acts accordingly. Gerry Matthews remains as dean of the faculty, and among the more recent members of the larricking cast are Fredricka Weber, Carol Morley, and Jamie Ross. The orchestra is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The mixed grill onstage (mixed grills and such are served at your table, too) involves Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, whose brief plays deal with the downfall of domesticity and other luxuries; Rolf Harris, whose peculiar fame rests upon the shoulders of a song about a kangaroo (*vide* TV); and Mara Lynn Brown, who has moved over from Chicago to sing. ... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square (AL 4-0480): The exploding universe in which the Second City troupers lead their talented lives steadily encompasses new ideas and improves old ones, wherefore their current revue, like the others, is full of resounding glee. The cast is detachable on short notice, but Severn Darden, a cast in himself even without saying a word, is present now, and so are Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, and Bob Dishy. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's only an eight-thirty showing). *Mondays, darkness prevails.* ... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Neither Queen Victoria nor the top layer of the British hierarchy would be amused by what the players of England's valuable export, The Establishment, have to say about Britannia's rule, but everyone else is apt to be. The latest company is all new except for Carole Simpson, whose ballads are brimming with pertinence and impertinence. Teddy Wilson's exulting jazz trio is the American leavening. Nine and eleven-thirty are the hours through the week, four and eight are the Sunday times; closed Mondays. The Wilson trio plays in the bar after the second show. ... **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a pulsing musical comedy that casts new (and heaven-help-us-if-true) *light on the American heroine,* here presented as a girl whose favorite dish is the psyche of any intending mate. This dragonfly is enacted by a luxurious creation called Barbara Quaney, and her supporting cast of thousands is enacted briskly and brightly by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of *this willful* witticism are David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the composer is Sam Pottle, the director is Ronny Graham. Twice a night is the rule; no work Sundays....¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour,* which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The invincible Chavales de España, assisted in their parades and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, are doing not only drill work but dance music in the back room of this Spanish *fonda* twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at nine-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps.... ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, Juan de la Mata is again the Pied Piper, whose guitar will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, whose every ballad is a Marseillaise call to arms, loving or otherwise, is the dominant figure. Also present: Enid Mosier, a singer composed of West Indian moonshine and monkeyshines, and the rantipole Tiger Haynes and his manic-panic Three Flames, who do the music. Not quite present is a girl comedian. Closed Mondays.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Life has its tremulous moments, even when Matt Dennis is singing about it, but mostly it's crazy-upsy-daisy, and so is the piano with which—not so often as in yesteryear—he accompanies himself. Mrs. D., who answers to the name of Ginny, is his carolling partner. Their surroundings are apt to be hurly-burly, let it be noted.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jackie Cain, just about the most enchanting of the cool nightingales, wanders through jump ballads by herself or hand in hand, voice in voice, with Roy Kral. Mr. K.'s pianoforte, Ike Isaac's threesome, and Irene Reid, another soprano, are the rest of the sound. There's always an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen McRae, lightly boxing the ears of her songs to make them step lively, is on the podium, and so is Charlie Byrd, deep in the recesses of his unelectrified guitar, which respects Seville and cajoles Broadway. Mr. B.'s trio chimes in whenever he wants it to. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else. The sounds, which are predominantly folk, are made by (among others) the Tarriers, who are partly in earnest and partly in jest. Woody Allen, a waif who proves that not only the dead know Brooklyn, speaks wistfully and comically about what existence there means to a growing boy. *On Saturday, Nov. 2, the Tarriers come to an end.* Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty.... **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Life in a frontier town, an odd locale for Joe Mooney, who, seated at night at the organ, finds quite a few lost chords with which to ornament his tricky jazz ballads. Chuck Wayne's trio is also around. Mr. Mooney stays home Sundays, the Waynes stay home Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; later, the Dukes of Dixieland and Red Allen's quartet blow the place to bits. On Friday, Nov. 1, Jack Teagarden, every inch a ruler, will succeed to the throne, bringing his band along with him. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Ben Webster is in residence, to prove that we do have respect for our elders and for musicianship. The great man has a quintet in hand. That's not all—Ada Lee is singing, for one—but that's what counts. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. Lennie Tristano and a few cohorts, among them Lee Konitz, are the current speakers, and introversion is their theme. Closed Mondays. ... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is on the job with a handful of acolytes, and Roland Hanna's trio takes every second stanza. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Larry Rivers, better known as an exhibitor in our art galleries, is on saxophone) play, after a fashion, for listening and dancing. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Music is sort of a side dish here, so Tyree Glenn keeps his quartet mouselike during the dinner hour, only to become more expansive later on. Harold Quinn does solo piano. On Monday, Nov. 4, Jonah Jones' quartet will replace the Glenns. They take Sundays off, when Louis Metcalf's foursome fills in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who contributes quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano for the threesome inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as Mr. Jackson's running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his 52nd Street Rifles are bivouacking once more. Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell are among his helpmeets. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—Paintings; through Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Etchings and woodcuts; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

FRANCIS BACON—A loan exhibition of paintings that coincides with the showing of this British contemporary's works at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Small landscape studies in oil; through Nov. 16. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Abstract water colors; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (American Gallery, 156 E. 64th St.)

JEAN CHABAUD—Paintings by a young French artist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—Paintings and drawings by the late poet, plus paintings of stage sets for a Cummings play by Ben Shahn; through Nov. 16. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Gouaches by the Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors; through Nov. 16. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUIS FEITO—Abstractions by one of the School of Paris artists; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ADOLF FLEISCHMANN—Non-objective paintings by a contemporary German-born American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Paintings of underwater still-life; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.) . . . ¶ Drawings from his new book "My Eye Is in Love;" through Saturday, Nov. 9. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Abstract paintings, drawings, collages, and lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Water colors, chiefly of Puerto Rico; through Nov. 16. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES GRANT—Abstract collages; through Thursday, Nov. 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

PETER HAYWARD—Street scenes and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Nov. 29. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St.)

THEO HIOS—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

JOE JONES (1909-63)—Paintings done between 1947 and the time of his death; through Nov. 16. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Paintings and sculptures; through Nov. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT KIPNISS—Landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Auslander, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

IRVING MARANTZ—Paintings from Rome, 1962-63; through Nov. 16. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MILLER—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920)—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Abstract panels; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND PARKER—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO AND KLEE—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GEORGE PICKEN—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 16. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

CHARLES PRENDERGAST (1869-1949)—Water colors, panels, and carvings; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Large silk-screen paintings in color; through Nov. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CONSTANCE RICHARDSON—Paintings of Antigua, Guatemala; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

TETSURO SAWADA—Paintings by a Japanese modern; through Nov. 23. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM—Landscapes and figure paintings done in Borneo; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

RONALD SEARLE—Pen-and-ink and wash drawings by the English satirist; through Nov. 11. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

HASSEL SMITH—Paintings done in Cornwall, England, by a California artist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

THÉOPHILE-ALEXANDRE STEINLEN (1859-1923)—Drawings, pastels, and water colors by the French artist; through Nov. 16. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

ANTONI TÀPIES—Abstractions by this Spanish painter; through Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HUGO WEBER—Abstractions by a Swiss-born artist; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARVEY WEISS—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

MASTER DRAWINGS—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, with examples ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual exhibition of present-day American sculptors, comprising sixty-seven pieces (by Dorothy Dehner, Ezio Martinelli, Joseph Konzal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

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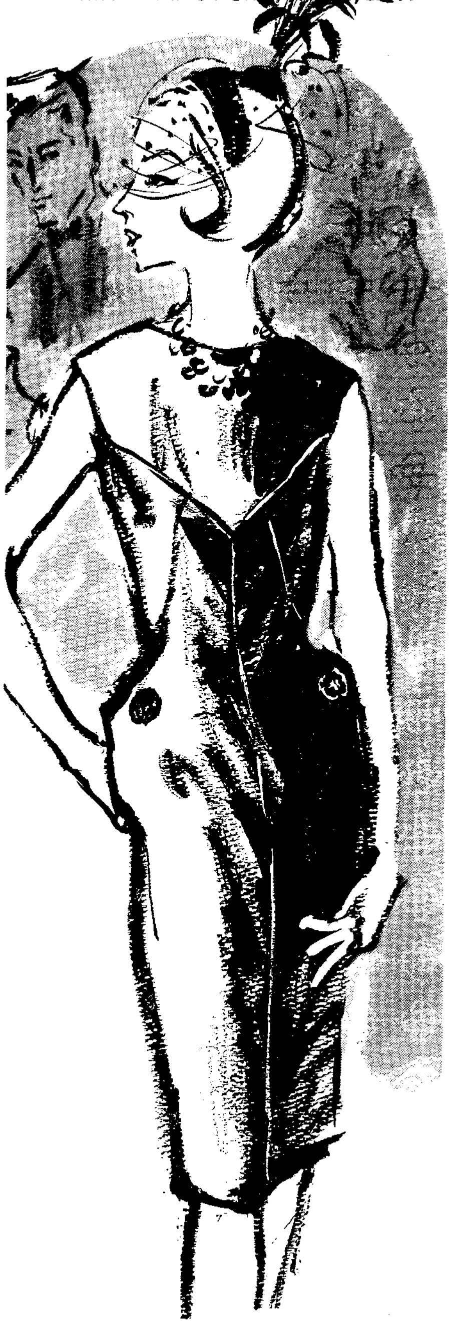

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of paintings and sculptures by fourteen winners (over the past seven years) of the Brandeis University Creative Arts Awards, among them Edwin Dickinson, Naum Gabo, and Richard Lippold; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Philip Evergood, Andrew Wyeth, and William King are among the exhibitors in a show called "American Contemporary Still-Life;" through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and eight other Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings and sculptures by nine 1963 Fulbright artist-grantees, for instance Ray Ciarrochi, Susan Draper, and Raymond Hitchcock; through Friday, Nov. 8. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—George Bellows, J. H. Twachtman, and Gustav Loiseau are three of the artists represented in a show called "Waters, Salt and Sweet;" through Nov. 23. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Three French landscapists—Boudin, Corot, and Courbet; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings by a dozen modern Irish artists, including Barrie Cooke, Louis le Brocquy, and Patrick Scott; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: "Panorama of Yugoslav Primitive Art," paintings and sculptures by contemporary peasant artists; through Nov. 16.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays; 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Venetian masters of the sixteenth century, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by Francis Bacon, one of Britain's leading painters; through Jan. 12. A good complement to this exhibition is the Bacon showing (ending Saturday) at the Granville Gallery, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A set of seven eighteenth-century Royal Gobelin tapestries, depicting the Biblical story of Queen Esther; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Creative Casting," an exhibit of new work in metal by American artists and craftsmen; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—The first exhibition in this new museum is made up of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Scuplture of Primitive Peoples: Recent Acquisitions 1963" (from Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and the Americas); through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella (1877-1946), America's leading Futurist; through Dec. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Aïda," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lucine Amara, Neyde Thomaz, Cesare Siepi, Leopold Simoneau, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, and Cornell MacNeil. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720, before 2:30 on Friday.). . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Mignon Dunn, Dino Formichini, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Karl Liebl, Otto Edelmann, Giorgio Tozzi, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Paul Schöffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "La Bohème," with Nicoletta Panni, Janet Pavek, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, George Shirley, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Lorenzo Alvary.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Friday evening, Nov. 1: "Louise.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 2: "The Merry Widow.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 2: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 3: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 3: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 8: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 9: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 9: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 10: "Gentlemen, Be Seated!" . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 10: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3 (no soloists); and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 7-9, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3 (all with John Browning, piano).

David and Igor Oistrakh and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra—The violinists in three joint concerts (different programs) with the orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Barshai. (Carnegie Hall. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello; Davis Shuman, trombone; and Paul Jacobs, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 3 and 9.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a Mozart-Handel program, with Ginetta La Bianca and Maria Ferriero, sopranos; Charles Bressler, tenor; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Joseph Iadone, lute; and the Festival Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Mozart's Requiem and Symphony No. 39, with Theresa Coleman, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Walter Blazer, tenor; and Andrew Frierson, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Jacob Maxim—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio of New York—In the last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Nov. 1, and Friday, Nov. 8, both at 8:40.)

Friends of Live Music—The Lenox Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5:30.)

Julian Bream Consort—The first of two concerts by an Elizabethan ensemble of six instrumentalists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Kendall Taylor—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Jakov Fliere—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Giuseppe Di Stefano—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Robert Riefling—Piano. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Leon Bibb—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Nina Simone's quartet and Herbie Mann's octet, plus a number of folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Benny Goodman with his clarinet, his quartet, his band, Marian McPartland, Red Norvo, and the Berkshire String Quartet, in a program ranging from classical to swing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Jimmy Rushing and others. (Kossuth Hall, 346 E. 69th St. UN 1-3689. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8:30.)

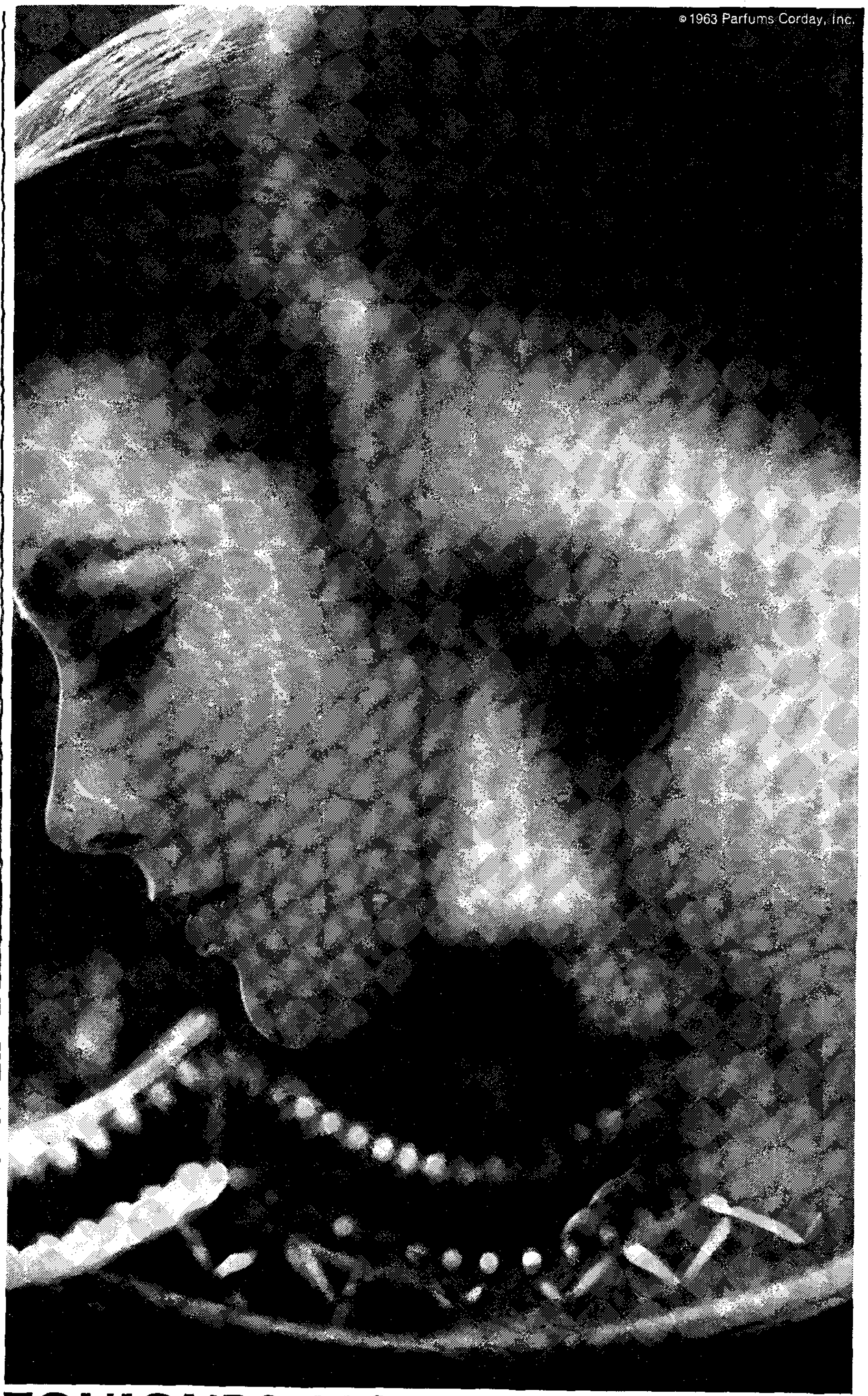
SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Boxing—Florentino Fernandez vs. Juan (Rocky) Rivero, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 1. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 2 (all at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Penn-



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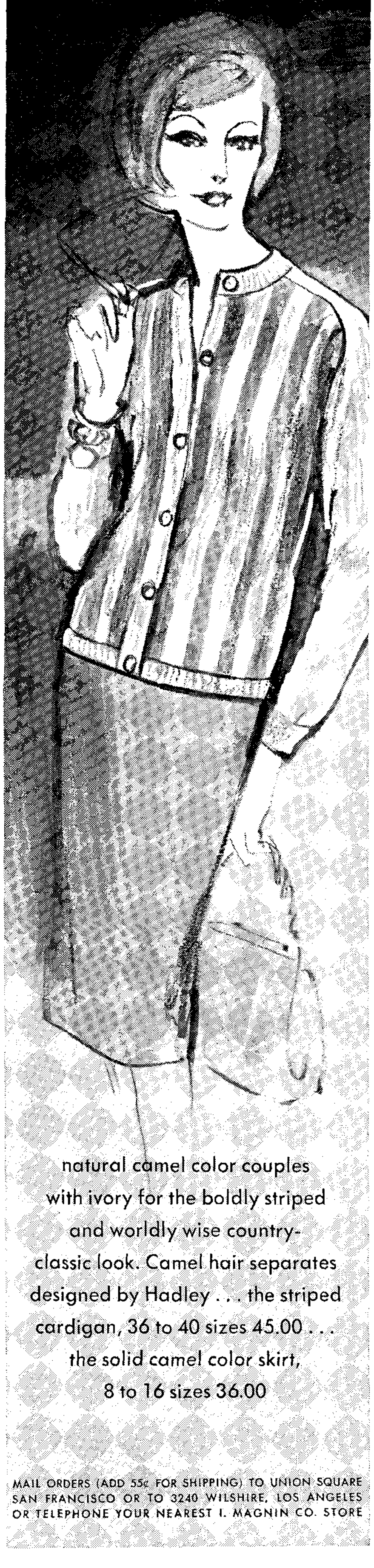

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 9:** Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Utah, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Maryland, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 5, through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 2.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 9.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. The Man o' War, Saturday, Nov. 2; the Interborough Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 5; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:45; last day Saturday, Nov. 9. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Nov. 12.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 2, at noon.) . . . **CHARLES POPE CHORISTERS:** "Ruddigore." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Tom Edison." (Public School No. 198, Third Ave. at 96th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 11. Tickets at the school only, after 10 on the day of the performance.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk," Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturday, Nov. 9. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ELAINE W. REYNOLDS PRODUCTIONS:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **STORY TIME PLAYERS:** "Sokar and the Crocodile." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 11 and 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by Greek children of kindergarten age; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 5; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Hortense Calisher reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:20. No tickets necessary.)

ART TOUR—Four private art collections will be open to the public on Sunday, Nov. 3, from 2 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. The collections shown will be those of Mr. and Mrs. George Delacorte, Mr. Armand Erpf, Mr. and Mrs. John Koch, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger. (For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986, after 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 1:45: English furniture, silver, porcelains and glass, Chinese art, paintings, and oriental rugs; from the estate of Daisy F. B. Scott and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 1:45: American, French, German, and English manuscripts and autographs; from the collections of the late Colonel Roy G. Fitzgerald and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: Barbizon, genre, and other nineteenth-century paintings; eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portraits; and Dutch and Flemish seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works. From various collectors, among them the late Edmund S. Burke, Jr. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Nov. 2, showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evening at 8: "Vertigo" (1958), with James Stewart and Kim Novak. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 3, showings at 3: "North by Northwest" (1959), with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 13, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and Dec. 3, 7, 10, and 14.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 7.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 16:** Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 23:** Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **THANKSGIVING DAY:** Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, and Notre Dame vs. Syracuse, at Yankee Stadium. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 30:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 15. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Dec. 1.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 14, 17, 20, 24, 27, and 30, and Dec. 8, 11, and 15.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through May 10. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Bach Festival, Nov. 10 and 24 and Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 12 and Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Concert Opera Association, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Witold Malcuzynski, piano, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 4 and 6. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, Dec. 9. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 11 and 25. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 13-14. . . . ¶ Robert Gerle, violin, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Lee Luvisi, piano, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Marina Mdivani, piano, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ David Oistrakh, violin, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Dec. 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Michael Tree, violin, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Juan Serrano, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Leon Fleisher, piano, and the Festival Orchestra, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Jerome Lowenthal, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Shoshana Damari, Israeli folk singer, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Julian Bream Consort, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Boys Town Choir, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Esterhazy Orchestra, Dec. 4. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Oscar Shumsky, violin, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Julian Bream Consort, Dec. 7. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ David Oistrakh, violin, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica Motet Choir and Wind Ensemble, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Dec. 7.

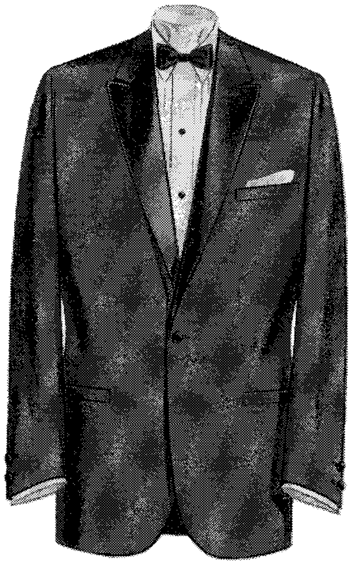
BALLET—At the City Center—Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, Nov. 12-Dec. 1. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, Dec. 3-Jan. 26.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Arturo Ui," an adaptation by George Tabori of the Bertolt Brecht play, with Christopher Plummer in the title role. . . . ¶ A London import, Terence Rattigan's "Man and Boy," starring Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Kirk Douglas in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," a play by Dale Wasserman, taken from Ken Kesey's novel of the same name. . . . ¶ A comedy by Owen G. Arno, "Once for the Asking," with Scott McKay and Jan Sterling. . . . ¶ "The Golden Age," an entertainment devised by Richard Johnson and depicting Elizabethan life in drama, prose, poetry, and music. Douglas Campbell and Nancy Wickwire are in a cast that also includes Elizabethan instrumentalists and singers. . . . ¶ "The Time of the Barracudas," a suspense comedy by Peter Barnes, in which Laurence Harvey and Elaine Stritch will appear. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Have I Got a Girl for You!," by Irving Cooper, with Larry Storch and Nancy R. Pollock at the head of the cast. . . . ¶ Noël Coward's new musical, "The Girl Who Came to Supper" (based on Terence Rattigan's play "The Sleeping Prince"), with a book by Harry Kurnitz. José Ferrer and Florence Henderson are the principals.

PROSE READINGS—Mary McCarthy. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. Nov. 10.)

OTHER DATES—Veterans' Day is Monday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 22-24. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 28.

Our Travelling Representatives visit major cities frequently. Times and places upon request.



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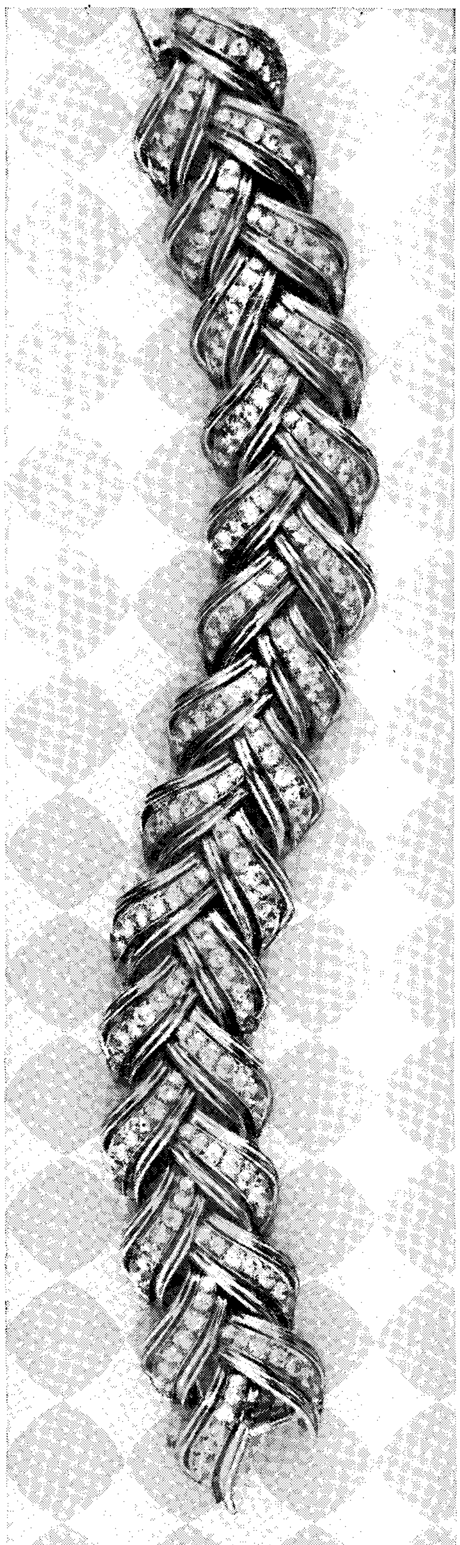

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—An exceptionally attractive short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago and here brought to ghostly life. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce–Italian Style—An exceedingly comic farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 5, tentative.)

Dr. No—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 5, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Knife in the Water—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lawrence of Arabia—Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn and Anthony Quayle. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing skill and a fine ear for English public-school chat. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through Nov. 4.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell as a couple of lonely young people in London who find that love is more trouble than they expected, though not more trouble than it's worth. Sad and funny and well worth seeing. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 5, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 6. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 6, tentative.)

Sanjuro—A Japanese romance in which a sort of Robin Hood sort of outwits innumerable bad men, to the relief of quite a few good ones. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Nov. 5, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Sound of Trumpets—A charming comedy out of Italy about a boy and a girl and a job and a party. Directed by Ermanno Olmi, with a delightful cast. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 3.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the celebrated stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 5.)

The Suitor—A lineal descendant of the good old days of silent American comedy, directed by and starring a bright young Frenchman named Pierre Etaix. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 6, tentative.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives an astonishing performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Two Daughters—Satyajit Ray casts a warm eye on a handful of unimportant lives in the back country of India. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 31.)

Winter Light—The latest Ingmar Bergman skirmish with God, pictorially handsome but theologically gloomy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 5.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 5.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; *starting Nov. 5.*)

Chance Meeting (1960)—An English thriller in which a wanton lady is murdered and an artist is suspected of the crime. With Hardy Krüger, Micheline Presle, and Stanley Baker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 1.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 31.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 1-4.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 6, evening performances only.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 1-4.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 5.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 1-4.)

Oklahoma! (1955)—Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Nov. 4.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 5.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 31.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays and Election Day at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, Nov. 1, at 2:30; and Sundays and Election Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved *seats only.*)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED *(in Italian).*

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 4: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.
From Nov. 5: "Palm Springs Weekend," Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
To be announced.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 5: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From Nov. 6 (tentative): **THE SUITOR** (in French).

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Nov. 5: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and **DR. NO.**
From Nov. 6: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

GRAMERCY, *Lexington at 23rd.* (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 4: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Nov. 5: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 5 (tentative): ***THE L-SHAPED ROOM.***
From Nov. 6 (tentative): "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Condemned of Altona," Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Face of War," a Swedish-Japanese documentary, with an English narration.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 4: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Nov. 5: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Muriel" (in French), Delphine Seyrig.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS (in Italian).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 5: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Nov. 6: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Nov. 4: **LORD OF THE FLIES.**
From Nov. 5: "Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 5 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).
From Nov. 6 *(tentative):* ***THE L-SHAPED ROOM.***

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 4: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Nov. 5: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 4: "The Old Dark House," Tom Poston; and "Maniac," Kerwin Mathews.
From Nov. 5: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 31: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE TRIAL**, revival.
Nov. 1-4: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Nov. 5: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 4: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Nov. 5: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 5: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**
From Nov. 6: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 3: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian).
From Nov. 4: "The Wastrel," Van Heflin, Franco Fabrizi.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 4: "The Old Dark House," Tom Poston; and "Maniac," Kerwin Mathews.
From Nov. 5: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 5: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).
From Nov. 6: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson; and "3 Feet in a Bed" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 4: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Nov. 5: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Householder," Shashi Kapoor.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 3: "Julie the Redhead" (in French), Pascale Petit, Daniel Gelin.
From Nov. 4: "The Wastrel," Van Heflin, Franco Fabrizi.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 4: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**
From Nov. 5: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Music Room" (in Bengali).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 4: "The Old Dark House," Tom Poston; and "Maniac," Kerwin Mathews.
From Nov. 5: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

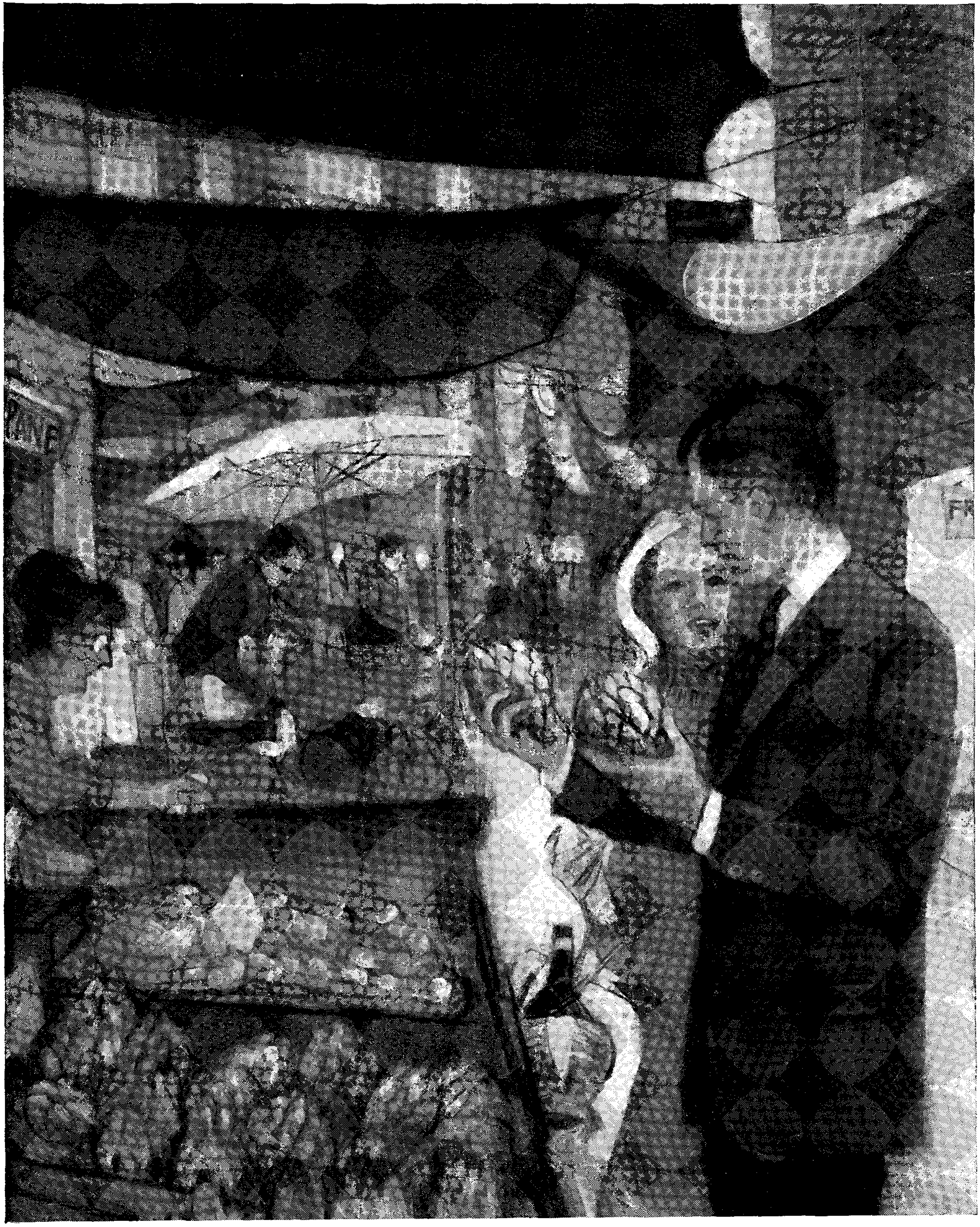
NEW YORKER, *B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)*
Through the afternoon of Oct. 31: "Uncle Harry," revival, George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," revival, Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.
Oct. 31, at 7 and 9:30: Six short D. W. Griffith films, including "A Corner in Wheat" and "The Doll House Mystery."
Nov. 1: **CHANCE MEETING**, revival; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day.
Nov. 2: "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe; and "While the City Sleeps," revival, Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino.
Nov. 3: "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger; and "The Brothers Rico," revival, Richard Conte.
Nov. 4: "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "Party Girl," revival, Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.
From Nov. 5: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 4: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley; and "Crooks Anonymous," Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Nov. 5: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 31: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna.
Nov. 1-4: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 5: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 4: **OKLAHOMA!**, revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.
From Nov. 5: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 5: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).
From Nov. 6: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.



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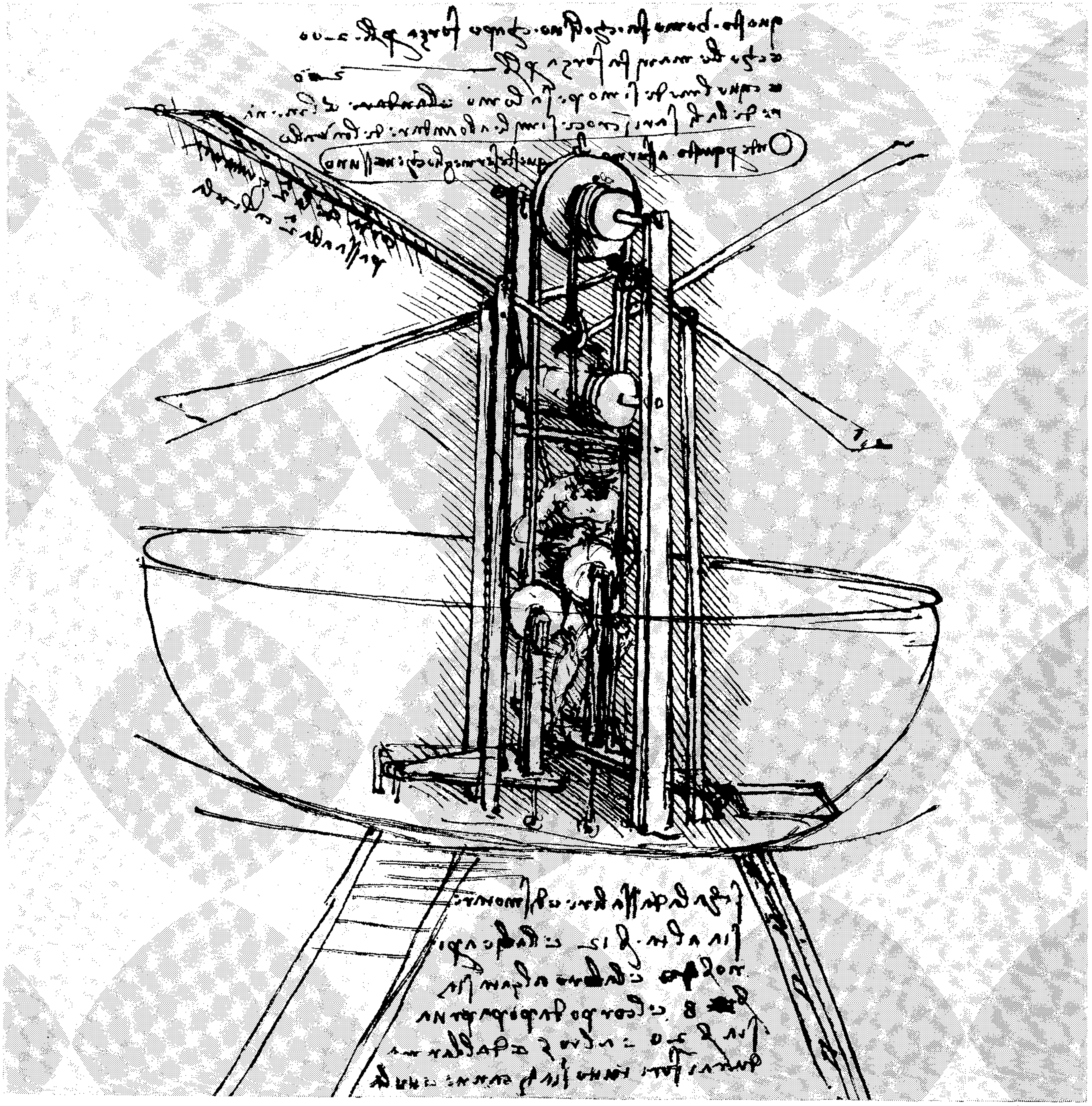

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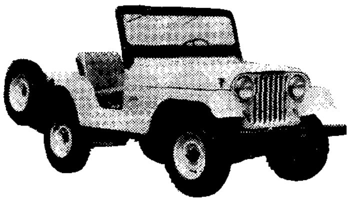

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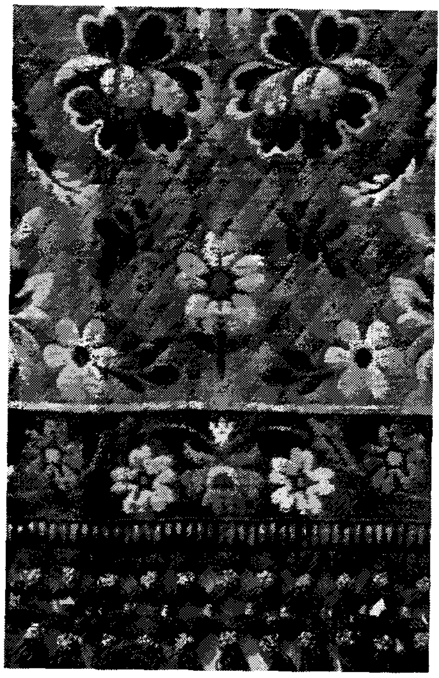

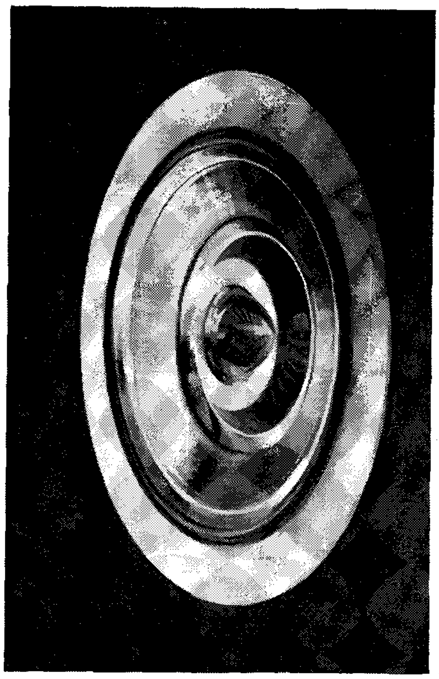

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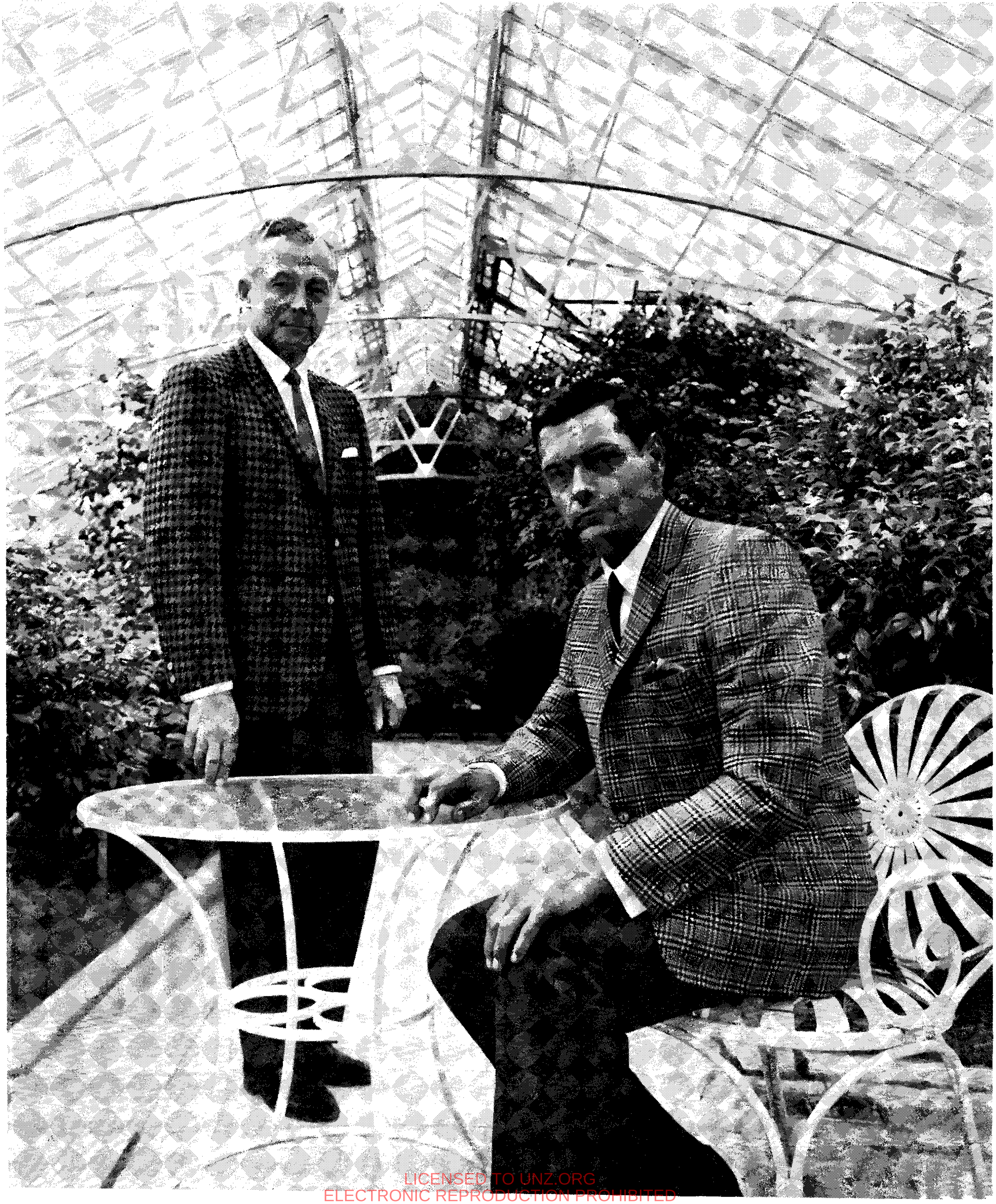

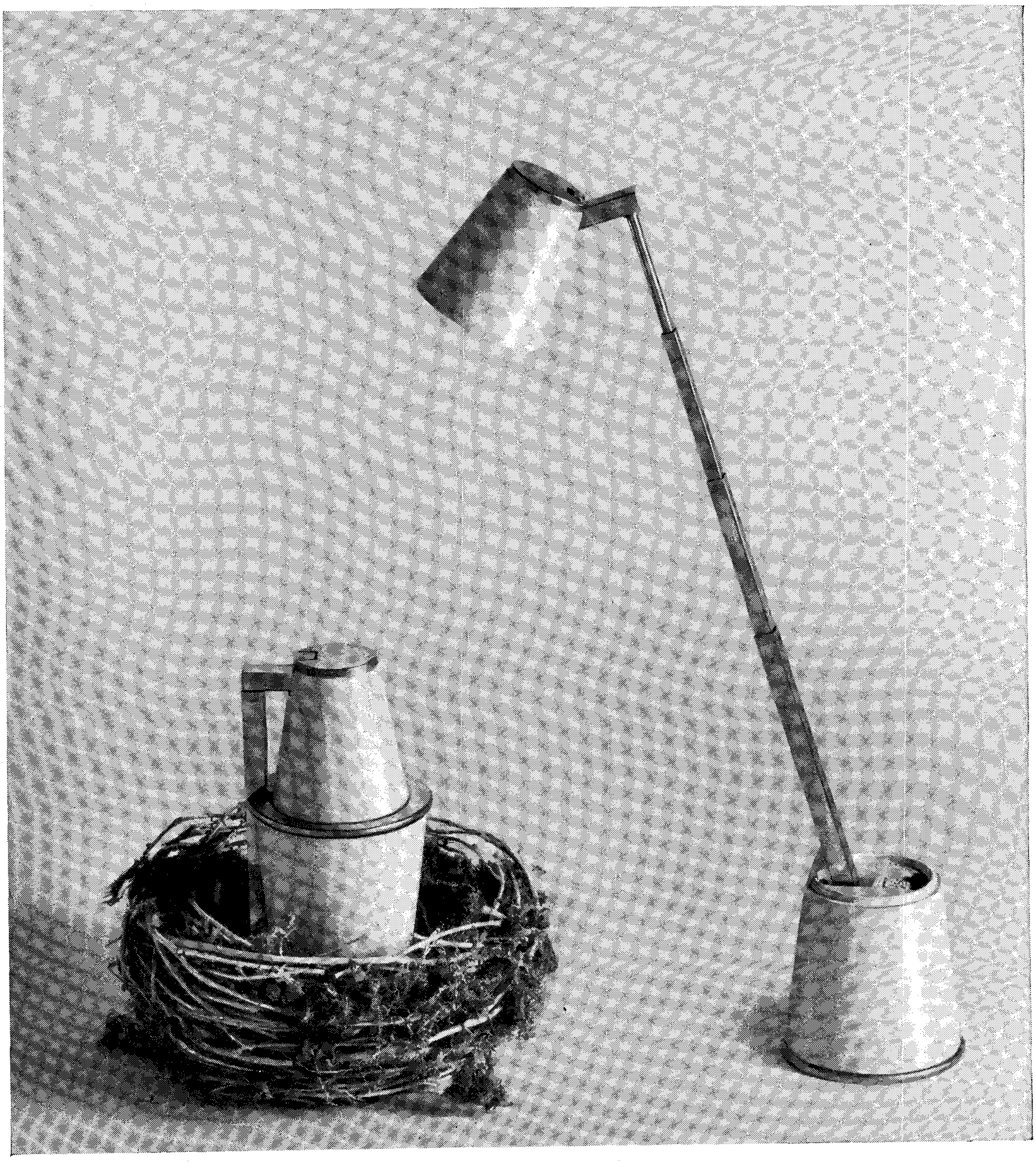

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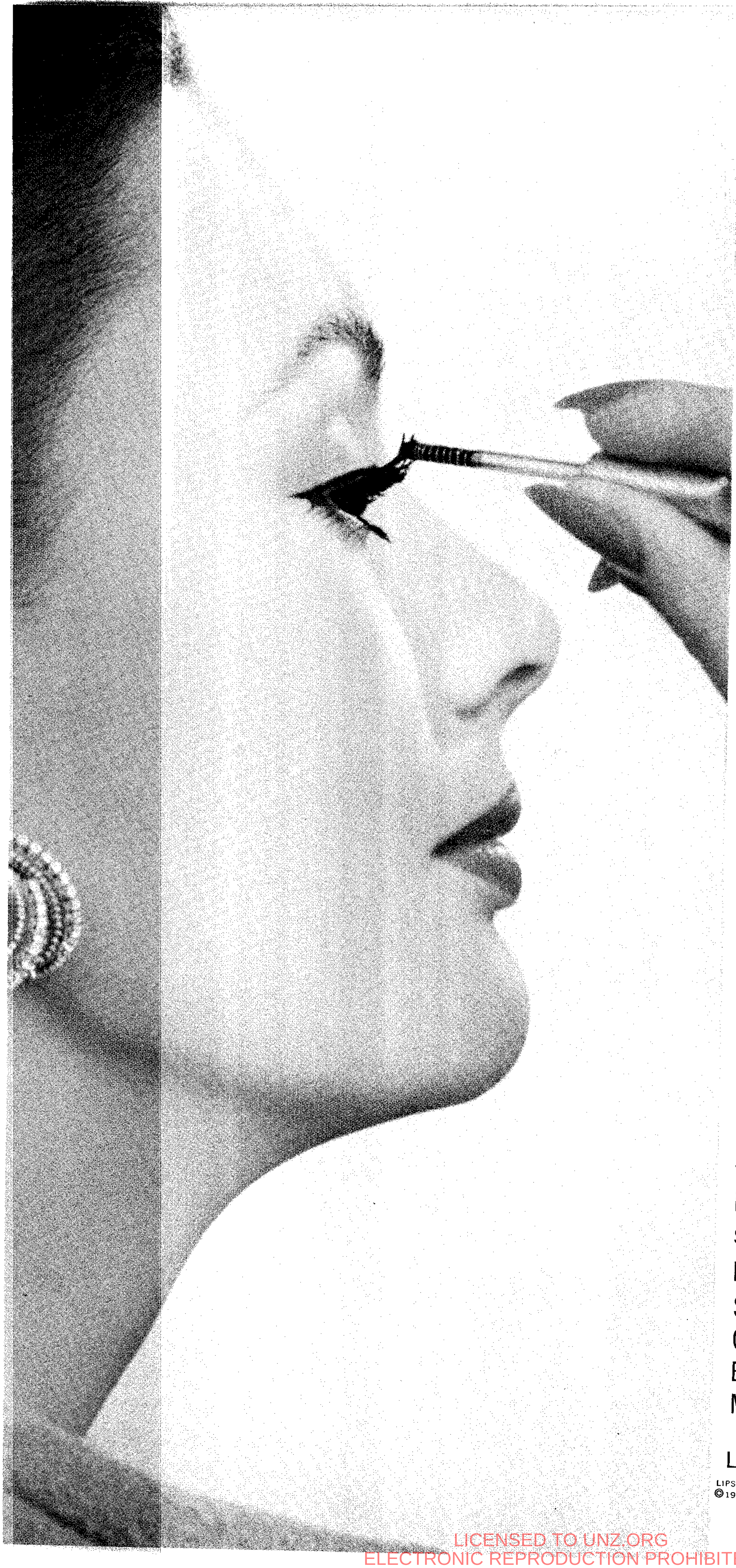

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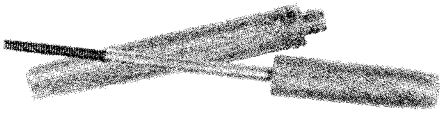

Builds lashes to look longer, thicker, as no other mascara can... sweeps on in a stroke.

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New Lash-full makes all other mascaras old-fashioned. Builds on lashes that last and last. It's pure mascara with a special added texture that actually adds full sweeping length as it colors. Won't smudge or shed. Completely waterproof, tearproof.

So easy to apply—just stroke on! One application does it! Black, Brown, Brownish-Black. Textured Mascara Wand $2.00

LASH-FULL by MAX FACTOR

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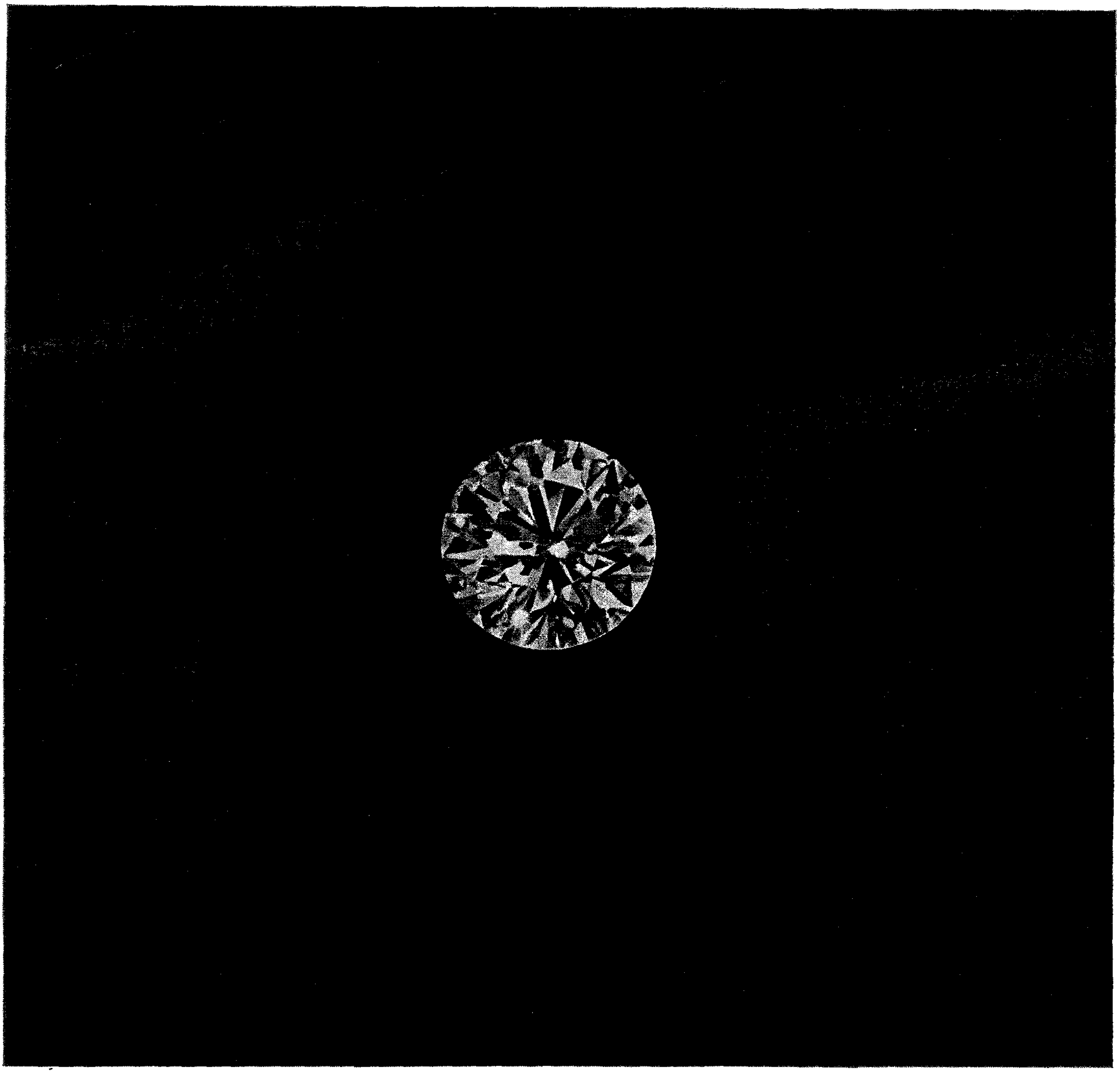

10 Ct. diamond (magnified 3 times) cut in Amsterdam, is worth $25,000. You can get fine diamonds there for much less, of course.

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What else would you like to buy? Name it and get it in Holland. Antiques. (You can bring them home duty-free.) Delft blue and white china. Leerdam crystal. Dutch chocolates and liqueurs and cigars and pewter.

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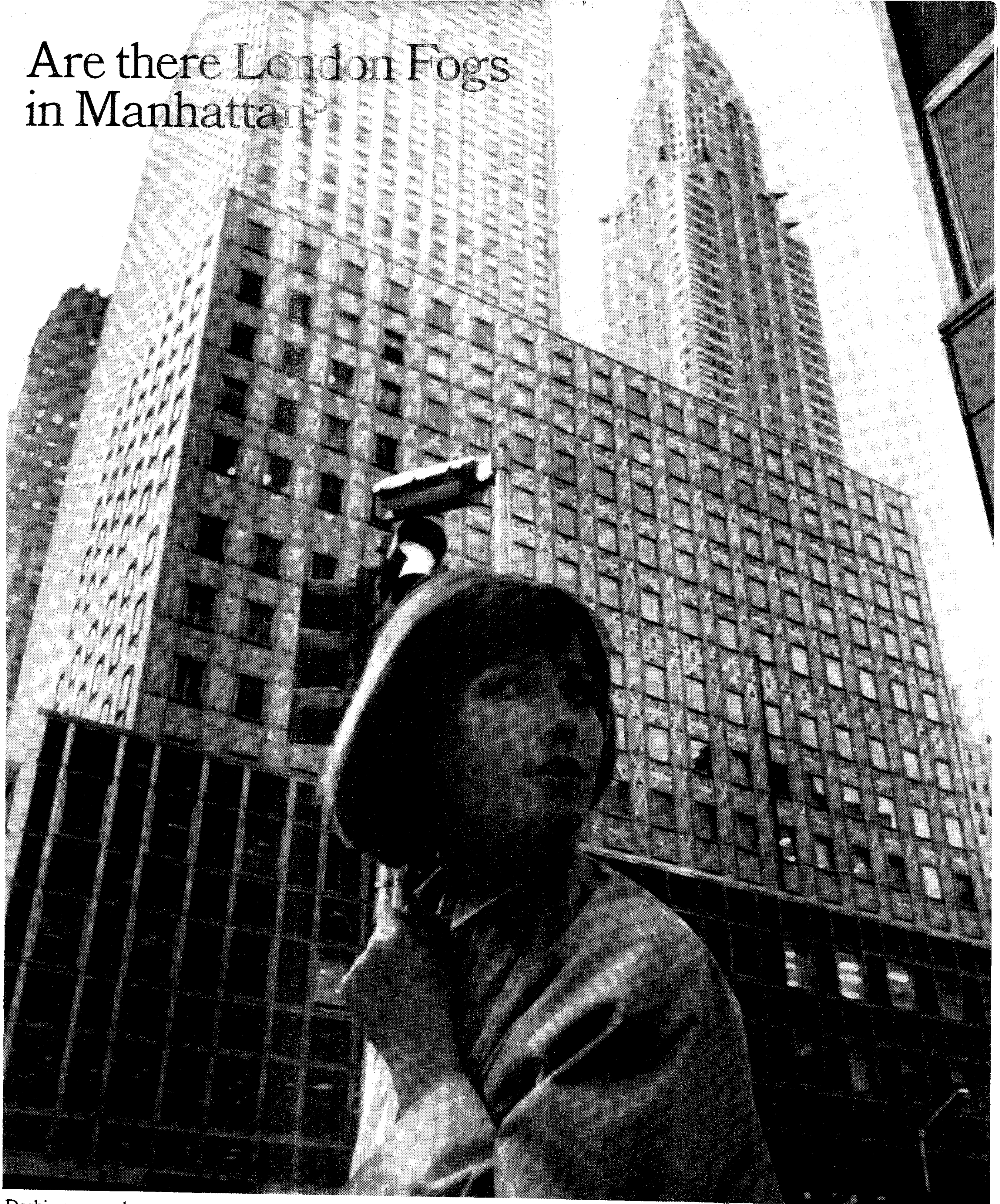
For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write to Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., New York 17, New York.



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Because whatever the weather, it covers the town and comes out of it looking great.
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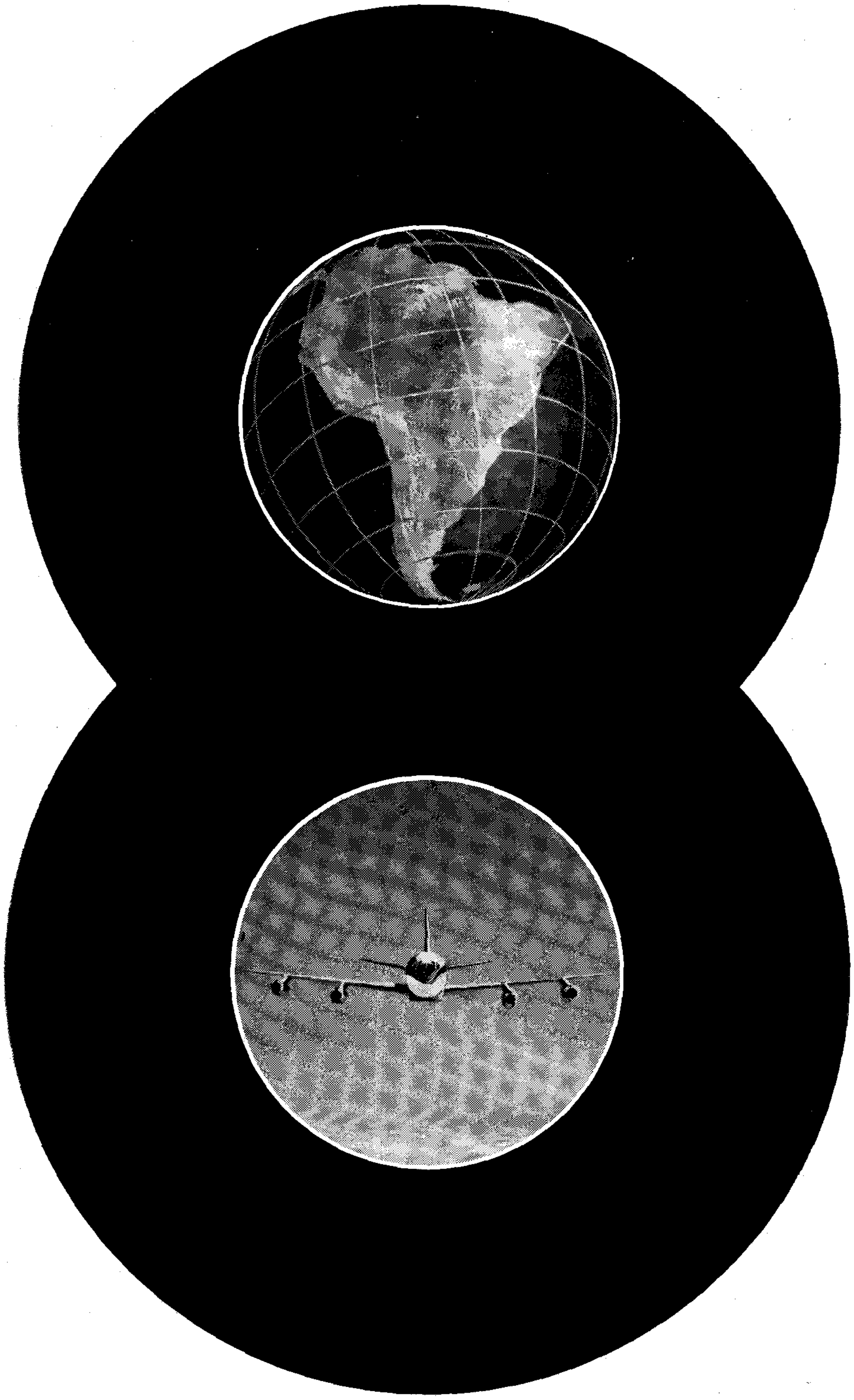

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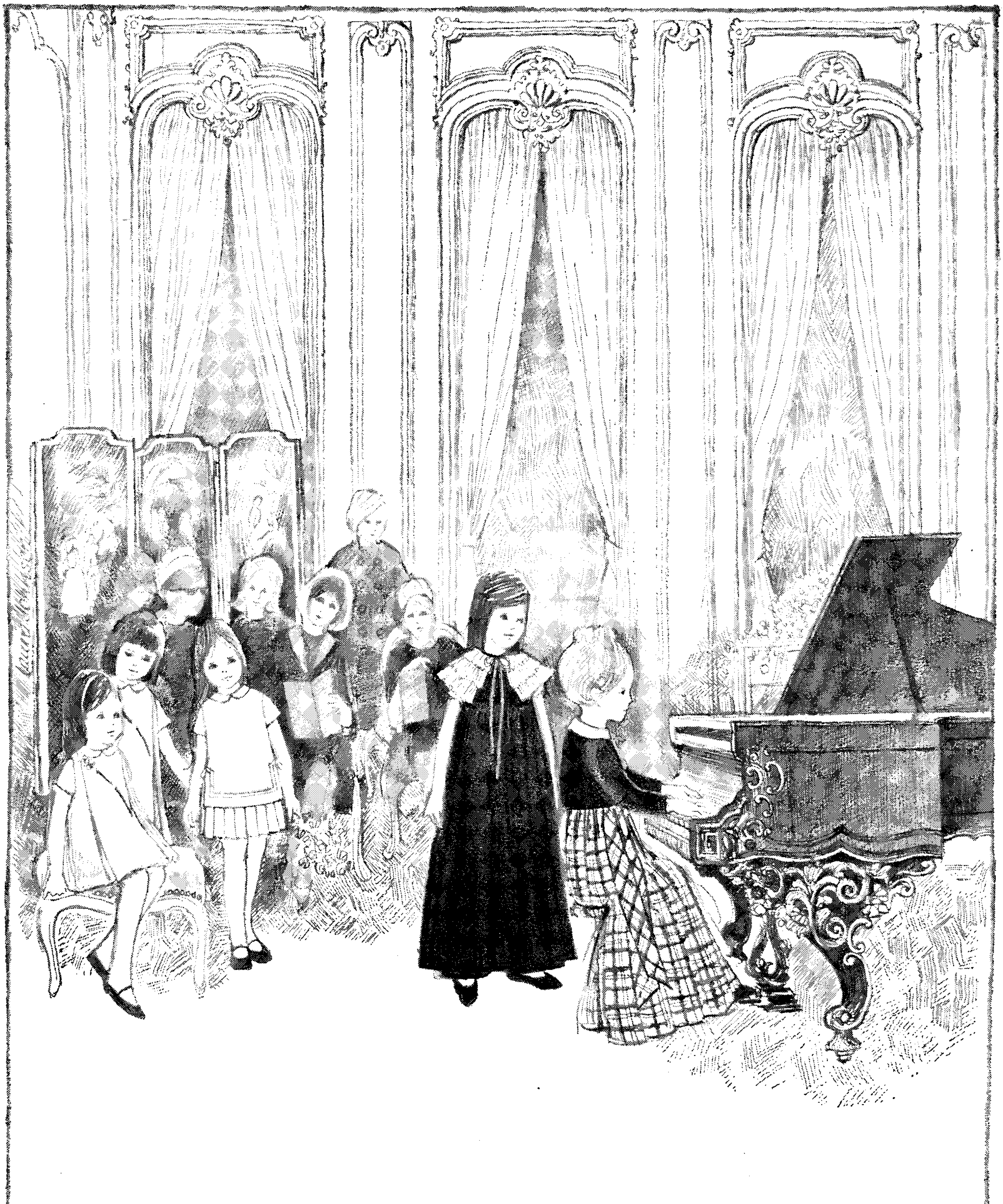

Mme. Sylvia's Piano Recital. 3 P.M. Sunday, at her home.

Tina takes a try at her first Chopin. She looks very "Dame Myra" in her Italian plaid taffeta of red and black with black velveteen jacket and its own slip. (Comes in blue with navy, too.) 3 to 6X, 7 to 12. Hilary is next on the program. She's doing "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." Her dress is black lined velveteen with a pleated Dacron organdy collar touched with red. 3 to 6X, 7 to 12. Both long dresses come street length. Suzy, one of the little ones, has already botched up the "Rain Dance," but she got a healthy round of applause when she started over and did it perfectly the second time. She wears imported Swiss flannel in pink with pink, blue with blue or white with a red rose. Toddler, 3 to 6X, 7 to 12. It took Gloria *seven minutes to play the* "*Minute Waltz,*" but she looked enchanting doing it in a two piece dress of finest Swiss cotton. Pink, navy, light blue. 3 to 6X, 7 to 12. All at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

one-man advertising agency pitches Enro shirt account

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Rumor has it
you're looking for an **agency.**

. . . 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 . . .

Well yes. We **did** talk
to several outfits.
We're looking
for **ideas.**

Been making shirts
for **45 years** . . . never talked
much about it.

Always ploughed the money **back** into the
product. We're one of the better
profit companies in shirts, you know.

Like to **grow.**
Figure it's time to
build our **name.**

I see. **Institutional** approach.
Just our cup of tea.
Like to **talk** to you about it.

This isn't exactly our **dull season**
here . . . . . . However, I see
Monday's open. Fine, Mr. R.

The **first** thing we'll have to do
is get them to
change that name **ENRO.**

Enro

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Nova 6-Passenger 4-Door Sedan

NO II ALIKE

ONE HAS A 120-HP 6 . . . ONE HAS A NEW 155-HP 6 . . . ONE HAS A NEW 195-HP V8

Just look what's got into Chevy II this year. A more powerful 155-hp Six and a more powerful than that V8—both optional at extra cost. So if you want plenty of reserve power for climbing hills or cruising on the highway, get a thrifty '64 Chevy II. Put your foot down. You know, Chevy II's are now the only cars made that give you such a complete choice of power: A 90-hp Super-Thrift four-cylinder engine. Two different Sixes. And that 195-hp V8. There probably are people who think economy has no right to be so lively. But we'll bet you're not one of them. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan. ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

THERE'S 5 IN
64
CHEVROLET
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REMY MARTIN
MAP REPRESENTING VARIOUS GROWTHS OF THE COGNAC DISTRICT
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The back label of Remy Martin "Fine Champagne" Cognac shows a section of the map of France, which explains why some Cognac is superior to others. Even though all Cognac must come from the small select Cognac region of France, in "Fine Champagne" Cognac *only* the prized, precious grapes grown in the two tiny innermost parts of the Cognac area can be used. No other grapes will do, *by law*. Only V.S.O.P. quality Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Enjoy Remy Martin, the Cognac of connoisseurs for more than two centuries. Remy Martin V.S.O.P. "Fine Champagne" Cognac, one of the world's most luxurious drinks—acclaimed as the finest in 110 nations.

THE SIGN OF THE CENTAUR IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

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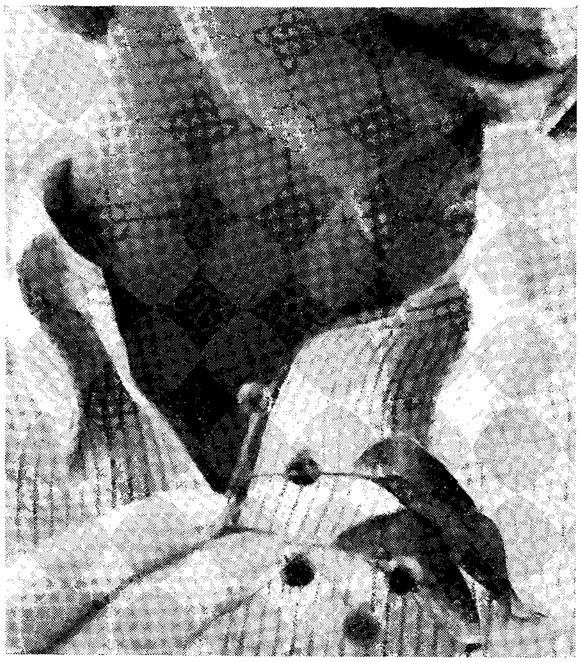
for women Gant makes shirts not blouses...

■ *The difference between a blouse and a shirt is not styling, but the craftsmanship sewn into it which directly reflects in the fit, flair and look. Woman's tailoring is wonderful, but it doesn't have the substance, the character, the precision to make a man-styled shirt look authentic. And isn't that what you're really seeking in button downs and Bermudas? Now Gant are shirtmakers not blouse makers. They use the same deft "needle" in their women's shirts as they do in their men's—with a difference. Their women's shirts are cut to woman proportions; collars are smaller, so are cuffs. The fit is woman, the niceties are woman—but the look and tailoring are authentically man. Vive la difference!*



■ SHOWN HERE: BUTTON-DOWN OXFORD IN BLUE, GREEN OR RED STRIPE.

ABOUT $7 AT DISCERNING STORES. FOR THE ONE NEAREST YOU, WRITE GANT SHIRTMAKERS, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

GANT
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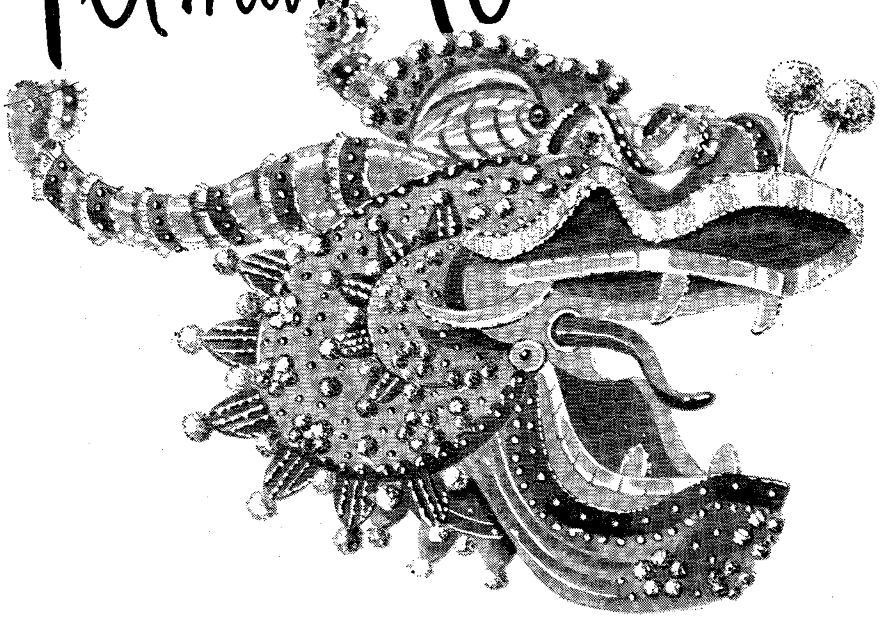
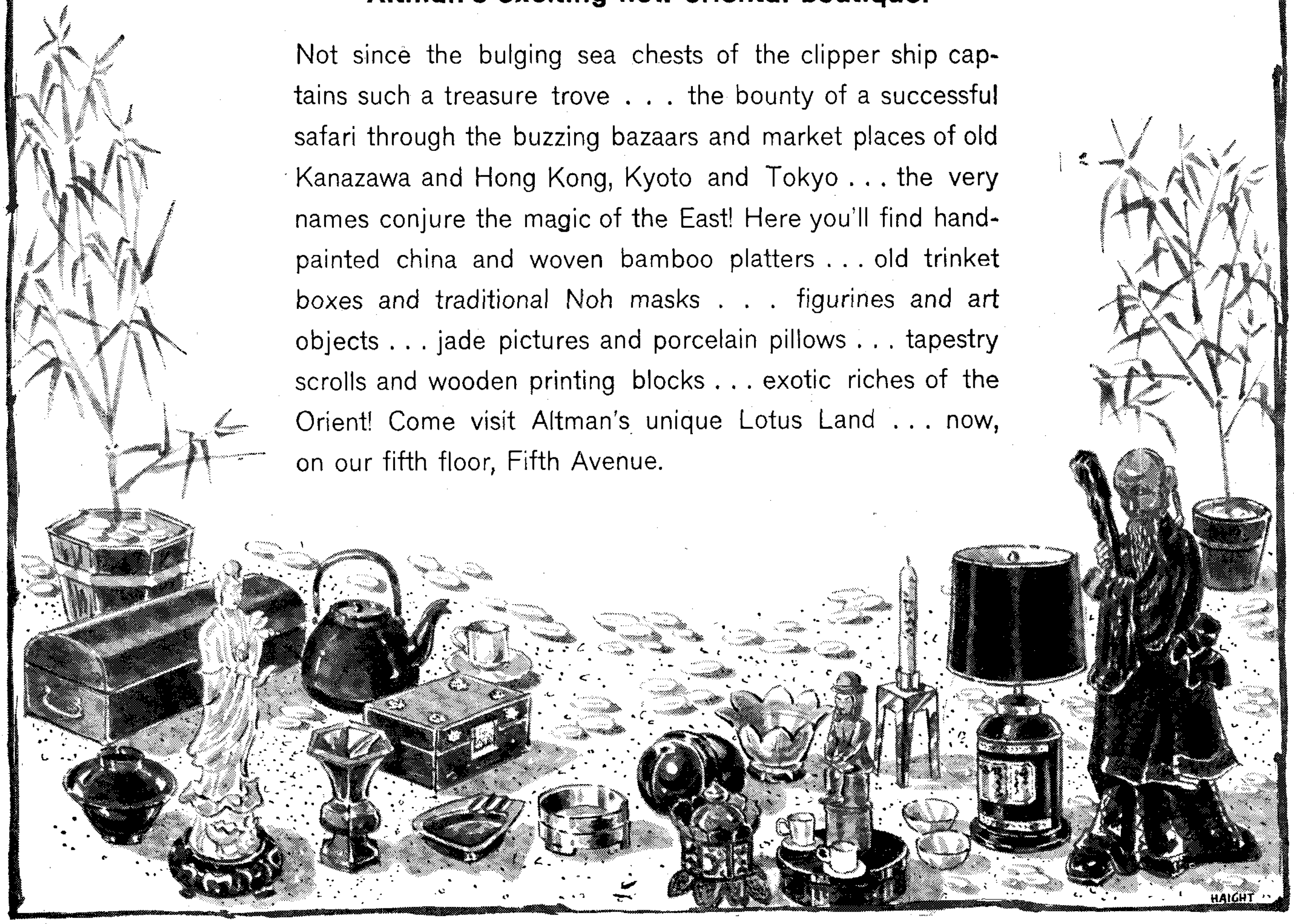


LOTUS LAND

Altman's exciting new oriental boutique!

Not since the bulging sea chests of the clipper ship captains such a treasure trove . . . the bounty of a successful safari through the buzzing bazaars and market places of old Kanazawa and Hong Kong, Kyoto and Tokyo . . . the very names conjure the magic of the East! Here you'll find hand-painted china and woven bamboo platters . . . old trinket boxes and traditional Noh masks . . . figurines and art objects . . . jade pictures and porcelain pillows . . . tapestry scrolls and wooden printing blocks . . . exotic riches of the Orient! Come visit Altman's unique Lotus Land . . . now, on our fifth floor, Fifth Avenue.

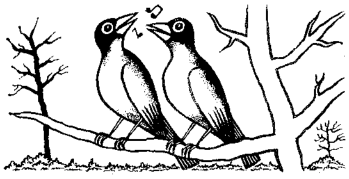


THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN Connecticut the other afternoon, we heard the spring peepers, persisting in a drought-wizened swamp. Overhead, wheeling, as if they had not yet decided what reeds to come down to for a summer of feeding and breeding, were twenty or thirty red-winged blackbirds, who had gone back to the "coo-ee" calls typical of blackbirds at their spring arrival. From a leafless aspen beside the swamp, robins produced, in the dry, clear October air, the same especially melodic notes that robins, every spring, seem to pipe through rain before they finally release them. There was even one earnest, dedicated robin who appeared to be lining an old nest. Over all, a meadow lark sang, high and irrepressible—again, as in spring. One thinks one could never have enough of summer until, in some grotesque flip of the weather in October or November, blackbird, peeper, robin, and meadow lark commit the cruel indiscretion of threatening to give it to us all over again, taped.



WE'VE just received a message from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes as follows:

"The luncheon hour in this city begins at eleven-thirty; by three-thirty even those who sit down latest and stay longest have left the table. Then, until five o'clock, the restaurants are nearly empty, and you can walk in and arrange yourself at the table of your choice, in the lavish solitude provided by a little sea of calm white tablecloths, and look about you, even stare, be as curious or as indifferent or as watchful or as lazy as you are inclined to be—in other words, be yourself in a public place and still consider yourself polite. There is a great deal of virtue in feeling unseen. The small restaurants I like are selfish enough to keep the afternoon quiet hour for themselves, so today I went to the Longchamps at Fifty-ninth Street, where there is that big window on Madison Avenue—elegant, positive Madison Avenue. I did not sit by the window. I went to a booth, halfway back in the room, that gave me a long view across the empty tables to the street. One of the booths in that Longchamps has a patched seat. It is a booth that faces the back of the restaurant. The patch, of wide gray adhesive tape, is in the form of a Red Cross cross, square and definite. It is reassuring to think of the big Longchamps chain's having recourse to such a tiny, housewifely economy, and being so neat about it. I sat beside that patch the last time I was in the Fifty-ninth Street Longchamps, so it must have been summertime then, because I would never agree to face away from the window except in the hot midsummer weather, which I hate. Since that day, the year has receded by several weeks, and now it is autumn. The Longchamps menu is big and extensive, but I ordered what I always do, broiled sole with its Longchamps accompaniments, and then I looked carefully at the menu and gave an extra order, for fresh broccoli with *sauce suprême*. When the food came, the broccoli was in its own dish, with a small companion beside it—a silver sauceboat with a spoon in it. Everything was very hot. The waiter took hold of the sauce spoon and looked inquiringly at me, but I said, 'No, leave it a minute.' When I had finished the sole, I turned to the broccoli. I took hold of the sauce spoon, as the waiter had done, and I began to move it over to the broccoli, and then I quickly put it back in the sauceboat. I could not remember which end of the broccoli you eat. I couldn't remember. I should have let the waiter do his job. I tried to remember other vegetables that have their limits, but their names, their appearance, everything about them had gone out of my head. I can think of them now—asparagus, scallions, and so on—but I couldn't think of them then. My mind was blank, and I could do nothing. The broccoli was fluffy, with delicious-looking stalks. It was simply a question of where to put the *sauce suprême*. After a while, I took the spoon again and dribbled some of the *suprême* along the side of the broccoli and pushed at it with my fork, and then I put the fork down and left it so. I took up my book and began to read absent-mindedly. The waiter came and took everything away and brought coffee. He kindly said nothing about the uneaten broccoli. There is neither moral nor reason, and there is no justice, in this kind of private failure, as you will understand the next time you try to introduce two of your old friends and cannot remember the name of one of them."

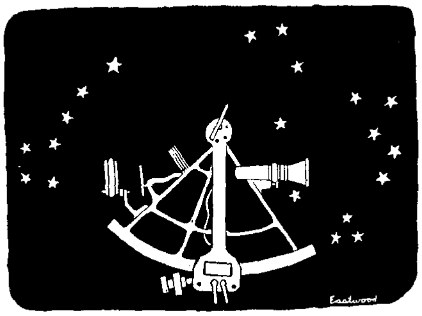
A Burning Desire

COINCIDENCES never cease. A few weeks ago, we picked up an L.P. recording we had been looking for that consists of a dozen or so numbers made in 1922 by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, a seven-piece white group that set Chicago on its ear in 1921, when it opened at the Friar's Inn. We played the record, and remembered what we had forgotten when we sold our 78-r.p.m.s of the band—that the N.O.R.K. could hold their own with such celebrated contemporary groups as the Dixieland Jass Band and King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. No sooner had this reunion occurred than we got a letter out of the blue from Vance Bourjaily, the novelist and assistant professor of English at the State University of Iowa, telling us that Lou Black, the original banjoist with the N.O.R.K., who is a hunting and fishing companion of his, was considering a part-time comeback. He went on to say that Black had retired from music in 1931 and had become a successful Midwestern businessman as well as a "legendary shotgun shooter and flycaster;" that he had bought a new thousand-dollar banjo nearly a year ago and had been practicing ever since; and that the results were astonishingly good. He closed by saying that he and Black would be in New York in October, and suggesting that we call Black at the Gramercy Park Hotel. We did, the other day, and arranged to meet him at the hotel the next morning. He sounded big and hearty on the phone, and before he hung up, he uttered these cautionary words: "One thing I want to make absolutely clear, sir. I wouldn't go back into the music business full time for all the tea in China. I'm sixty-two and have too much sense."

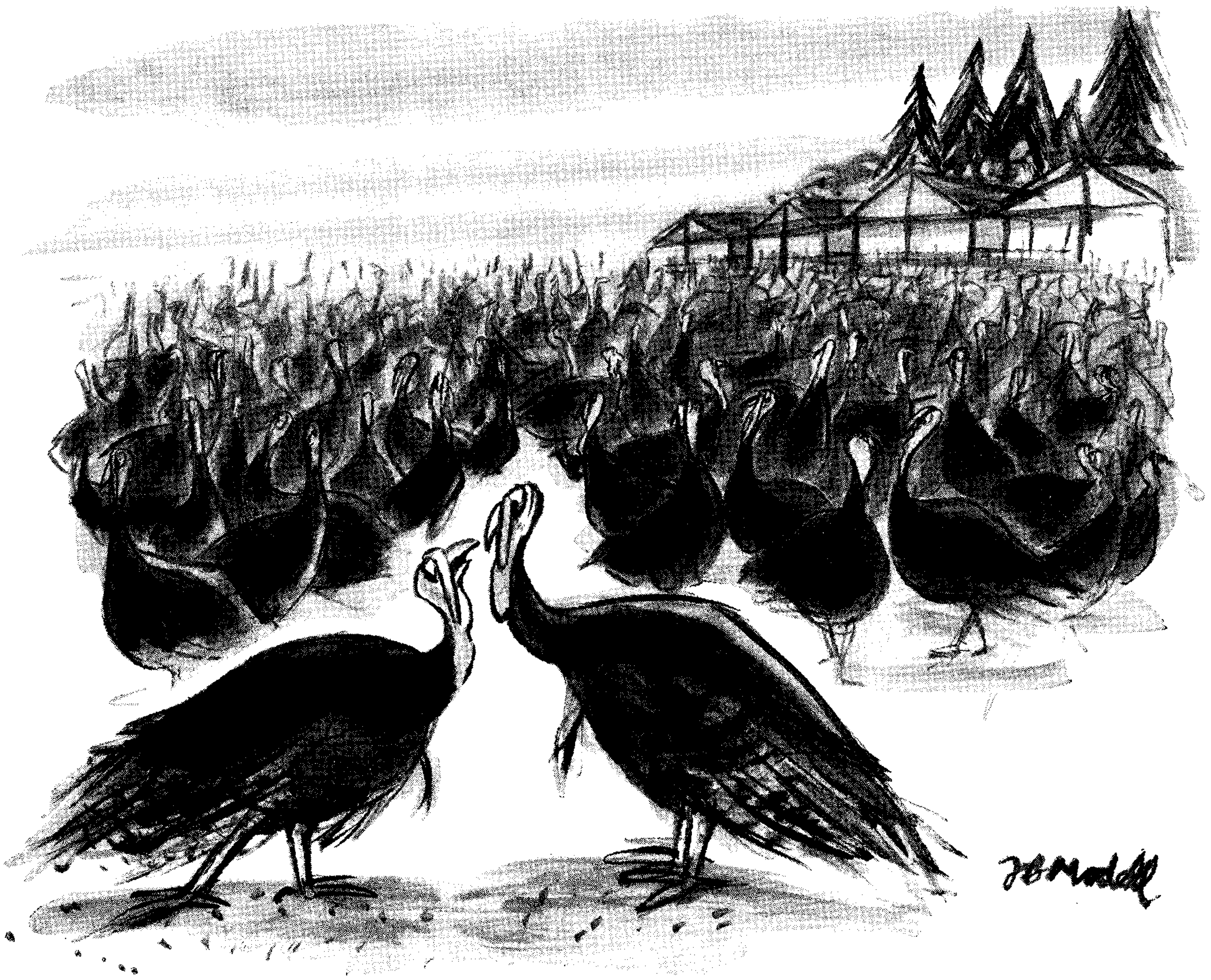
When we stepped off the elevator, we found that Mr. Black, who was standing outside the door of his room, *is* big and hearty—tall, bald, and ample-waisted, with an open, generous face and a wide smile. He was dressed in a short-sleeved white shirt, a brown tie, black slacks, and black shoes. Having shaken our hand, he ushered us firmly into his room and into a comfortable chair, and himself sat down in a straight-backed one. "You know, I don't understand it," he said, rubbing his hands together as if he were sampling a clear, cold January day. "I went out this morning for breakfast in this shirt and a summer jacket, and people were wearing hats, and overcoats up to their ears. This is some place! I can go fishing on North Wind Lake in the big woods way up north in Ontario and not get turned around for a second. Here, I never know where I'm at or what's going to happen next. Last night, Vance and Jim Silberman, an editor, and I went over to Bourbon Street. I took my banjo and they asked me to play, and, by golly, we were there until four o'clock. I'm a small-town boy likes to go to bed early. Dick Wellstood was on piano and Ahmad Abdul-Malik was on bass, and Malik told me he'd never heard things like that on the banjo. I can tell you I was pleased. I hadn't touched the instrument for thirty years when one day, around last Christmas, my daughter Joyce—she's an accomplished pianist—said, 'I want you to teach me the banjo.' I said, 'You're crazy, a beautiful girl like you playing banjo.' My wife, Natalie, who's a darn good Dixieland pianist, said, 'Nonsense, Dad. Go ahead and teach her.' We were at it two or three weeks, and then I said, 'What we need is another banjo.' I went to Chicago and bought this Vega, and we played duets, and suddenly I discovered I'd been lonely for playing. Of course, I'm not completely happy with it yet. Some things I used to do on the instrument are still quite impossible. As soon as I get this new banjo working, I may try a recording, but there's no rush. If there's anything more pitiful than a has-been trying to make a comeback who isn't ready, I don't know it."

Mr. Black again rubbed his hands together briskly, and we asked him when he had first taken up the instrument.

"When I was about seven," he replied. "I was born in Rock Island, Illinois, where I still live. My dad was a conductor on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and he played banjo, and he and my mother used to sing old songs like 'Nelly Gray.' I had a burning desire to play the banjo, and it was my brother started me on it. Oh, my, he was good! When I was around twelve, I met a banjoist named Homer Garber in Des Moines, through relatives, and he showed me some things. He was a clerk in a cigar store, and he was the best banjo player I've ever heard. I started professionally in 1917, with a dentist named Wrixon. He had a four- or five-piece outfit, and we played the Rock Island society parties, the country club, and a dance hall named the Coliseum, which is still going. My schooling—I'd been through twelve years in nine—was already over, and in 1919 I joined Carlisle Evans, a pianist and good, solid orchestra man. Evans' Original Jazz Band, his group was called. In 1920, we worked on the riverboat Capitol between St. Louis and St. Paul in the summer, and around New Orleans in the winter. Leon Rappolo, the clarinettist, was in the band, and so were Emmet Hardy, a marvellous cornettist who never recorded, and Leon Prima, Louie's brother. I left Evans in 1921 and went over to the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, which already had Rappolo, Jack Pettis on saxophone, Frank Snyder on drums, George Brunies on trombone, Paul Mares on cornet, and Elmer Schoebel on piano. Steve Brown, the bassist, joined after me. We were at the Friar's Inn for a couple of years, and when we'd finished work, or when there were no more customers to play for, we'd go over to the Dreamland and sit in with Pop Oliver and Louis Armstrong. You know why he was called Pop? When he played, his right eye came almost out of the socket from the force of his blowing. It was the damnedest sight I've ever seen. He had enormous lips, too, and his cornet mouthpiece would disappear right inside them. Once in a while, he'd stand up there in front of the band, cradle the cornet on its valves on a handkerchief in his left hand, put his right hand in his pocket, and play ten or eleven choruses of 'Tiger Rag' or 'Dippermouth Blues' without ever touching the valves with his right hand and without repeating himself. Nobody ever matched Pop Oliver, except Bix Beiderbecke, who sat in with us when he was in town. Once, someone wrote out one of Bix's solos note for note and, without letting on, put the transcription in front of him and asked him to play it. Bix, who was a grand kid, looked at the music and looked at him, and said, 'Hell, I can't play that fancy stuff!' Dave Tough and Jimmy McPartland and Bud Freeman used to hang around, and Jelly Roll Morton did, too. Well, the Rhythm Kings broke up in 1923—largely for personal reasons—and some of us joined the Memphis Melody Boys. It was a dance band—an eight-forty-five-to-eleven-forty-five band. In 1925, I rejoined Carlisle Evans, and a few years later I began jobbing around, and then, because things were already beginning to fall apart, I took a job as a staff man with Station WHO, in Des Moines, where I stayed until 1931. Then I quit music and went to work for a roofing company, and in 1940 I joined John Deere, the farm-implement manufacturers. After the war, I was hired by the Moline Consumers Company, where I'm an outdoor-building-materials man. I'm never going to retire, and I've made my boss sign a statement saying he'll never make me. I'll retire when I fall right flat dead on my face."



Black got up, stretched, walked easily up and down the room several times, and sat down. "I said my playing again would be a part-time thing, and that's just what it is. Since last August, I've



"Bad news! The frost is on the punkin."

• •

been working two nights a week at the Arabian Room of the Holiday Inn, in Moline, with a trio. There wasn't anybody around those parts who remembered who Lou Black the banjoist was, but now the place is packed. The banjo has been maligned, and I'd like to help set that right. Brian Rust, the English jazz critic, has been writing me, and he'd like me to come over to England and play. An English friend of Vance's says that in England everyone knows who Lou Black is."

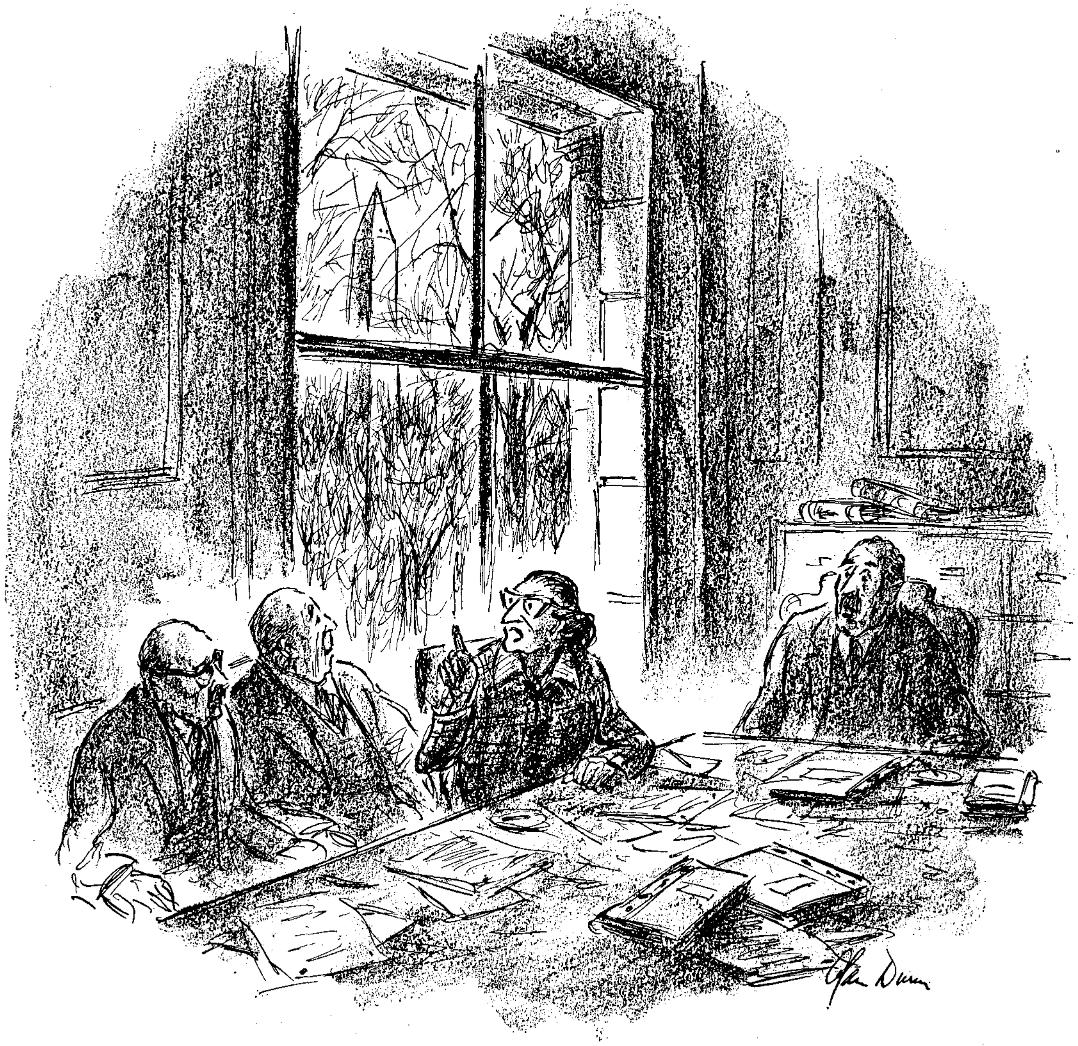
•

OVERHEARD on the Barnard campus: "Oh, I went for him, all right, but imagine how I felt when I discovered that all he had was a character disorder!"

Rooms

OUR man Stanley, juggling an armload of fabric swatches, floor-tile samples, and decorators' calling cards, appeared at the office late Friday afternoon and dropped these notes on the floor by our door:

"Old-style house—living room, bedroom, etc., reasonably interchangeable with living room, bedroom, etc., of house next door—is Out. New-type house—eccentric, useless to the neighbors—now In. Called by decorators Personalized House. Reached this conclusion about Personalized House today, at National Decoration and Design Show, 1964, in Coliseum. Arrived at noon. Boarded escalator to exhibit floor. Disembarked, 12:10, in front of model room identified by sign as 'Morning Room.' 'A morning room is a room where ladies eat brunch,' decorator in attendance explained. Peered into Morning Room. Definitely for ladies. Everything pink or white. Brunch table (white) under satin gazebo (pink). Gazebo—decorator's word—shaped like half grapefruit. Pink satin half grapefruit. Grapefruit gazebo teetering on two skinny pink poles. (O brave brunching ladies, partial to pink!) Ducked out from under gazebo. Crept down aisle to 'La Chambre d'Amour.' La Chambre an incense-burning boudoir. Observed gilded cupid flying around Chambre. Looked twice. Cupid attached to wall by long, movable bracket. Cupid holding light bulb, acting like chandelier. Fled to large pink-and-blue playroom. In playroom, everything in fives. Five Raggedy Anns, five cubbyholes, five little marble sinks, five sets of toys. Consulted sign. Sign said 'Quintuplets' Room'—clarified everything. Feet getting tired. Dragged feet to nearby conversation pit. Sat down. Conversation pit called 'Conversation à la Carte.' Dizzy pit. Mirrored walls. Red, orange, purple furniture. 'Not purple, fuchsia,' said woman also resting in pit. From pit, surveyed surrounding scene. Spied second pit. Baby-blue pit. Baby-blue walls, baby-blue trays on baby-blue floor. *Escargot* shells, forks, plates scattered artistically here and there. Pit called 'Escargot Pit.' Proceeded on well-planned path-of-fewest-steps to 'A Summit Room.' A conversation *platform!* Other side of



“Now, let’s suppose, for the moment, that I am Mme. Nhu.”

• •

coin from conversation pit. ‘*Everybody* these days has a pit,’ said platform designer. Ducked past designer and climbed ramp to platform. Conversation platform commanded fine view of Coliseum. Scanned horizon and discovered another conversation platform, across hall. Abandoned path-of-fewest-steps and dashed down ramp and over to other platform, to compare. Second platform called ‘Conversation Pied-à-Terre à la Picasso.’ Painted to resemble lithograph. Bumped head on large geometrical object swinging from ceiling. Looked up. Counted twelve such objects. Reported objects to decorator on duty. ‘Why, those are just vinyl polyhedron chandeliers,’ decorator said. Apologized to decorator and beat path around corner to next room on display. Room entitled ‘For the Man in the House.’ Very manly. Red leather chairs. Oak walls. Gutted alligator, filled with fifty-cent cigars, on desk. Hunting pink casually tossed on hook near door. Horns, crops, boots on floor.

“Pressed onward, past lady decorator, in pink-and-green gown, reciting ‘Pink and jade—an exciting color combination this year.’ Past ‘Portrait of a Family in Harmony’ room, for musicians. Past ski-lodge room. (‘Bring a little bit of Stowe into your own home,’ called out pretty ski-lodge-room model, wearing stretch pants and painting her fingernails.) Past antique sewing room, with Victorian Singer on Victorian Singer stand. Past ‘Soda Bar for Tots’ room. Past ‘Publisher’s Study.’ Past ‘Mood Mandarin Kitchen,’ for cooking Chinese food. Stopped short, dazzled, at pink, turquoise, orange, chartreuse library. Sign on door said this was ‘Newlyweds’ Library.’ Peeked in. Saw bride sitting at desk, winding skeins of pink, turquoise, orange, and chartreuse wool. ‘I’m dizzy. I can’t stand looking at these colors any more,’ said bride confidentially. Commiserated with bride, and found way into ‘Antique Pavillon,’ to see music room for spinet and lyre players. ‘Spinets make the darlingest desks. You just take the keys off and the insides out,’ explained spinet-desk collector, passing through. Left spinet-desk collector conferring with decorator over practical uses for lyres, and found self in room specially designed for consumption of pomegranates. Called ‘Pomegranate Dining Room.’ Made list. Brunch in Morning Room. Appetizers in Escargot Pit. Dessert in Pomegranate Dining Room. Busy day. Almost through. Made for ‘Mobile Home,’ near escalator. Mobile Home a huge, double-width trailer affair, with two bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, and bath but no wheels. Inquired of attending architect how to move Mobile Home. ‘Why, you fold it up,’ replied proud architect, pointing to hinges in living-room floor. ‘Then you slide it onto a truck and drive off. When you get where you’re going, you slide it off the truck and unfold it again.’ Congratulated architect on ingenuity. Agreed that Mobile Home was just the thing for family with spare truck. Backed up onto escalator. Began long ride down.”

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SIGN in the window of the Little Puerto Rico, at Madison Avenue and 117th Street: “Have a Japanese Cup of Spanish Coffee.”

All Fresh and Wide-Eyed

AT an exhibition of twelve modern Irish painters now being held at the New School for Social Research, we became acquainted one day last week with Anne Yeats, daughter of William Butler Yeats, niece of Jack Yeats, and an artist of considerable standing in her own right. A buxom and beaming woman in her mid-forties, Miss Yeats, who was hobbling about on a cane, immediately apologized for seeming infirm. “Ordinarily, I leap about like a goat, but I sprained my ankle getting aboard the plane to come to America,” she told us. “Ah, well, thank God it didn’t happen on this side of the water!”

We asked Miss Yeats what it was like to be the daughter of such a poet as her father.

“You know, when I was young, I didn’t know what it was like not to be,” she said. “I rather thought that everybody was like himself. I intruded upon him and my mother, who was from Devonshire, when Father was fifty-three. I've been told that Father saluted my arrival by buying a packet of sweets for me to munch upon. It was a pretty gesture, but at the time I hadn't enough teeth to appreciate it. He was a poet who never depended upon flashes of inspiration. He kept to a rigid schedule—so much so that once, in my adolescent years, I was encouraged to ease his mind at the end of each day by letting him read some essays of my devising. I think it took more out of him to read them than it did out of me to write them, and after a period of six weeks we were both happy to abandon the project. Part of this essay work was due to the fact that I was drawing five hours a day at the Royal Hibernian Academy, in Dublin, and some of my mentors thought it might be a good idea for me to get some sort of general education. But it didn't work out that way, for I guess I take after my Uncle Jack, who dedicated his life to painting—and was, indeed, a stimulus to anyone wielding a brush in Ireland. If Uncle Jack had been forty years younger or I had been forty years older, we could have had many a good time together."

Miss Yeats smiled reflectively, and presently we interrupted her musing to inquire if she herself had ever tried her hand at verse.

"Oh, I did, I did," she said. "It was all very dramatic and very blank, and when I reached the age of twelve, I decided to let my father handle the poetry in the family, and to concentrate on painting. I'd say it was a wise decision. I've studied in Spain and France, and I'm proud of the fact that I used to be the chief stage designer for the Abbey Theatre. But even with theatre décor, and waxes and water colors, I couldn't find what I wanted, and so I changed to oils, which give me great satisfaction. You know, I'm all fresh and wide-eyed about New York, but I'm still devoted to Dublin. The Yeatses have been there for two hundred years, and Father was a Dubliner, even though he wrote so often about the West Country. We used to have an old Norman tower in Galway, in which we were comfortable, although every spring the waters around the tower would rise, and then we'd have to spend a good deal of time sweeping out the mud and worms. It was a small tower—nothing like as primitive as the one Joyce had in Dún Laoghaire—and Father was very happy there. He died when I was nineteen, but my mother is still robust, and my brother Michael, who is forty-two, busies himself with politics. He likes the agitation, I guess, just as I like circuses and fairs and people disporting themselves around pools."

As Miss Yeats was talking, we recalled a verse from a cradle song of her father's:

> I sigh that kiss you,
> For I must own
> That I shall miss you
> When you have grown.

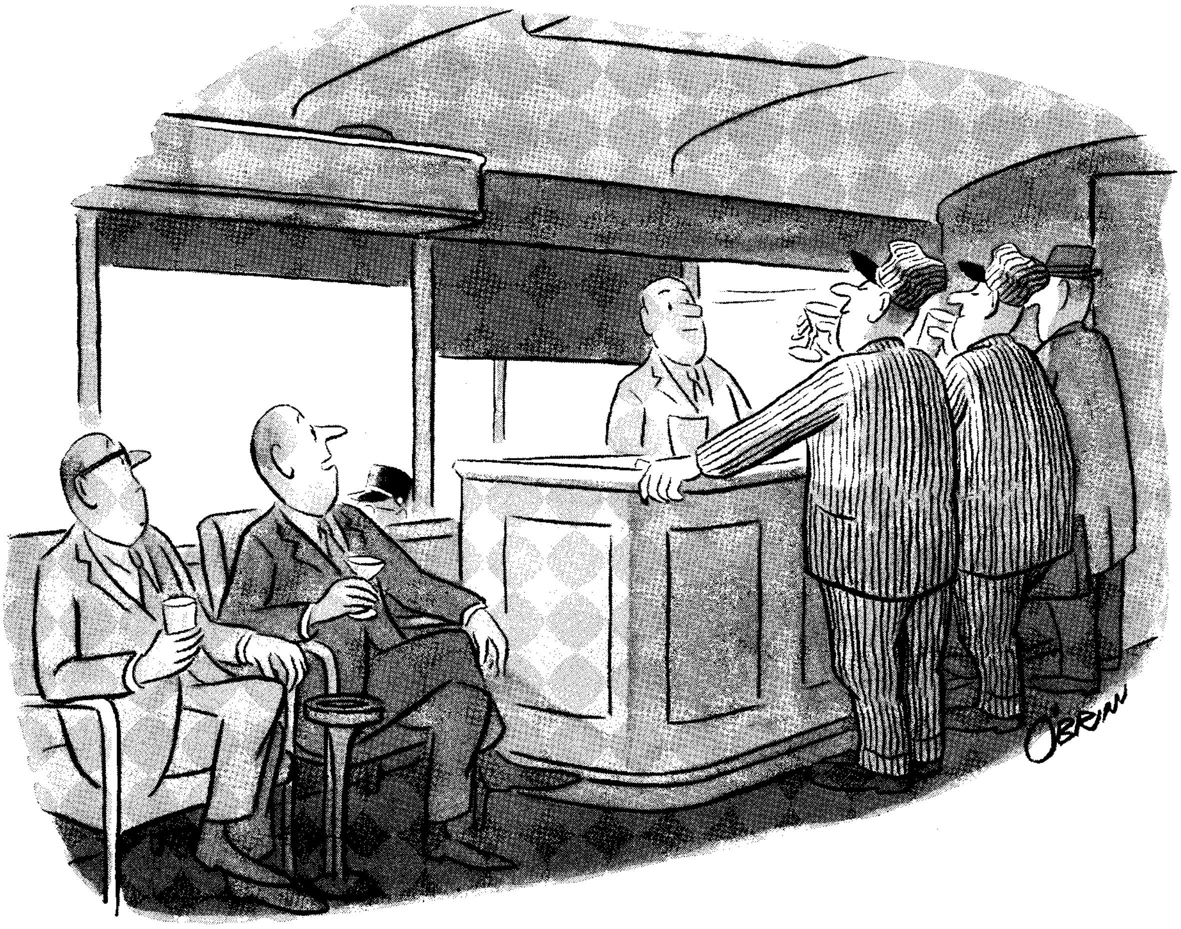
And that led us to think of part of a prayer Yeats wrote for his daughter:

> She can, though every face should scowl
> And every windy quarter howl
> Or every bellows burst, be happy still.

Miss Yeats was looking very happy, and we thought how right her father had been in his prognostications.

At Home

WE sometimes fear that visitors to New York find the city a cold, inhospitable place, but a recent dispatch from one of our United Nations correspondents has put our mind at rest, at least temporarily. It seems that one of the popular dishes of Indonesia is made with carp, and that carp, like lobster, should be kept alive until the moment it's cooked. Unable to find live carp at their neighborhood fish stores, the wives of a number of Indonesian diplomats made inquiries, and finally heard about a stream on Long Island that contains whole schools of the gold and black varieties of carp, both of which are considered merely nuisance fish by uncosmopolitan anglers. On a recent Sunday morning, a committee of the ladies set forth with fishing poles, nets, baskets, and pails, and, after a subway ride, a bus trip, and a short walk to the stream, hauled out a good catch, which they managed to bring back alive. Their husbands were so pleased with the culinary results that the ladies now plan to repeat the expedition at regular intervals.



"Whatever the trouble is, it looks as if we're going to be here awhile."

ROULETTE

AFTER the woman had died, her husband and son drove east from San Francisco until they reached the mountains, already topped with snow, that surrounded a blue lake on the border between California and Nevada. Since it was late in the year, very few people were at the lake, and some of the resort town's gambling casinos had already been shuttered and locked for the winter. The men took a room in a motel just off the main road and went out to look at the town. The older man wore a sweater under his sports coat and walked with his shoulders hunched; his face was ruddy and his skin looked cracked and dry; occasionally he coughed and spit up phlegm. His son walked with his collar turned up, his hands in his pockets, his lean face wrinkled. Ahead of them, fir trees stood against the wind.

From gambling halls came the whir of roulette wheels and the thud and spin of one-armed bandits and the voices of croupiers. When the two men reached a large casino about halfway down the road, the father said, "Do you want to go in?," and his son said, "If you do." They pushed through glass doors and walked past wheels of fortune and guards in blue uniforms and girls in white blouses with names—"Sally," "Fran," "Sondra"—stitched on breast pockets. They sat down at one of the roulette wheels. No one was playing. The croupier was a short, solid blonde. She gave each of the men a stack of chips in exchange for a five-dollar bill, and the two men placed their bets. Looking away from them, the croupier flicked the white ball round in its groove. The men watched the colors and numbers blur as the wheel spun on its ball bearings. The ball settled finally on twenty-one, red, and the young man collected thirty-six chips and bet again. The next number was fifteen, black, and both men lost. On the third spin, the father won eighteen chips, and then for five plays both men lost. They cashed in their chips and got up and left the table, and the father said, "I always used to have luck on number ten. I used to be able to walk up to any table, and it would come up, first thing."

"I remember."

"I guess my luck has changed. Well, this is only our first day. We're going to have a good time here, you and I."

The young man nodded. They went out into the road again and walked toward another gambling hall. The wind was stronger, and as they crossed the road the older man was taken by a fit of coughing that caused them both to stand in the midst of traffic as cars drove by on each side, some on their way from Nevada to California, some on their way from California to Nevada.

THAT night, the wind blew hard, and the next morning the men awoke to find that more snow had gathered on the mountains. The peaks were sharp in the sun, and a pale line seemed to separate their ridges from the sky.

"We had to come up here," said the older man, when they had come back to their room after breakfast.

"We had to go somewhere."

"I'm glad we came up here, though. Aren't you?"

"It's a good place."

"We had to get away from those people."

"Aunt Bess wanted some of Mother's clothes."

"Wasn't that something?"

"I can't get over the way she went about it."

"I couldn't believe it. She went into that closet and started grabbing *this* and grabbing *that*." The father sat on the edge of his bed, mimicking his sister-in-law. " 'I'll take this if nobody wants it. Does anybody want this scarf? Oh, this beautiful scarf. I remember Margaret wearing it.' "

The young man lay back on his bed, looking at the ceiling. His father went into the bathroom and poured himself a glass of Scotch; he came back and lay down on his bed. Both men lay silently for a time, and then the father said, "You'll be all right as soon as you get back to New York."

"Oh, sure."

"And I'll be all right."

"Sure."

"You've got your job back there. Your friends." The man lay with his knobby fingers folded on his chest. Then he jerked his head toward his son. "Those women, after the funeral. Coming over to offer us their sympathy. They said, 'Mary J. has told us all about you.' "

They had been through these subjects before: the woman's long illness, her final irrationality, the funeral, the relatives who had come from Chicago and St. Louis, the woman's niece—Mary J.—who had laughed

during the funeral lunch. There had been ill feeling between the two sides of the family, who were of different religions, and both men resented the band of friends and relatives who had arrived to surround them and to ply them with consolation. "Her brother tried to convert me," said the father.

"I know. I talked to Stephen at the mortuary. He said, 'Margaret is with us now, at this moment. She's here in this room.' "

"I can't understand those people."

"Then Mary J. came up to me," said the son, pushing himself up on one elbow. "She said, 'I know what you're going through. I lost Martin.' "

"Martin? He was killed in a car accident. What does *she* know?"

"She said, 'Ours is a hard religion to live by, but it's a good one to die by.' I don't mind her thinking that, but why did she have to say it to me—at a time like that?"

The older man lay back. His wife had remained in a fairly normal state of mind despite her racked body until the last week or so. He and his son had taken turns sitting by her bed; one would stay for an hour or more, then the other would take his place. In the last week, neither had felt able to stay very long. She had lain almost motionless, her hands limp beneath her chin. He had sat in the hard chair by her bed, and she had looked up one afternoon and said, "Help me out of here. Help me."

"Yes, Margaret. What do you want?"

"Help me get out of here. Take hold of me and lift me. Lift me up."

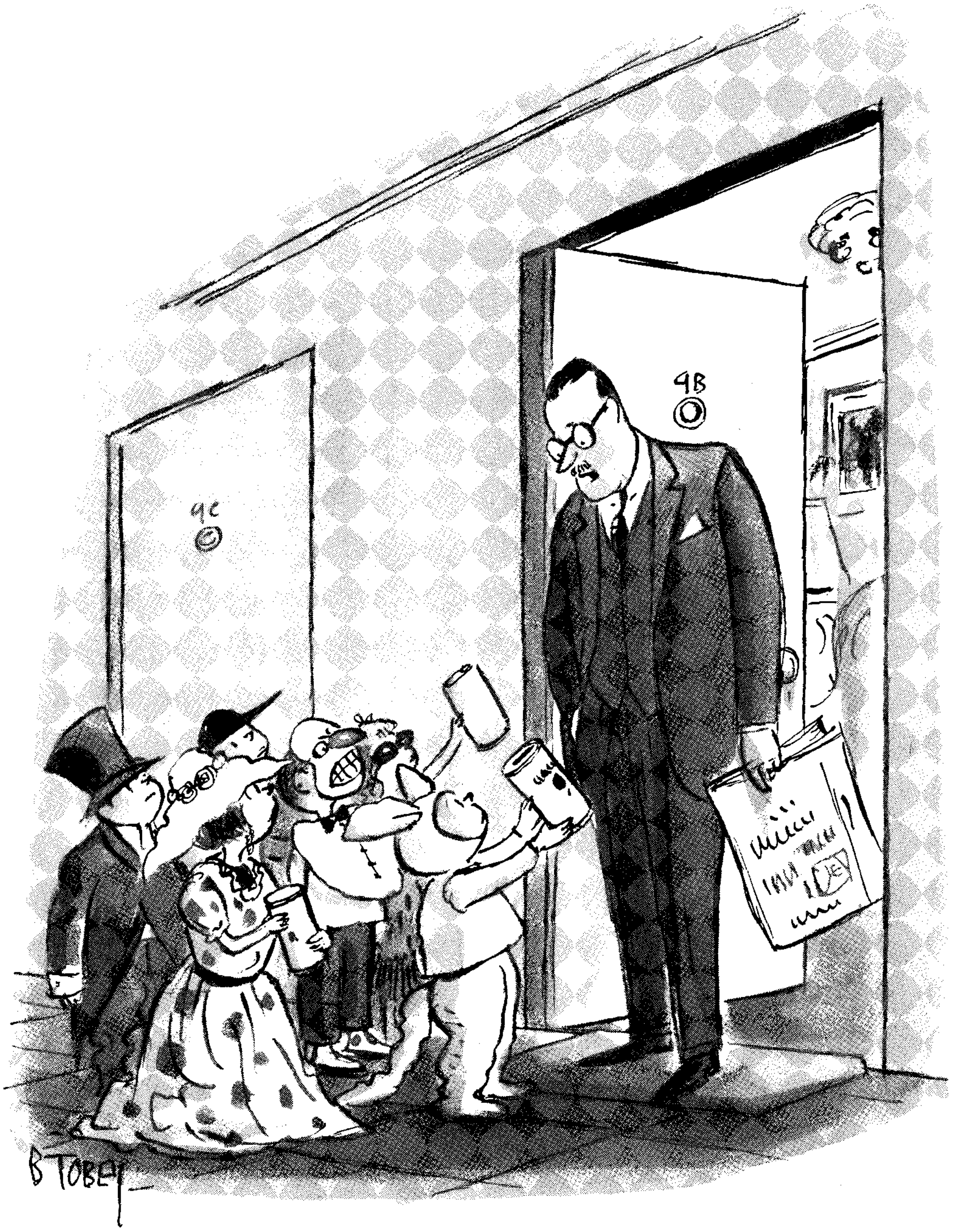
He had tried to reason with her. She had shaken her head, unable to understand his refusal. "Just take hold of me," she said. "It's simple. Lift me up."

"You're in the hospital. You're in your hospital bed, Margaret. Do you know where you are?"

"Oh, no, no, no. No, no, no."

"I want to help you."

"Then help me. Help, help."



"What percentage of this money goes to UNICEF?"

• •

THAT evening, and the next evening, the father and his son ate at one of the casino dining rooms and stayed at the gaming tables until late. Each lost money, but they considered the losses unimportant. At Nick's, the largest casino, there was continuous entertainment on a small stage behind the bar. One group of performers would change places regularly with another until the show had come full circle. A combo led by a chubby piano player featured a girl singer who, when she was not singing, did the Twist by herself. Three men known as the Larkspurs exchanged hats and wigs while playing guitars. Sherri DuVon, a tall brunette in a spangled gown, sang "Moon River." A man named Cal Wheatley played an accordion and told off-color jokes. While his father stood at one of the crap tables, the young man sat at the bar and watched the show. A woman sitting next to him said, "This is the *fourth* time I've heard him tell that same goddam joke."

"Where do they get these people?" said the young man, glad to find a stranger to talk to.

"God only knows, and He ain't telling. If I was running this place, I'd have better entertainment than this. I'd get me Sinatra, or Peggy Lee, or what's-his-name—Bobby Darin."

"They have big-name entertainment across the street."

"What do you call big-name?"

"I don't know who they've got there now."

"Believe me, they could do better than this."

"May I buy you a drink?"

"I wouldn't mind."

The sound of wheels, dice, and slot machines mingled with the voices of the gamblers behind them. A bell began to ring, and a laconic female voice said, "Jackpot."

When his father came over to the bar

from the crap table, the young man introduced him to the woman.

"Pull up a chair," the woman said, "I mean a stool. C'mon. There's room." She looked at the man with a lax smile. "What's the matter? If you win, they take it away from you, and if you lose, they got it anyway. Cheers."

ON their next-to-last day at the lake, the wind blew steadily and a light snow fell. The two men stayed in their motel room and turned on the television set, which received two stations badly—one from Reno, Nevada, and one from Sacramento, California. They watched a soap opera called "Our Brighter Life." They switched stations and watched two audience-participation shows and a courtroom drama. From time to time, they exchanged remarks. Both of them had fallen into a lethargy they accepted without question. The father lay on his bed with *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.* He glanced at his son and was again aware of the need for companionship that had filled him over the last few days. The straight nose and thin lips were reminiscent of those of his dead wife; they quickened his feelings of familiarity with the past.

The young man had not lived at home for nearly five years. When his father had telephoned, six weeks earlier, and told him to fly to San Francisco, he had prepared for the worst. But nothing in his experience had prepared him for what he had found. Now scenes in the hospital would come back to him with great clarity, and inevitably he would try to cling to them, not wanting to. A week before her death, his mother, by that time paralyzed from the chest down, had looked up from her bed and tried to speak. Her words were a mumble. He had given her a pad and pencil. She scribbled, "Stuff you used to use for sunburn." He puzzled over this for some minutes, naming various preparations. At each name, she shook her head, becoming more and more concerned. Tears shone in her eyes. She could not remember the name. He gave her the pad and pencil again. She closed her eyes, and the tears rimmed the edges of her swollen lids. "Try to remember," he said. "I'll get you anything you want. I'll go out and buy it." But she could not remember the name, and the nurse came in to give her another injection, and she slept.

"Oh, Laura, you've got to let him do what he wants," a voice said on television. "If Ralph wants to help Joe Peterson, I don't think you should interfere."

A FANTASY OF LITTLE WATERS

The cirrus bow of surf is blown
Into the color of the sky;
And rootless, vaguely yellowish,
A protoplasmic jellyfish,
Sporting one dark spot, floats by,
Suspended like a burnt-out sun. . . .

One evening, when our daughter turns
The faucet on, we'll kiss her hands
Until they shiver with deep concerns,
Unearthed, straying where she stands;
And she will shake the feeling off,
Shaking her hair at all the bother
Of fixing it, and hear a cough
Drifting from a distant room
Like little waters, and will assume
It wasn't she, it was another.

With fingers grown from coral shelves,
One morning those clear hands will groom
Loose strands, the veins of platinum
Distend, their blowzy breaths become
The clouds flooding her nails; the comb
Fathoming her flowing selves.

—JAMES SCULLY

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"But everyone knows Joe Peterson is no good, Ann," said another voice. "He was in a reformatory when he was fifteen. The whole town . . ."

The son looked up and watched two shadows arguing on the screen. He glanced at his father, who had fallen asleep. The man's chest rose and fell rapidly, and his breathing made a dry, cracked sound through his nose.

THAT evening, the two men went again to the gaming tables. They sat for a time with several other people at one of the roulette wheels. After a series of losses, the son won twice in succession. He put seven chips on eighteen, red, and won again. "I think I'm getting hot," he said to his father.

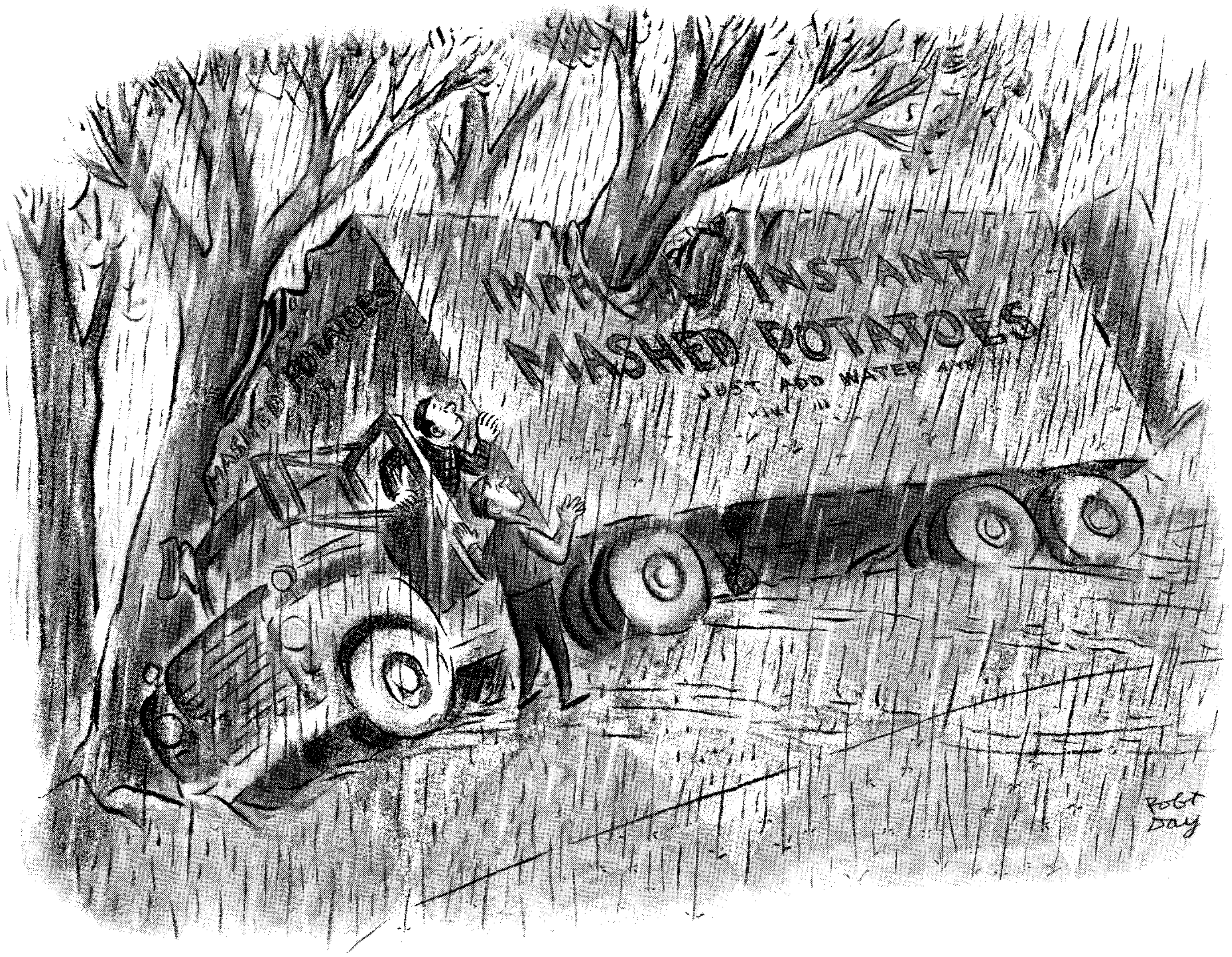
"Keep it up."

He put several stacks of chips on the board and won thirty-six chips on a number half covered. On the next spin of the wheel, he collected only nine chips. On the following spin, he won three large stacks on the double zero. He bet again, and added once again to the stacks of chips before him. He knew that his chances of winning were statistically bad, but he continued to bet, placing larger and larger sums on the board. Encouraged by his son's luck, the older man increased the amount of his own bets. He soon ran out of chips and had to buy more from the croupier. Both men concentrated on the board and the lapping numbers on the wheel to the exclusion of the noises of the crowd around them in the room. The croupier—a small, beaked woman—flicked the ball into its groove with a fast turn of her wrist, and the ball flew over the wheel's rim and hit the floor. Several people stooped over to look for it, but the older man found it by his feet and handed it to the woman. He said, "Next time I might keep it," and she gave him a thin smile. His son continued to bet high. As the chips grew before him, the young man put two large stacks on thirty-two, red. Both men watched the wheel intently as the ball whirled round its groove. The wheel slowed, and the ball, spinning in the opposite direction, slowed too, finally slipping down to the series of numbered niches and clicking along the metal partitions before falling. It settled into thirty-two, red.

"My God!" said the young man.

"That's my son!"

The young man counted his chips and found that he had won nearly a hundred dollars. His father put his hands on his shoulders and shook him in feverish congratulation. Finding themselves more tired than they had known, they both cashed in their chips, walked



"All we can do now is sit tight and pray."

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to the bar for a last drink, and went back to their room.

THE next morning, they packed their bags and took them out to the car. They ate a breakfast of buckwheat cakes and sausages in the motel's coffee shop and bought a copy of a paper from Reno.

"We can go up and try our luck once more before we leave, if you want," said the father.

"Whatever you want. It doesn't matter to me."

"Do you want to?"

"We could."

"Maybe you'd rather quit now."

"It doesn't matter, Dad."

They turned toward the gambling casinos, but the father hesitated. "If we leave now, we'll get through the mountains before there's too much traffic. We ought to be through the valley by about one o'clock."

"Maybe we should just go on, then."

"Whatever you say."

"Anything's all right with me."

"Let's just go on, then."

They checked out of the motel and got into their car. The son drove, and his father sat beside him. As they crossed the border between the two states, they saw that the lake was ruffled by winds. Near the shore, one or two white-hulled motorboats tossed in the rough waters. The older man sat looking at the road. He did not want his son to go back to New York. He wanted him to stay in the West with him. But how could he ask such a thing? The young man had his career in the East, and his friends. "You'll be all right," he said. "You'll be all right as soon as you get back to your job and your friends."

The young man reached to adjust the rearview mirror. "Mary J. came up to me after the funeral and said, 'How's your father going to get along all by himself? How's he ever going to get along all alone in that big house?' Hell, Dad, you'll get along."

"Sure I will," said his father. "We'll write to each other. And you'll come out next summer, won't you? . . . Agnes Murphy wouldn't take any of your mother's jewelry, you know. She said she'd feel funny wearing it."

"I still can't get over Aunt Bess, though. Remember how she went through the clothing?"

"Do you remember? She said, 'Oh, look at this coat—this beautiful tweed coat. Margaret always looked so beautiful in it. Can I have it? Can I have it? Can I have it?'" The father sat forward on the seat, lines of perspiration on his forehead, making wide gestures as his son drove him down the highway through the mountains, taking him home.

—WALLACE WHITE

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NASHVILLE, TENN.—(AP)—The case of a missing moneybag containing $1,160, a tearful secretary and a man too honest to steal had a happy ending today.—*Minneapolis Star.*

If you tell us, we'll never forgive you.

AN EDUCATED AMERICAN WOMAN

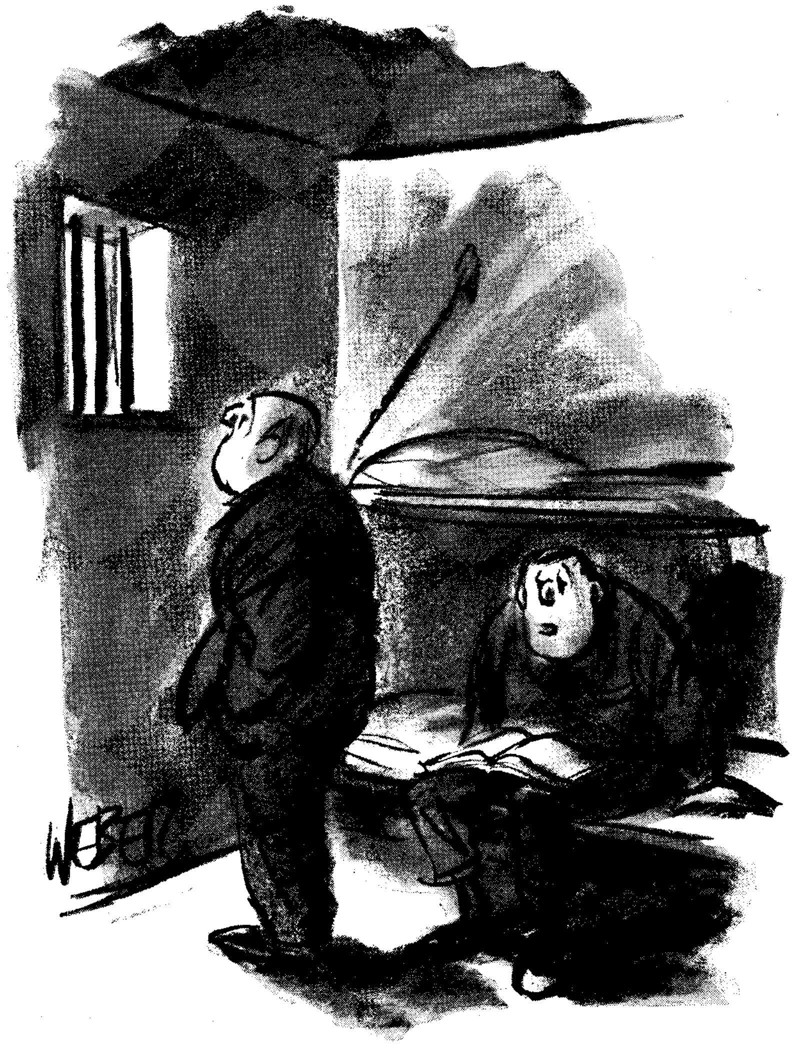
ITEM: "I remain joined in holy matrimony to my unintellectual 190-pound halfback, and keep myself busy chauffeuring my son Bibber to and from a local private school that I helped organize. I seem, at one time or another, to have had the presidency of every civic organization in the community, and last year I ran the local travel agency for nine months. A New York publisher (knock on wood) is interested in my critical biography of Gustave Flaubert, and last year I ran for town supervisor on the Democratic ticket and got the largest Democratic plurality in the history of the village. Polly Coulter Mellowes ('42) stayed with us for a week on her way home from Paris to Minneapolis and we talked, ate, drank, and thought in French during her visit. Shades of Mlle. de Grasse! I still find time to band birds and knit Argyle socks."

THIS report, for her college alumnae magazine, might have suggested an aggressive woman, but she was not that at all. Jill Chidchester Madison held her many offices through competence, charm, and intellect, and she was actually quite shy. Her light-brown hair, at the time of which I'm writing, was dressed simply and in a way that recalled precisely how she had looked in boarding school twenty years before. Boarding school may have shaded her taste in clothing; that and the fact that she had a small front and was one of those women who took this deprivation as if it was something more than the loss of a leg. Considering her comprehensive view of life, it seemed strange that such a thing should have bothered her, but it bothered her terribly. She had pretty legs. Her coloring was fresh and high. Her eyes were brown and set much too close together, so that when she was less than vivacious she had a mousy look.

Her mother, Amelia Faxon Chidchester, was a vigorous, stocky woman with splendid white hair, a red face, and an emphatic accent whose roots seemed more temperamental than regional. Mrs. Chidchester's words were shaped to express her untiring vigor, her triumph over pain, her cultural enthusiasm, and her trust in mankind. She was the author of seventeen unpublished books. Jill's father died when she was six days old. She was born in San Francisco, where her father had run a small publishing house and administered a small estate. He left his wife and daughter with enough money to protect them from any sort of hardship and any sort of financial anxiety, but they were a good deal less rich than their relatives. Jill appeared to be precocious, and when she was three her mother took her to Munich, where she was entered in the Gymnasium für Kinder, run by Dr. Stock for the purpose of observing gifted children. The competition was fierce, and her reaction tests were only middling, but she was an amiable and a brilliant girl. When she was five, they shifted to the Scuola Pantola in Florence, a similar institution. They moved from there to England, to the famous Tower Hill School, in Kent. Then Amelia, or Melee, as she was called, decided that the girl should put down some roots, and so she rented a house in Nantucket, where Jill was entered in the public school.

I don't know why it is that expatriate children should seem underfed, but they often do, and Jill, with her mixed clothing, her mixed languages, her bare legs and sandals, gave the impression that the advantages of her education had worked out in her as a kind of pathos. She was the sort of child who skipped a lot. She skipped to school. She skipped home. She was shy. She was not very practical, and her mother encouraged her in this. "*You* shall *not* wash the dishes, my dear," she said. "A girl of your intelligence is not expected to waste her time washing dishes." They had a devoted servant—all of Melee's servants worshipped the ground she walked on—and Jill's only idea about housework was that it was work she was not expected to do. She did, when she was about ten, learn to knit Argyle socks and was allowed this recreation. She was romantic. Entered in her copybook was the following: "Mrs. Amelia Faxon Chidchester requests the honor of your company at the wedding of her daughter Jill to Viscount Ludley-Huntington, Earl of Ashmead, in Westminster Abbey. White tie. Decorations." The house in Nantucket was pleasant, and Jill learned to sail. It was in Nantucket that her mother spoke to her once about that subject for which we have no vocabulary in English—about love. It was late afternoon. A fire was burning and there were flowers on a table. Jill was reading and her mother was writing. She stopped writing and said, over her shoulder, "I think I should tell you, my dear, that during the war I was in charge of a canteen at the Embarcadero, and I gave myself to many lonely soldiers."

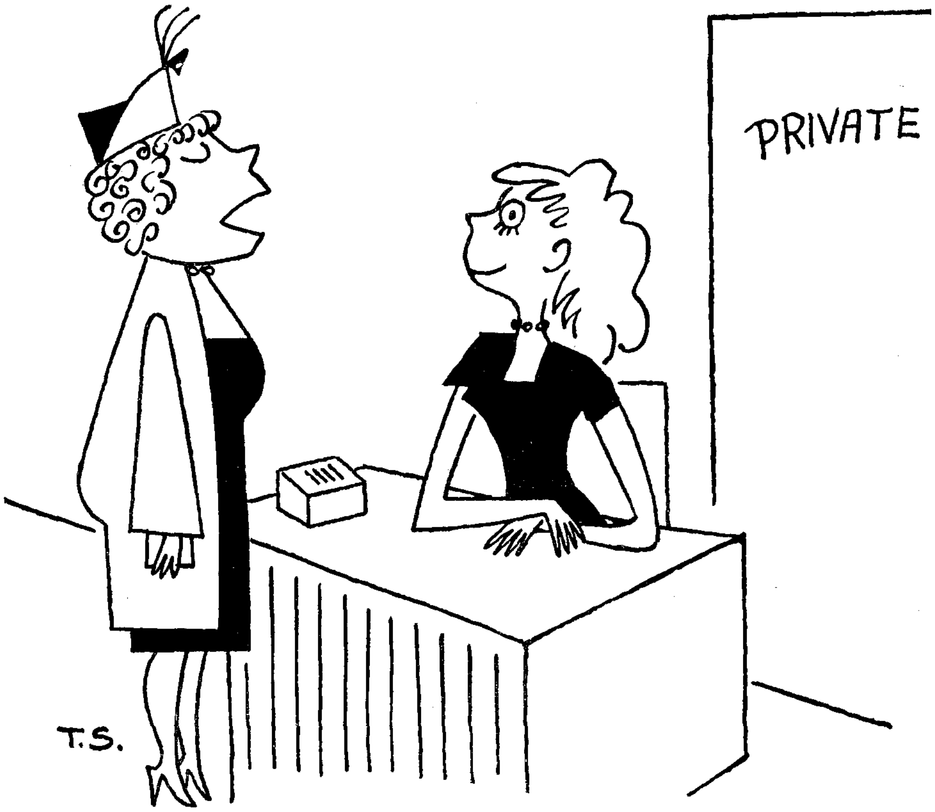
The remark was crushing. It seemed to the girl emotionally and intellectually incomprehensible. She wanted



"Gosh, Chuck, I don't know. I suppose what I miss more than anything else is stealing."

to cry. She could not imagine her mother giving herself, as she put it, to a string of lonely soldiers. Her mother's manner firmly and authoritatively declared her indifference to this side of things. There seemed to be no way of getting around what had been said. It stuck up in the girl's consciousness like a fallen meteor. Perhaps it was all a lie, but her mother had never lied. Then, for once, she faced up to the limitations of her only parent. Her mother was not a liar, but she was a fraud. Her accent was a fraud, her tastes were fraudulent, and the seraphic look she assumed when she listened to music was the look of someone trying to recall an old telephone number. With her indomitable good cheer, her continual aches and pains, her implacable snobbism, her cultural squatter's rights, her lofty friends, and her forceful and meaningless utterances, she seemed, for a moment, to illustrate a supreme lack of discernment in nature. But was Jill meant to fabricate, singlehanded, some cord of love and wisdom between this stranger who had given her life and life itself as she could see it, spread out in terms of fields and woods, wondrous and fair, beyond the windows? Could she not instead— But she felt too young, too thin, too undefended to make a life without a parent, and so she decided that her mother had not said what she said, and sealed the denial with a light kiss.

Jill went away to boarding school when she was twelve, and took all the prizes. Her scholastic, social, and athletic record was unprecedented. During her second year in college, she visited her relatives in San Francisco, and met and fell in love with Georgie Madison. He was not, considering her intelligence, the sort of man she would have been expected to choose, but it may have been sensible of her to pick a man whose interests were so different. He was a quiet, large-boned man with black hair and those gentle looks that break the hearts of the fatherless of all ages; and she was, after all, fatherless. He worked as a junior executive in a San Francisco shipyard. He had graduated from Yale, but when Melee once asked him if he liked Thackeray, he said sincerely and politely that he had never tasted any. This simmered down to a family joke. They got engaged in her junior year, and were married a week after she graduated from college, where she again took all the prizes. He was transferred to a Brooklyn shipyard, and they moved to New York, where she got a public-relations job in a department store.



"So you're his new secretary. Well, tell him his old wife is here."

• •

In the second or third year of their marriage, she had a son, whom they called Bibber. The birth was difficult, and she would not be able to have more children. When the boy was still young, they moved to Gordenville. She was happier in the country than she had been in town, since the country seemed to present more opportunities for her talents. The presidencies of the civic organizations followed one after the other, and when the widow who ran the local travel agency got sick, Jill took over and ran this successfully. Their only problem in the country was to find someone to stay with Bibber. A stream of unsatisfactory old women drifted through the house, augmented by high-school girls and cleaning women. Georgie loved his son intemperately. The boy was bright enough, but his father found this brightness blinding. He walked with the boy, played with him, gave him his bath at bedtime, and told him his story. Georgie did everything for his son when he was at home, and this was just as well, since Jill often came in later than he.

When Jill put down the reins of the travel agency, she decided to organize a European tour. She had not been abroad since their marriage, and if she wrote her own ticket she could make the trip at a profit. This, at least, was what she claimed. Georgie's shipyard was doing well, and there was no real reason for her to angle for a free trip, but he could see that the idea of conducting a tour stimulated and challenged her, and in the end he gave her his approval and his encouragement. Twenty-eight customers signed up, and early in July Georgie saw Jill and her lambs, as she called them, take off in a jet for Copenhagen. Their itinerary was to take them as far south as Naples, where Jill would put her dependents aboard a homebound plane. Then Georgie would meet her in Venice, where they would spend a week. Jill sent her husband postcards each day, and several of her customers were so enthusiastic about her leadership that they wrote Georgie themselves to tell him what a charming, competent, and knowledgeable wife he possessed. His neighbors were friendly, and he mostly dined with them. Bibber, who was not quite four, had been put into a summer camp.

Before Georgie left for Europe, he drove to New Hampshire to check on Bibber. He had missed the little boy painfully and had seen him much oftener in his reveries than he had seen his wife's vivacious face. To put himself to sleep, he imagined some implausible climbing tour through the Dolomites with Bibber when the boy was older. Night after night, he helped his son up from ledge to ledge. Overhead, the thin snow on the peaks sparkled in the summer sunlight. Carrying packs and ropes, they came down into Cortina a little after dark. The bare facts of his trip north contrasted sharply with this Alpine reverie.

The drive took him most of a day. He spent a restless night in a motel and scouted out the camp in the morning. The weather was mixed, and he was in the mountains. There were showers and then pale clearings—an atmosphere not so much of gloom as of bleakness. Most of the farms that he passed were abandoned. As he approached the camp, he felt that it and the surrounding countryside had the authority of a remote creation; or perhaps this was a reprise of his own experience of summers and camps as interludes unconnected with the rest of time. Then, from a rise of ground, he saw the place below him. There was a small lake—a pond, really: one of those round ponds whose tea-colored waters and pine groves leave with you an impression of geological fatigue. His own recollections of camp were sunny and brilliant, and this rueful water hole, with its huddle of rotting matchboard shanties, collided violently with his robust memories. He guessed—he insisted to himself—that things would look very different when the sun shone. Arrows pointed the way to the administration building, where the directress was waiting for him. She was a blue-eyed young woman whose efficiency had not quite eclipsed her good looks. "We've had a bit of trouble with your son," she said. "He's not gotten along terribly well. It's quite unusual. We seldom if ever have cases of homesickness. The exception is when we take children from divided families, and we try never to do this. We can cope with normal problems, but we cannot cope with a child who brings more than his share of misery with him. As a rule, we turn down applications from children of divorce."

"But Mrs. Madison and I are not divorced," Georgie said.

"Oh, I didn't know. You are separated?"

"No," Georgie said, "we are not. Mrs. Madison is travelling in Europe, but I am going to join her tomorrow."

"Oh, I see. Well, in that case, I don't understand why Bibber has been so slow to adjust. But here is Bibber to tell us all about it himself!"

The boy threw off the hand of the woman with him and ran to his father. He was crying.

"There, there," said the directress. "Daddy hasn't come all this way to see a weeper, has he, Bibber?"

THE MOCKINGBIRD

Look one way and the sun is going down,
Look the other and the moon is rising.
The sparrow's shadow's longer than the lawn.
The bats squeak, "Night is here;" the birds cheep, "Day is gone."
On the willow's highest branch, monopolizing
Day and night, cheeping, squeaking, soaring,
The mockingbird is imitating life.

All day the mockingbird has owned the yard.
As light first woke the world, the sparrows trooped
Onto the seedy lawn; the mockingbird
Chased them off shrieking. Hour by hour, fighting hard
To make the world his own, he swooped
On thrushes, thrashers, jays, and chickadees—
At noon he drove away a big black cat.

Now, in the moonlight, he sits here and sings.
A thrush is singing, then a thrasher, then a jay—
Then, all at once, a cat begins meowing.
A mockingbird can sound like anything.
He imitates the world he drove away
So well that, for a minute, in the moonlight,
Which one's the mockingbird? Which one's the world?

—RANDALL JARRELL

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Georgie felt his heart heave in love and confusion. He kissed the tears from the boy's face and held him against his chest.

"Perhaps you'd like to take a little walk with Bibber," the directress suggested. "Perhaps Bibber would like to show you the sights."

Georgie, with the boy clinging to his hand, had to face certain responsibilities that transcended the love he felt for his son. His instinct was to take the boy away. His responsibility was to hearten and encourage him to shoulder the burdens of life. "What is your favorite place, Bibber?" he asked enthusiastically, keenly aware of the fatuity in his tone, and convinced of the necessity for it. "I want you to show me your favorite place in the whole camp."

"I don't have any favorite place," Bibber said. He was trying successfully to keep from crying. "That's the mess hall," he said, pointing to a long, ugly shed. Fresh pieces of yellow lumber had replaced those that had rotted.

"Is that where you have your plays?" Georgie asked.

"We don't have any plays," Bibber said. "The lady in charge of plays got sick and she had to go home."

"Is that where you sing?"

"Please take me home, Daddy," Bibber said.

"But I can't, Bibber. Mummy's in Europe, and I'm flying over tomorrow afternoon to join her."

"When *can* I go home?"

"Not until camp closes." Georgie felt some of the weight of this sentence himself. He heard the boy's breathing quicken with pain. Somewhere a bugle sounded. Georgie, struggling to mix his responsibilities with his instincts, knelt and took the boy in his arms. "You see, I can't very well cable Mummy and tell her I'm not coming. She's expecting me there. And anyhow, we don't really have a home when Mummy isn't with us. I have my dinners out, and I'm away all day. There won't be anyone there to take care of you."

"I've participated in everything," the boy said hopefully. It was his last appeal for clemency, and when he saw it fail he said, "I have to go now. It's my third period." He went up a worn path under the pines.

Georgie returned to the administration building reflecting on the fact that he had loved camp, that he had been one of the most popular boys in camp, and that he had never wanted to go home.

"I think things are bound to improve," the directress said. "As soon as he gets over the hump, he'll enjoy himself much more than the others. I would suggest, however, that you don't stay too long. He has a riding period now. Why don't you watch him

“Stop grumbling! If you’re going to have knights in shining armor, someone’s got to shine the armor.”

ride, and leave before the period’s ended? He takes pride in his riding, and in that way you’ll avoid a painful farewell. This evening we’re going to have a big campfire and a good long sing. I’m sure that he’s suffering from nothing that won’t be cured by a good sing with his mates around a roaring fire.”

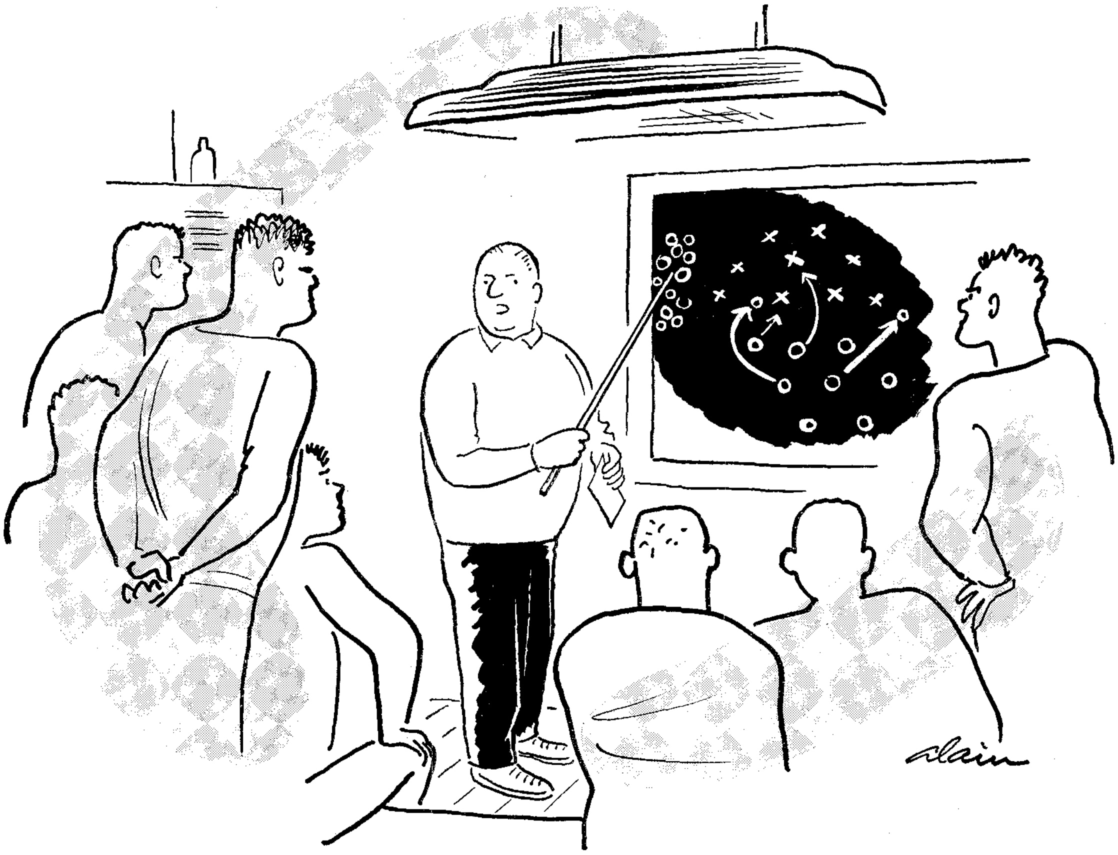
It all sounded plausible to Georgie, who liked a good campfire sing himself. Were there any sorrows of early life that couldn’t be cured by a rousing performance of “The Battle Hymn of the Republic”? He walked over to the riding ring singing, “They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps. . . .” It had begun to rain again, and Georgie couldn’t tell whether the boy’s face was wet with tears or drops of rain. He was on horseback and being led around the ring by a groom. Bibber waved once to his father and nearly lost his seat, and when the boy’s back was turned Georgie went away.

He flew to Treviso and took a train into Venice, where Jill waited for him in a Swiss hotel on one of the back canals. Their reunion was ardent, and he loved her no less for noticing that she was tired and thin. Getting her lambs across Europe had been a rigorous and exhausting task. What he wanted to do then was to move from their third-rate hotel to Cipriani’s, get a cabaña at the Lido, and spend a week on the beach. Jill refused to move to Cipriani’s—it would be full of tourists—and on their second day in Venice she got up at seven, made instant coffee in a toothbrush glass, and rushed him off to eight-o’clock Mass at St. Mark’s. Georgie knew Venice, and Jill knew—or should have known—that he was not interested in painting or mosaics, but she led him by the nose, so to speak, from monument to monument. He guessed that she had got into the habit of tireless sightseeing, and that the tactful thing to do would be to wait until the habit spent itself. He suggested that they go to Harry’s for lunch, and she said, “What in the world are you *thinking* of, Georgie?” They had lunch in a *trattoria*, and toured churches and museums until closing time. In the morning, he suggested that they go to the Lido, but she had already made arrangements to go to Maser and see the villas.

Jill brought all her competence as a tour director to their days in Venice, although Georgie didn’t see why. Most of us enjoy displaying our familiarity with the world, but he could not detect a trace of enjoyment in her assault. Some people love painting and architecture, but there was nothing loving in her approach to the treasures of Venice. The worship of beauty was mysterious to Georgie, but was beauty meant to crush one’s sense of humor? She stood, one hot afternoon, before the façade of a church, lecturing him from her guidebook. She recited dates, naval engagements, and so on, and sketched the history of the Republic as if she were preparing him for an examination. The light in which she stood was bright and unflattering, and the generally festive air of Venice made her erudition, the sternness of her enthusiasm, seem ungainly. She was trying to impress him with the fact that Venice was to be taken seriously. And was this, he wondered, the meaning, the sum, of these brilliant marbles, this labyrinthine and dilapidated place, suffused with the rank and ancient smell of bilge? He put an arm around her and said, “Come off it, darling.” She put him away from her and said, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Had she lost an address, a child, a pocketbook, a string of beads, or any other valuable, her canvass of Venice couldn’t have been more gruelling and exhaustive. He spent the rest of their time in Venice accompanying her on this mysterious search. Now and then he thought of Bibber and his camp. They flew home from Treviso, and in the gentler and more familiar light of Gordenville she seemed herself again. They took up their happiness, and welcomed Bibber when he was released from camp.

“ISN’T it divine, isn’t it the most divine period in domestic American architecture?” Jill always asked, showing guests through their large frame house. The house had been built in the eighteen-seventies, and had long windows, an oval dining room, and a stable



"And these are the alumni."

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with a cupola. It must have been difficult to maintain, but these difficulties—at parties, anyhow—were never felt. The high-ceilinged rooms were filled with light and had a special grace—austere, gloomy, and finely balanced. The obvious social responsibilities were all hers; his conversation was confined to the shipbuilding industry, but he mixed the drinks, carved the roast, and poured the wine. There was a fire in the fireplace, there were flowers, the furniture and the silver shone, and no one knew and no one would have guessed that it was he who polished the furniture and forks.

"Housework simply isn't my style," she had said, and he was intelligent enough to see the truth in her remark; intelligent enough not to expect her to recast this image of herself as an educated woman. It was the source of much of her vitality and joy.

One stormy winter, they weren't able to get any servants at all. A fly-by-night cook came in when they had guests, but the rest of the work fell to Georgie. That was the year Jill was studying French literature at Columbia and trying to finish her book on Flaubert. On a typical domestic evening, Jill would be sitting at her desk in their bedroom, working on her book. Bibber would be asleep. Georgie might be in the kitchen, polishing the brass and the silver. He wore an apron. He drank whiskey. He was surrounded by cigarette boxes, andirons, bowls, ewers, and a large chest of table silver. He did not like to polish silver, but if he did not do this the silver would turn black. As she had said, it was not her style. It was not his style, either, nor was it any part of his education, but if he was, as she said, unintellectual, he was not so unintellectual as to accept any of the vulgarities and commonplaces associated with the struggle for sexual equality. The struggle was recent, he knew; it was real; it was inexorable; and while she sidestepped her domestic tasks, he could sense that she might do this unwillingly. She had been raised as an intellectual, her emancipation was still challenged in many quarters, and since he seemed to possess more latitude, to hold a stronger traditional position, it was his place to yield on matters like housework. It was not her choice, he knew, that she was raised as an intellectual, but the choice, having been made by others, seemed irrevocable. His restless sexual nature attributed to her softness, warmth, and the utter darkness of love; but why, he wondered as he polished the forks, did there seem to be some contradiction between these attributes and the possession of a clear mind? Intellect, he knew, was not a masculine attribute, although the bulk of tradition had put decisive powers into the hands of men for so many centuries that their ancient supremacy would take some unlearning. But why should his instincts lead him to expect that the woman in whose arms he lay each night would at least conceal her literacy? Why should there seem to be some rub between the enormous love he felt for her and her ability to understand the quantum theory?

She wandered downstairs and stood in the kitchen doorway, watching him at his work. Her feeling was tender. What a kind, gentle, purposeful, and handsome man she had married. What pride he took in their house. But then, as she went on watching him, she suffered a spiritual chill, a paroxysm of doubt. Was he, bent over the kitchen table at a woman's work, really a man? Had she married some half male, some aberration? Did he like to wear an apron? Was he a transvestite? And was she aberrant herself? But this was inadmissible, and equally inadmissible was the reasoning that would bring her to see that he polished silver because he was forced to. Suddenly some vague, brutish stray appeared in the corner of her imagination, some hairy and drunken sailor who would beat her on Saturday nights, debauch her with his gross appetites, and make her scrub the floor on her hands and knees. That was the kind of man she should have married. That had been her destiny. He looked up, smiled gently, and asked her how her work was coming. "*Ça marche, ça marche*," she said wearily, and went back upstairs to her desk. "Little Gustave didn't get along at all well with his school chums," she wrote. "He was frightfully unpopular . . ."

He came into their room when his work was done. He ran a hand lightly through her hair. "Just let me finish this paragraph," she said. She heard him take a shower, heard his bare feet on the carpet as he crossed the room and bounded happily into bed. Moved equally by duty and desire but still thinking of the glories of Flaubert, she washed, scented herself with perfume, and joined him in their wide bed, which, with its clean and fragrant linen and equal pools of light, seemed indeed a bower. *Bosquet*, she thought, *brume*, *bruit*. And then, sit-

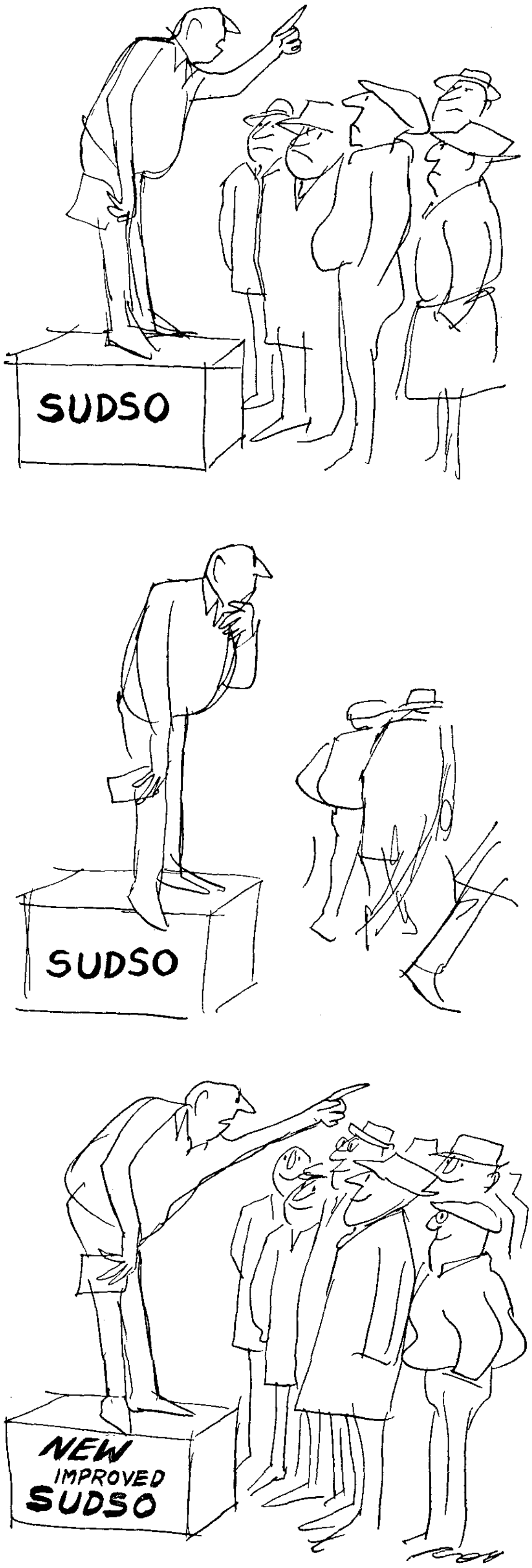
ting up in his arms, she exclaimed, "*Elle avait lu 'Paul et Virginie' et elle avait rêvé la maisonnette de bambous, le nègre Domingo, le chien Fidèle, mais surtout l'amitié douce de quelque bon petit frère, qui va chercher pour vous des fruits rouges dans des grands arbres plus hauts que des clochers, ou qui court pieds nus sur le sable, vous apportant un nid d'oiseau . . .*"

"God damn it to hell!" he said. He spoke in utter bitterness. He got out of bed, got a blanket from the closet, and made his bed in the living room.

She cried. He was jealous of her intelligence—she saw that. But was she meant to pose as a cretin in order to be attractive? Why should he rage because she had said a few words in French? To assume that intelligence, knowledge, the very benefits of education were male attributes was an attitude that had been obsolete for a century. Then she felt as if the strain put on her heart by this cruelty was too much. She seemed to feel one of its fastenings give, as if this organ was a cask and so heavily laden with sorrow that, like some ruptured treasure chest of childhood, its sides had burst. "Intelligence" was the word she returned to—intelligence was at stake. And yet the word should ring free and clear of the pain she was suffering. Intelligence was the subject up for discussion, but it had the sentience, at that hour, of flesh and blood. What she faced was the bare bones of pain, cleansed in the stewpot and polished by the hound's tooth; this intelligence had the taste of death. She cried herself to sleep.

Later she was awakened by a crash. She was afraid. Might he harm her? Had something gone wrong with the complicated machinery of the old house? Burglars? Fire? The noise had come from their bathroom. She found him naked on his hands and knees on the bathroom floor. His head was under the washbasin. She went to him quickly and helped him to his feet. "I'm all right," he said. "I'm just terribly drunk." She helped him back to their bed, where he fell asleep at once.

THEY had a dinner party a few nights later, and all the silver he had polished was used. The party went off without a hitch. One of their guests, a lawyer, described a local scandal. A four-mile link of highway, connecting two parkways in the neighborhood, had been approved by the state and the local governments. The cost was three million dollars, on a bid given by a contractor named Felici. The road was to destroy a large formal garden and park that had been maintained and open to the public for half a century. The owner, an octogenarian, lived in San Francisco and was either helpless, indifferent, or immobilized by indignation. The connecting road was of no use; no study of traffic patterns had proved that there was any need for such a road. A beautiful park and a large slice of tax money were to be handed over to an unscrupulous and avaricious contractor.



It was the kind of story Jill liked. Her eyes were bright, her color was high. Georgie watched her with a mixture of pride and dismay. Her civic zeal had been provoked, and he knew she would pursue the scandal to some conclusion. She was very happy with this challenge, but it was, on that evening, a happiness that embraced her house, her husband, her way of life. On Monday morning she stormed the various commissions that controlled highway construction, and verified the scandal. Then she organized a committee and circulated a petition. An old woman named Mrs. Haney was found to take care of Bibber, and a high-school girl came in to read to him in the afternoons. Jill was absorbed in her work, bright-eyed and excited.

This was in December. Late one afternoon, Georgie left his office in Brooklyn and went into New York to do some shopping. All the high buildings in midtown were hidden in rain clouds, but he felt their presence overhead like the presence of a familiar mountain range. His feet were wet and his throat felt sore. The streets were crowded, and the decorations on the store fronts were mostly at such an angle that their meaning escaped him. While he could see the canopy of light at Lord & Taylor's, he could only see the chins and vestments of the choir plastered across the front of Saks. Blasts of holy music wavered through the rain. He stepped into a puddle. It was as dark as night; it seemed, because of the many lights, the darkest of nights. He went into Saks. Inside, the scene of well-dressed and brightly lighted pillage stopped him. He stood to one side to avoid being savaged by the crowds that were pushing their way in and out. He distinctly felt the symptoms of a cold. A woman standing beside him dropped some parcels. He picked them up. She had a pleasant face, wore a black mink coat, and her feet, he noticed, were wetter than his. She thanked him, and he asked if she was going to storm the counters. "I thought

I would," she said, "but now I think I won't. My feet are wet, and I have a terrible feeling that I'm coming down with a cold."

"I feel the same way," he said. "Let's find some quiet place and have a drink."

"Oh, but I couldn't do that," she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "It's a festival, isn't it?"

The dark afternoon seemed to turn on that word. It was meant to be festive. That was the meaning of the singing and the lights.

"I had never thought of it that way," she said.

"Come on," he said. He took her arm and led her down the Avenue to a quiet bar. He ordered drinks and sneezed. "You ought to have a hot bath and go to bed," she said. Her concern seemed purely maternal. He introduced himself. Her name was Betty Landers. Her husband was a doctor. Her daughter was married and her son was in his last year at Cornell. She was alone a good deal of the time, but she had recently taken up painting. She went to the Art Students League, three times a week, and had a studio in the Village. They had three or four drinks and then took a cab downtown to see her studio.

It was not his idea of a studio. It was a two-room apartment in one of the new buildings near Washington Square and looked a little like the lair of a spinster. She pointed out her treasures. That's what she called them. The desk she had bought in England, the chair she had bought in France, the signed Matisse lithograph. Her hair and her eyebrows were dark, her face was thin, and she might have been a spinster. She made him a drink, and when he asked to see her paintings she modestly refused, although he was to see them later, stacked up in the bathroom, where her easel and her other equipment were neatly stored. Why they became lovers, why in the presence of this stranger he should suddenly find himself divested of all his inhibitions and all his clothing, he never understood. She was not young. Her elbows and knees were lightly gnarled, as if she were some distant cousin of Daphne and would presently be transformed, not into a flowering shrub but into some hardy and common tree.

They met after this, two or three times a week. He never discovered much about her beyond the fact that she lived on Park Avenue and was often alone. She was interested in his clothes and kept him posted on department-store sales. It was a large part of her conversation. Sitting in his lap, she told him that there was a sale of neckties at Saks, a sale of shoes at Brooks, a sale of shirts at Altman's. Jill, by this time, was so absorbed in her campaign that she hardly noticed his arrivals and departures, but, sitting one evening in the living room while Jill was busy on the upstairs telephone, he felt that he had behaved shabbily. He felt that it was time that the affair, begun on that dark afternoon before Christmas, was over. He took some notepaper and wrote to Betty: "Darling, I'm leaving for San Francisco this evening and will be gone six weeks. I think it will be better, and I'm sure you'll agree with me, if we don't meet again." He wrote the letter a second time, changing San Francisco to Rome, and addressed the note to her studio in the Village.

Jill was campaigning on the telephone the next night when he returned home. Mathilde, the high-school girl, was reading to Bibber. He spoke to his son and then went down to the pantry to make a drink. While he was there, he heard Jill's heels on the stairs. They seemed to strike a swift and vengeful note, and when she came into the pantry her face was pale and drawn. Her hands were shaking, and in one of them she held the first of the two notes he had written.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"Where did you find it?"

"In the wastepaper basket."

"Then I will explain," he said. "Please sit down. Sit down for a minute, and I'll explain the whole thing."

"Do I *have* to sit down? I'm terribly busy."

"No, you don't have to sit down, but would you close the door? Mathilde can hear us."

"I can't believe you have anything to say that would necessitate closing a door."

"I have this to say," he said. He closed the door. "In December, just before Christmas, I took a mistress, a lonely woman. I can't explain my choice. It may have been because she had an apartment of her own. She was not young; she was not beautiful. Her children are grown. Her husband is a doctor. They live on Park Avenue."

"Oh, my God," she said, "Park Avenue!" and she laughed. "I adore that part of it. I could have guessed that if you invented a mistress she would live on Park Avenue. You've always been such a hick."

"Do you think this is all an invention?"

"Yes, I do. I think you've made the whole thing up to try and hurt me. You've never had much of an imagination. You might have done better if you'd tasted some Thackeray. Really. A Park Avenue matron. Couldn't you have invented something more delectable? A Vassar senior with blazing red hair? A colored night-club singer? An Italian princess?"

"Do you really think I've made this all up?"

"I do, I do, I think it's all a fabrication and a loathsome one, but tell me more, tell me more about your Park Avenue matron."

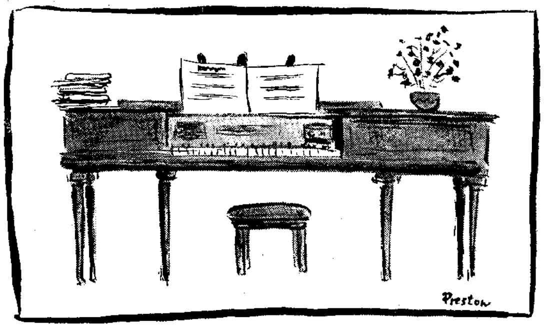
"I have nothing more to tell you."

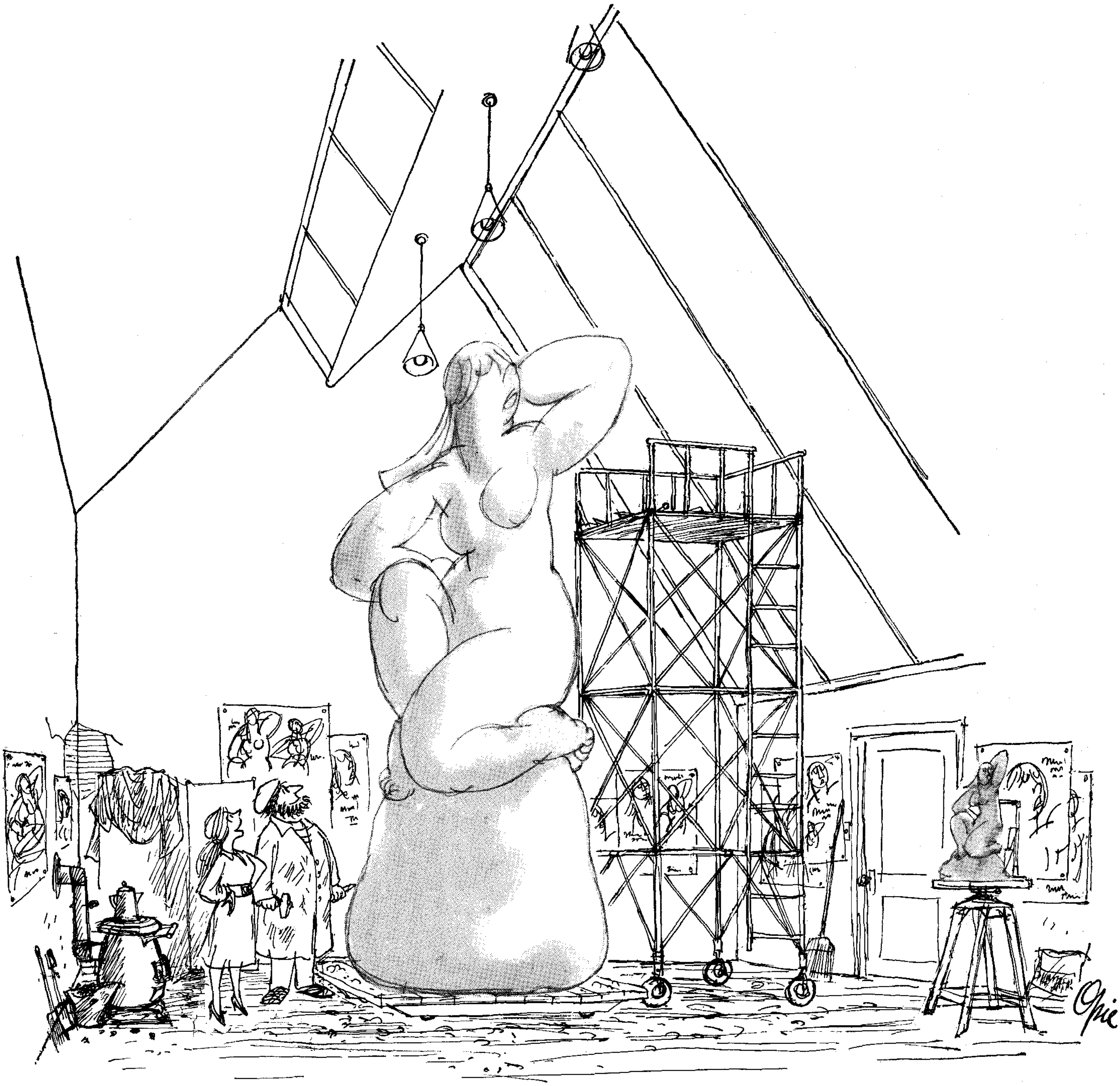
"You have nothing more to tell me because your powers of invention have collapsed. Isn't that it? My advice to you, old chap, is never to embark on anything that counts on a powerful imagination. It isn't your forte."

"You don't believe me."

"I do not, and if I did I wouldn't be jealous. My sort of woman is never jealous. I have more important things to do."

AT this point in their marriage, Jill's assault on the highway commission served as a sort of suspension bridge over which they could travel, meet, converse, and dine together, elevated safely above the turbulence of their feelings. She was working to have the issue brought to a public hearing, and was to appear before the commission with petitions and documents that would prove the gravity of her case and the number of influential supporters she had been able to enlist. Unluckily, at this time Bibber came down with a bad cold and it was difficult to find anyone to stay with him. Now and then, Mrs. Haney would come to sit beside his bed, and in the afternoons Mathilde read to him. When it was necessary for Jill to go to Albany, Georgie stayed home from his office for a day so that she could make this trip. He stayed home on another day when she had an important appointment and Mrs. Haney couldn't come.





"*Gee, to think that's me!*"

• •

She was sincerely grateful to him for these sacrifices, and he had nothing but admiration for her intelligence and tenacity. She was far superior to him as an advocate and as an organizer. She was to appear before the commission on a Friday, and he looked forward to having this much of their struggle behind them. He came home on Friday at around six. He called out, "Jill? Mathilde? Mrs. Haney?," but there was no answer. He threw off his hat and coat and bounded up the stairs to Bibber's room. The room was lighted, but the boy was alone and seemed to be asleep. Pinned to his pillow was this note: "Dear Mrs. Madison my aunt and uncle came to visit with us and I have to go home and help my mother. Bibber is asleep so he won't know the difference. I am sorry. Mathilde." On the pillow next to the note was a dark stain of blood. He touched the boy lightly and felt the searing heat of fever. Then he tried to rouse the child, but Bibber was not sleeping; he was unconscious.

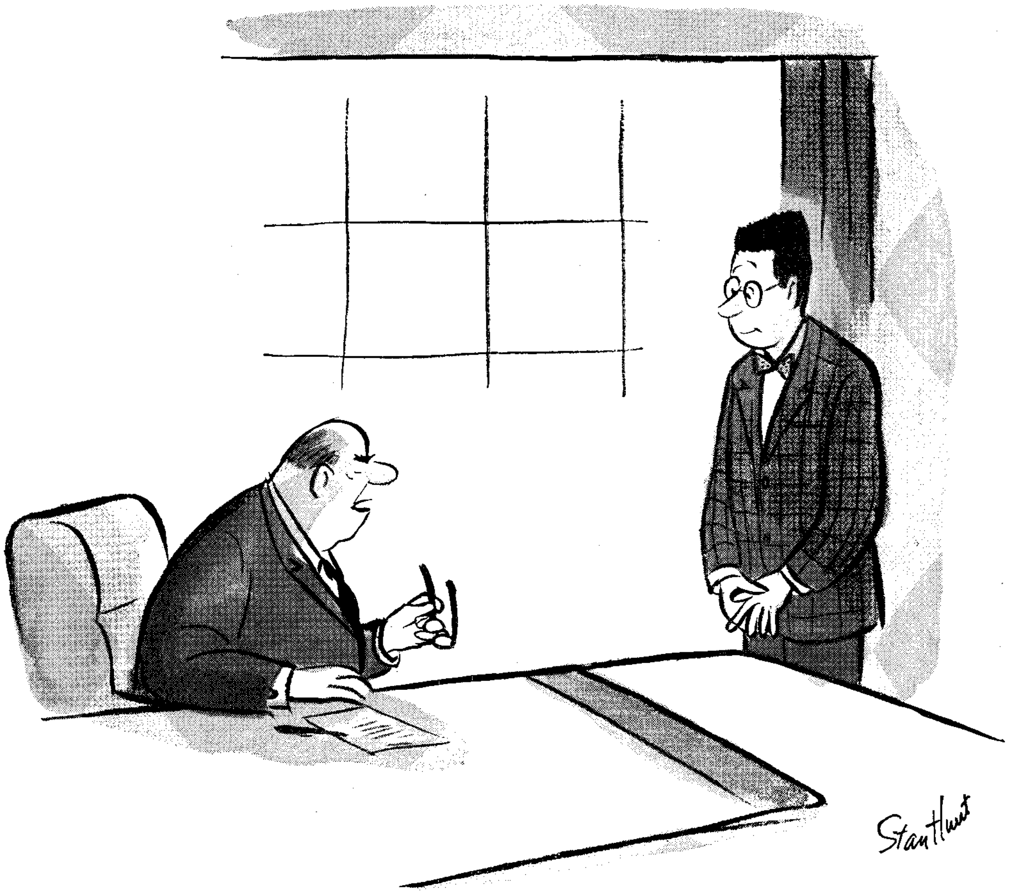
Georgie moistened the boy's lips with some water, and Bibber regained consciousness long enough to throw his arms around his father. The pathos of seeing the burden of grave illness on someone so innocent and so young made Georgie cry. There was a tumultuous power of love in that small room, and he had to subdue his feelings lest he harm the boy with the force of his embrace. They clung to one another. Then Georgie called the doctor. He called ten times, and each time he heard the idiotic and frustrating busy signal. Then he called the hospital and asked for an ambulance. He wrapped the boy in a blanket and carried him down the stairs, enormously grateful to have this much to do. The ambulance was there in a few minutes.

Jill had stopped long enough to have a drink with one of her assistants, and came in a half hour later. "Hail the conquering hero!" she called as she stepped into the empty house. "We shall have our hearing, and the scurvy rascals are on the run. Even Felici appeared to be moved by my eloquence, and Carter said that I should have been an advocate. I was simply stupendous."

ITEM: "INTL PD FLORENCE VIA RCA 22 23 9:35 AMELIA FAXON CHIDCHESTER CARE AMEXCO: BIBBER DIED OF PNEUMONIA ON THURSDAY. CAN YOU RETURN OR MAY I COME TO YOU LOVE JILL"

Amelia Faxon Chidchester was staying with her old friend Louisa Trefaldi, in Fiesole. She bicycled down into Florence late in the afternoon of the twenty-third of January. Her bicycle was an old, high-seated Dutheil, and it elevated her a little above the small cars. She pumped imperturbably through some of the worst traffic in the world. Her life was threatened every few minutes by a Vespa or a trolley, but she yielded to no one, and the look on her ruddy face was serene. Elevated, moving with that somnambulistic pace of a cyclist, smiling gently at the death that menaced her at every intersection, she looked a little supernatural, and it may have been that she thought she was. Her smile was sweet, inscrutable, and adamantine, and you felt that had she been knocked off her bicycle, this expression, as she sailed through the air, would not lose its patience. She pumped over a bridge, dismounted gracefully, and walked along the river to the American Express office. Here she barked out her greetings in Italian, anxious to disassociate herself from the horseless American cowboys and above all from her own kind, the truly lost and unwanted, who move like leaves around the edges of the world, gathering only long enough to wait in line and see if there is any mail. The place was crowded, and she read her tragic cable in the middle of the crowd. You could not, from her expression, have guessed its content. She sighed deeply and raised her face. She seemed ennobled. She wrote her reply at once: "NON POSSO TORNARE TANTI BACI FERVIDI. MELEE."

"Dearest darling," she wrote that evening. "I was frightfully sorry to have your tragic news. I can only thank God that I didn't know him better, but my experience in these matters is rather extensive, and I have come to a time of life when I do not especially like to dwell upon the subject of passing away. There is no street I walk on, no building or painting that I see here that doesn't remind me of Berenson, dear Berenson. The last time I saw him, I sat at his feet and asked if he had a magic carpet what picture in the whole wide world would he ask to be transported to. Without a moment's hesitation he chose the Raphael Madonna in the Hermitage. It is not possible for me to return. The truth will out, and the truth is that I don't like my own countrymen. As for your coming over, I am now staying with dear Louisa and, as you know, with her, two is company, three is a crowd. Perhaps in the autumn, when your loss is not so painful, we might meet in Paris for a few days and revisit some of our old haunts."



"I understand you're the office jester, Conklin. Make me laugh."

ITEM: The message hidden in a fortune cookie in a Chinese restaurant in downtown Toledo: "A GREAT EXPERIENCE AWAITS YOU."

After the divorce, Jill got a job as an editorial assistant in a Midwestern textbook firm. She was dining alone one evening when these tidings appeared in her dessert. She began to cry. The waiter watched her, turned his back, and counted to one hundred, hoping that she would have got control of herself by this time, but she was sobbing more fiercely than before. He filled her water glass—it was the only thing he could think to do. But by this time she was the center of attention in that part of the restaurant.

She cried because her virtuousness had gone unrewarded. The color and movement of the world had seemed to her to be some raw material out of which she could shape something splendid, and who had ever cared? The signals she had answered had been deceptive. Someone had shifted her bearings in the dark. But it was the feeling, the conviction, that she had been forgotten that hurt most. She had struggled, and her struggle had never been noticed; that was where the pain lay. That night in Toledo, walking away from the restaurant, she felt that she was not remembered anywhere.

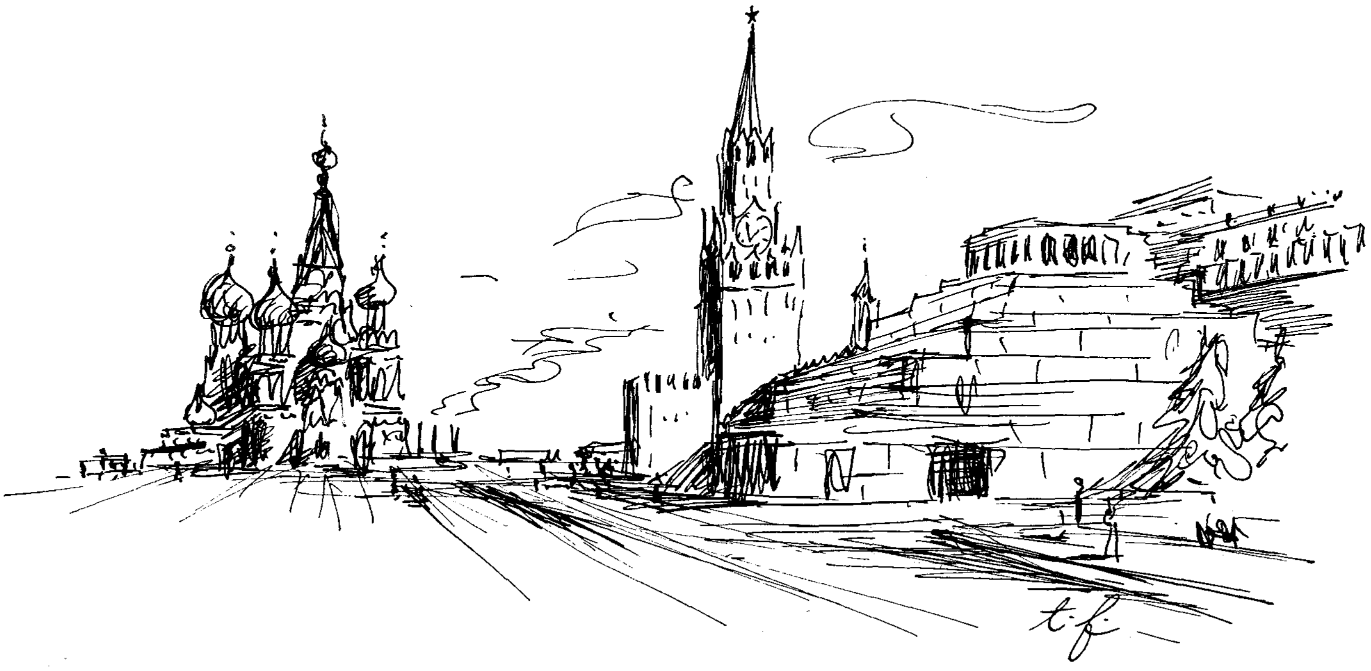
But she was mistaken in this. She was not as forgotten as it seemed. Felici, the highway contractor whose dishonest scheme she had exposed and frustrated, remembered her with admiration. Her old mother, bicycling through the outskirts of Ghent, remembered her tenderly. Georgie, who had married again, remembered her with pain and bewilderment. And the people who lived across the street in Gordenville had named their cat after her. It was, as they said, such an authoritative and vivacious cat, and its eyes were set so close together.

—John Cheever

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

I—MOSCOW



AMERICAN tourists travelling in the Soviet Union, or members of American delegations, will often visit a factory or a collective farm. They will learn something about equipment and production norms but will not have much opportunity to learn about the members of the collective—how they live and what they think. During a year I spent recently in the Soviet Union, I had the good fortune to get to know a different kind of collective—a theatre group. Watching this group work together on the production of one play, I became aware of many differences between the American theatre and the Russian theatre, and while these differences were interesting to me in themselves, I was less concerned with problems of technique and method than with the way this one group of Russians worked together and what they and their day-to-day life were like. As one member of the company said about the play they were staging, "This is about people living a life we did not know. . . . There are still all sorts of things to clarify." I cannot help feeling that he spoke for me as well.

It was shortly after my arrival in the Soviet Union that I learned that the Sovremennik (Contemporary) Theatre was planning to produce "The Fifth Column—A Play in Three Acts," by Ernest Hemingway. In Moscow, you don't read about forthcoming productions in the newspapers. There is little overt theatrical publicity; in fact, it is almost impossible to discover more than a few days in advance what will be shown on any given night at any theatre. Entire billboards are now devoted to individual films, but there is nothing like this for plays. To learn about the current theatre, you refer to sheets pasted up every ten days on hoardings around the city. These *affiches*, which are entitled *Theatrical Moscow*, are published under the direction of the cultural division of the Mossoviet Ispolkom—the Executive Committee of the Moscow City Council. They carry the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of Moscow's twenty-seven principal theatres and their programs for the coming ten-day period. Before visiting Russia, I had assumed that the only major difference between the Soviet theatre and our own was that in Russia the producer was always the same—the state. I imagined that there was a "theatre district" in each of the big cities, and that a popular play had a long run, as it would have in New York. I quickly realized that neither in Moscow nor in Leningrad is there any area in which theatres are concentrated. A new play—one that has had its première within the past year—will be performed perhaps twice within a given ten-day period, almost never more frequently. "What American play has ever run for more than thirty years?" a young Moscow director once asked me accusingly. His point was that while a Soviet play, however successful it may be, does not enjoy hundreds of consecutive performances, there are plays still on the boards throughout Russia that were first seen during the early nineteen-twenties. And the chances are that every night since its première in 1934 Vsevolod Vishnevsky's "An Optimistic Tragedy," to name one Soviet standard, has been performed somewhere in Russia—if not in Moscow's Maly Theatre or Leningrad's Pushkin Theatre, then in the provincial theatres, or in the district theatres, where the extras who appear in crowd scenes may have been recruited off the street six hours before curtain time. The same is true of a number of plays that have one major element in common with "An Optimistic Tragedy"—they deal with the events of the Revolution. "The Revolution imparted to theatrical art a profound, deeply humanistic content," the critic Vladimir Sappak has written. "An Optimistic Tragedy," for example, has to do with the transformation of an Imperial Russian Navy ship into a Soviet ship in 1918. Konstantin Trenev's "Liubov Yarovaya," first produced in 1926, and Vsevolod Ivanov's Soviet classic "Armored Train 14-69," which appeared the following year, are two more of the plays about the Revolution that are still being performed.

Then there is the Moscow Art Theatre—or MXAT (pronounced as one word), as the Russians call it. With every whisker in place—the original costumes, the original décor, and even (it would seem) the original dust—that venerable theatre creaks on through faultless productions of "Dead Souls" and all the Chekhov that American visitors and English critics could wish. Meanwhile, at a subsidiary MXAT theatre, one finds quite another theatrical tradition, embodied in such socially meaningful plays as Lillian Hellman's "The Autumn Garden," Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," and Irwin Shaw's "The Assassin." If you include children's theatre, puppet theatre, and musical revues, there is a lot of theatre in Russia. In 1959, according to Viktor Komissarzhevsky, one of the deans of Soviet theatrical production and criticism, Moscow presented two hundred and twenty different plays in a single week. One certainly gets the impression that Soviet theatre is still fulfilling its norms.

By the time I had sampled a cross-section of the Moscow and Leningrad theatre, I had little doubt that Hemingway's play would be a hit. The Spanish Civil War was a subject that was bound to touch the Russian imagination, even twenty-five years afterward. And the play itself struck me as one that Russians could comprehend and enjoy. In order to learn what I could, I arranged to sit in, as an observer, on the Contemporary's preparation of the play—beginning with the early rehearsals.

"A quarter's enough. Remember, we're not in the Bentley."

THE Contemporary Theatre is the most successful new theatre in Moscow—and, therefore, in the Soviet Union. For several years now, it has occupied the theatre at No. 1/29 Mayakovsky Square, just off Gorky Street, which was formerly the home of the Revue Theatre and was turned over to the Contemporary until such a time as the government could provide it with a permanent place of its own.

My first official meeting with the chief director of the Contemporary, Oleg Nikolaevich Efremov, took place late one afternoon three days before Christmas, in the lobby, right after I had seen a performance of Konstantin Simonov's "The Fourth." It was snowing steadily that day, and when Efremov ushered me into his office, which was on the ground floor of the theatre and had windows looking onto the square, he said, "I will not suggest that you take off your coat. The heater does not work well in here. You would freeze." Efremov, who is an actor as well as a director, is a lean, intense, reflective man in his early thirties. He brought out cigarettes, and when we had each lit one, I asked him to tell me a little about the Soviet theatre and his own troupe.

Leaning forward, elbows on his knees, Efremov explained that, unlike our Broadway theatre, the Soviet theatre is invariably repertory. "All of us in the Contemporary group studied at the Moscow Art Theatre—the Nemirovich-Danchenko School," he said. "For us, of course, the training was Stanislavsky's method. Five years. That is the tradition. Whom else do we admire? The director Evgeny Vakhtangov. You know about his last production—Carlo Gozzi's 'Princess Turandot.' Ah! That was something. He fell mortally ill before it was finished, but what an amazing spectacle it must have been! Terrifically experimental. And great actors, too. Why, Boris Shchukin was in it. The actors

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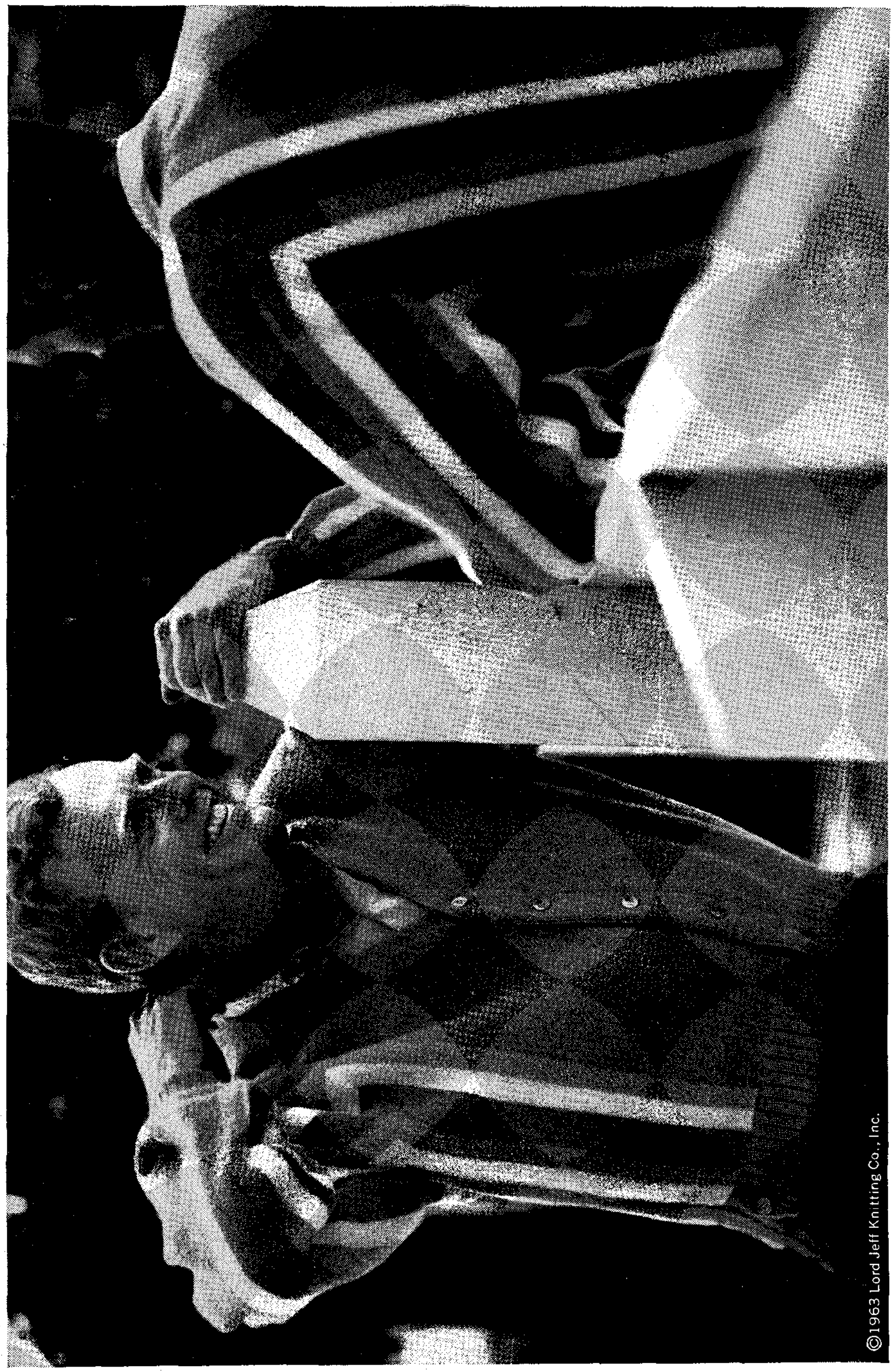

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transformed themselves—made changes right there onstage, in front of the audience. Yes, and they used masks, from the Italian theatre. But perhaps you know all that?"

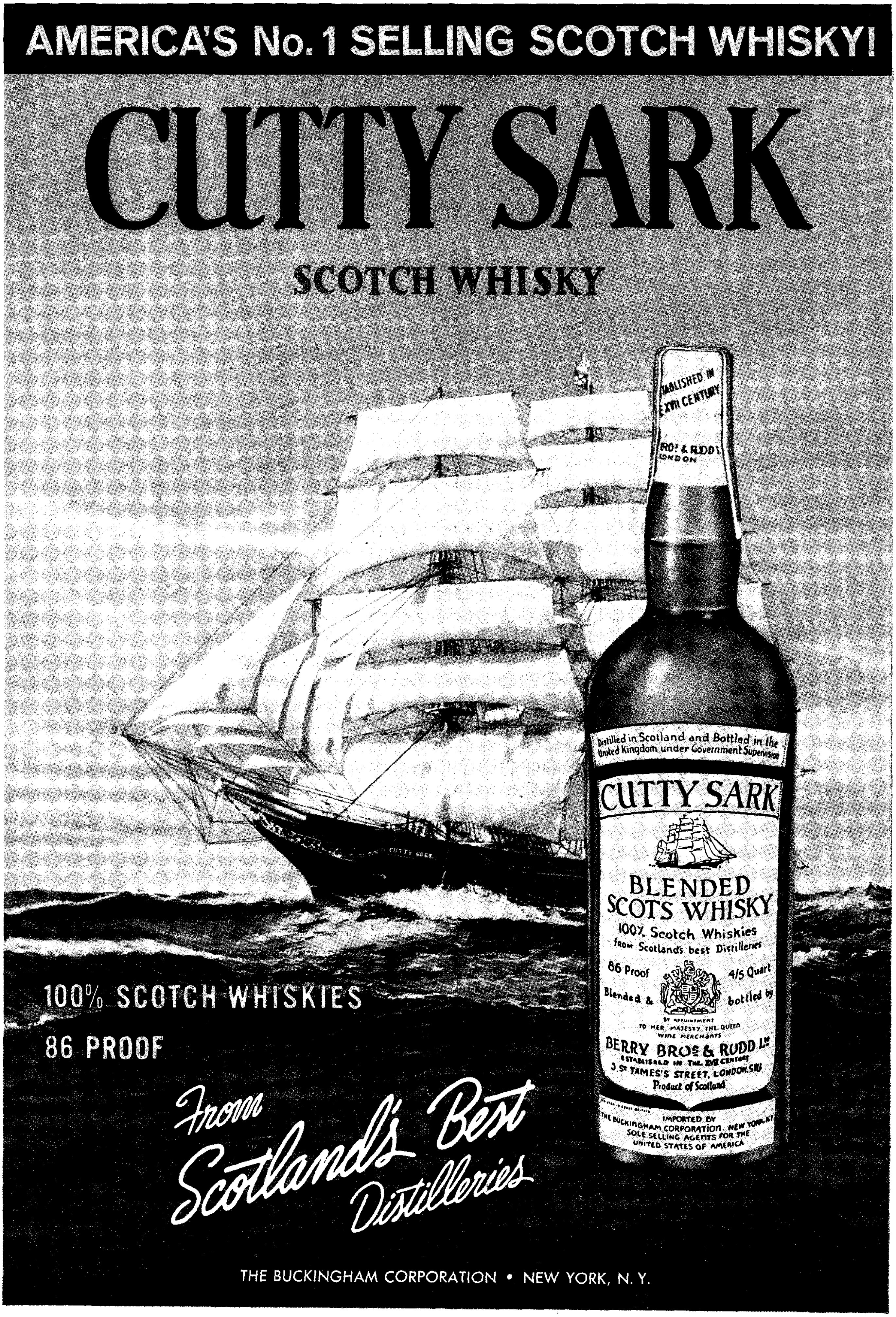
Efremov nodded as I explained that I knew very little about the development of the Soviet theatre, particularly during the early years.

"It was an amazing time, just after the Revolution," he said. "In Moscow, there was hunger. People were inadequately dressed. They were cold at home and in the streets. Yet in the theatre, there was something almost opulent. That's how rich it was. But Vakhtangov died in 1922. His experiments came to an end. The line of theatre that he represented stopped there. Of course, his 'Princess Turandot' cannot be taken as the summation of his craft. No, it was part of a new growth. Had he lived, he would have gone further." Efremov rose and crossed the floor, then turned and faced me. "What mattered was the application of *zakonomernost*—the principle that the material would be molded and developed into theatrical forms according to the laws of the theatre itself. That was Vakhtangov's greatness as an experimenter. It was, each time, like finding the key, the right key. . . ." He pantomimed fitting an invisible key into a lock, turning the key, seeing the door spring open.

When Efremov paused to light another cigarette, I asked about "The Fifth Column." Was it true that the play was about to go into production?

"Yes—roles are being assigned," he said. "The première should be sometime in March. It is going to be difficult for us, that play. We will fight in it. We will fight with the roles. How shall I tell you? You see, the idea of the play means something special to us—that you do not live only for yourself. The battle is against the Philistine way of life. If Stanislavsky were alive, he would like that play. He would put it on. In such a play, you can use the body, the words—without plush, without metaphor." Again, gestures—the words and their irony underlined with his left hand as he mimicked the old declamatory style: " 'With eyes like a big . . . something . . . And a voice like the song of a . . .' You know. But not for Ernest Hemingway. Out comes a man. He acts. The sea is still, oily. And the old man is after a fish too big for an old man to catch. There you are. And it's right for us—a play like that, a play made from concrete stuff. It is a time for concrete, exact words."

The office door opened and one of Efremov's assistants, a young girl, called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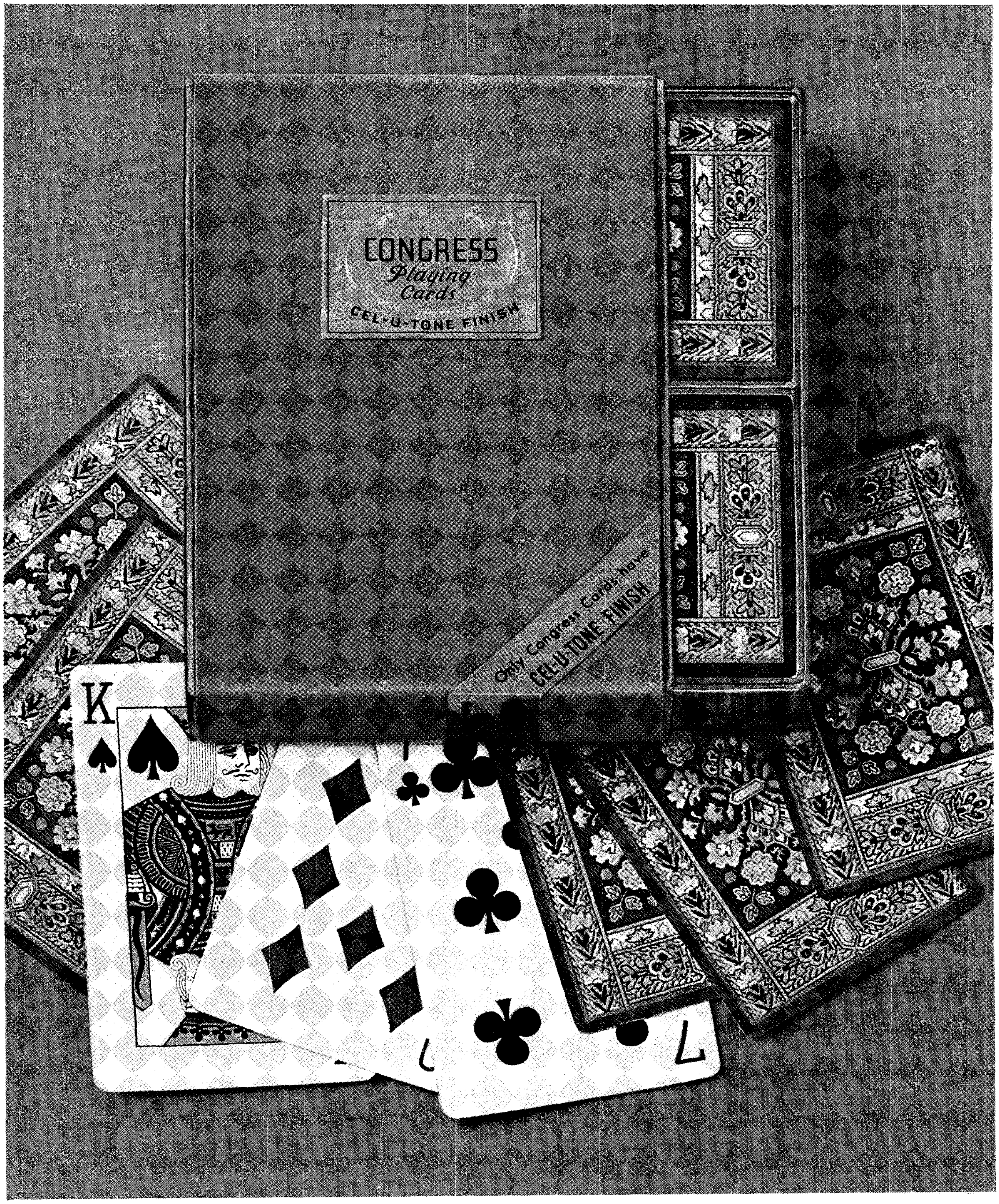
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to him, telling him that he had better go out to dinner immediately or he wouldn't have time to eat.

"Gigo Lodkipanidze, who will direct 'The Fifth Column,' is chief director of the Mardzhanishvili Theatre, in Tbilisi," Efremov said. "He is on loan to us for this one play. He is a Georgian, of course." Efremov grinned. "You know how Georgians are?"

Yes, I said, quite a few Georgians had come to America, but they were all princes.

Efremov looked pleased. "You know the definition of a Georgian prince? Old style, of course. A man who owned four sheep."

Again the door opened, and a very young man entered. He was pale and blond and wore glasses. (He did not look more than eighteen, but I later found out that he was actually twenty-six.) Efremov introduced him as Oleg Tabakov, another member of the troupe. "He is directing 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,'" Efremov said. "You remember, your Disney made that marvellous film? Well, now we are putting it on as a play for the children."

Tabakov announced that he had come to collect Efremov and take him to supper. "We are working very hard, you see," he said to me. "In our troupe, there are only thirty-four actors. About fifteen work at one time on a play, and we have five plays in rehearsal, so we ought to be seventy-five."

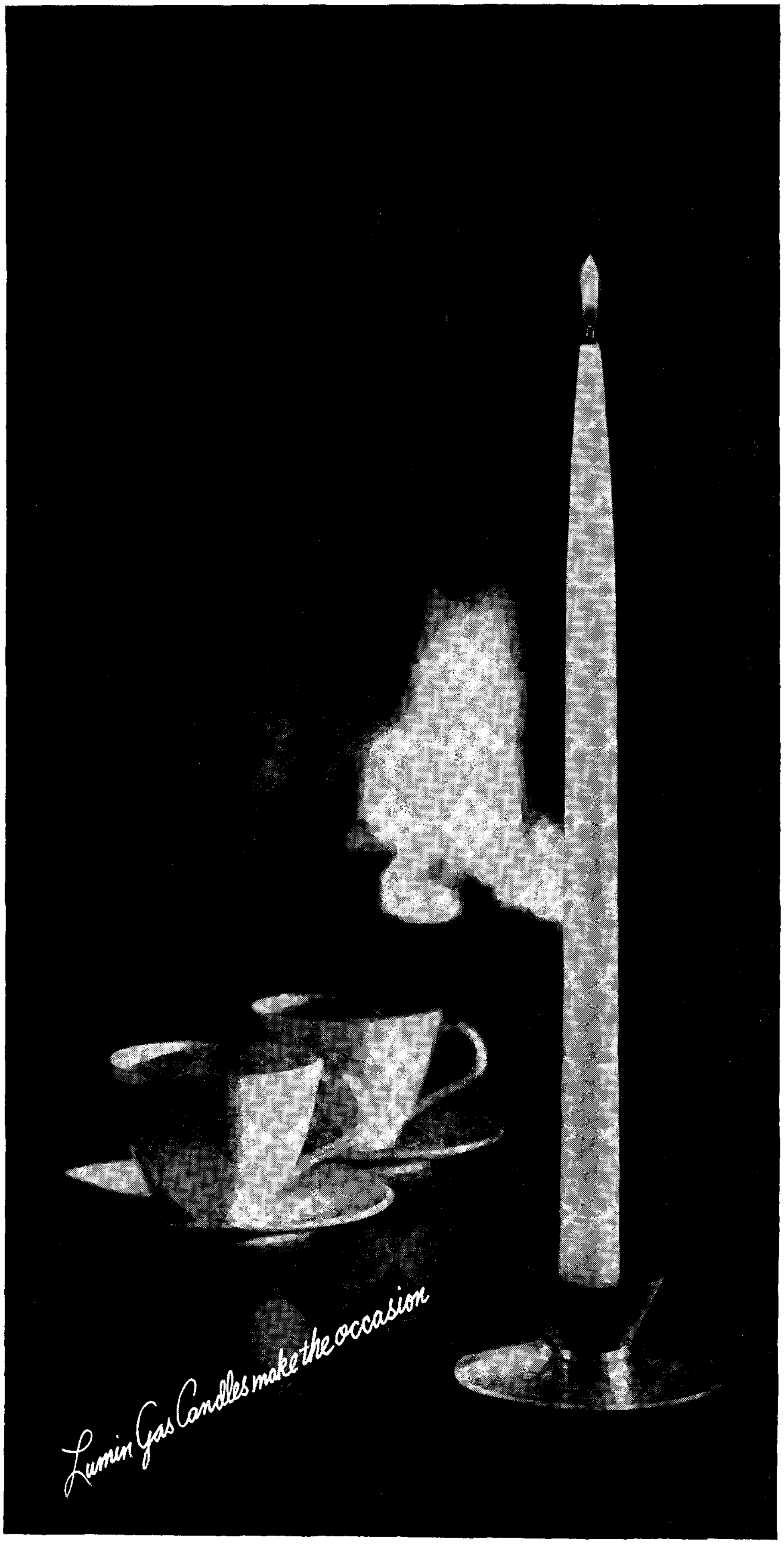
I suggested that this must be excellent training.

Tabakov laughed. "It is," he said. "For the survivors."

"I went to sleep at six this morning," said Efremov wearily, as if the recollection itself fatigued him. "We worked all night at Mosfilm."

"Many of us also work in films while we are working in the theatre," said Tabakov. "Here in the theatre, we don't work for money, so to speak. So we sneak off at night and make films. Well, now I must feed our Chief Director. Come again, whenever you like. Come tomorrow."

WHEN I arrived at the theatre the next day, Efremov was just getting out of a taxi, and we entered the building together. A blue-uniformed porter, guardian of the theatre door, demanded my pass. He was quite definite—no pass, no admittance. Efremov explained that it was all right, and promised that he would speak to the theatre administrator. Grudgingly, the porter stood aside. As I was leaving the cloak-



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room, a man whom I had not seen before asked me to stop in at the administrator's office to discuss my credentials. The administrator turned out to be a tall, handsome man in his late forties named Vladimir Semeonovich Kumanin. He had gray hair, stood very erect, and did not smile often. After we had discussed the matter of my credentials, I asked him to tell me a little about himself. He said that he had worked in the Ministry of Culture for three years. "Yes, and before that I was an actor," he continued. "For twenty years. I studied with Stanislavsky from 1935 to 1938. And I studied with Mikhail Kedrov, the People's Artist. I was at the Operny Dramatichesky Theatre, in Moscow. I played in Chekhov there. I acted the role of Vershinin in 'The Three Sisters' for six hundred and sixty performances." When I asked why he had left the theatre, he said that he had had disagreements with the theatre director. "One of us had to go," he said. "Of course, I was the more likely candidate. Well, after that I was in the Ministry, and then I went to the Baltic as Inspector of Theatres. I was in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. One did what one could to be helpful, to encourage the theatres there."

The telephone rang, and Kumanin spoke to whoever was calling for a few minutes. When he hung up, he said, "The Ministry of Culture is going to send Tanya Lavrova, one of the actresses in our troupe, to Czechoslovakia for the summer film festival. Also, they will send Tabakov to Belgium. The problem is that during the summer our troupe goes on tour—to Azerbaijan and Georgia. That is very good, to go on tour. It helps make the theatre known. And it is good for the actors. They meet other actors; they get to know other audiences. Besides, it is very colorful in Azerbaijan and Georgia. Very interesting for young actors."

I asked Kumanin how he had become affiliated with the Contemporary Theatre, and he said, "I've been with it from the start—that is, ever since it was formally organized. In 1959, I was the one who received from the government the first official printed documents. I also opened the theatre's first bank account. When the theatre began, there were only twenty-one persons involved. Now, all told, there are a hundred and thirty-seven—and we are still one of the smallest theatres in Moscow."

I said that I was totally unfamiliar with the organization of a Soviet theatre,

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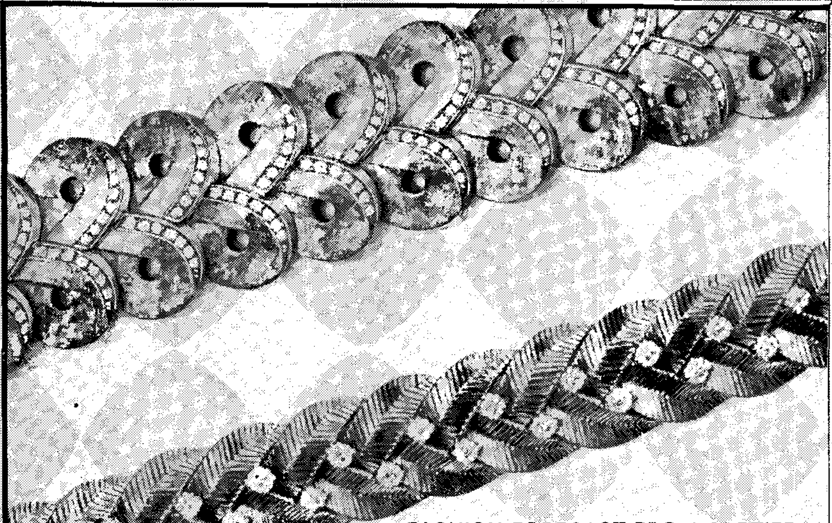

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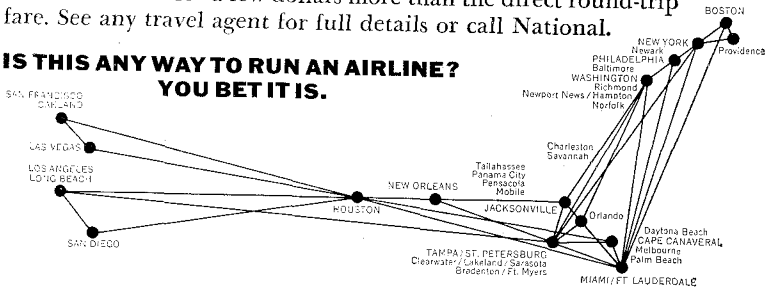
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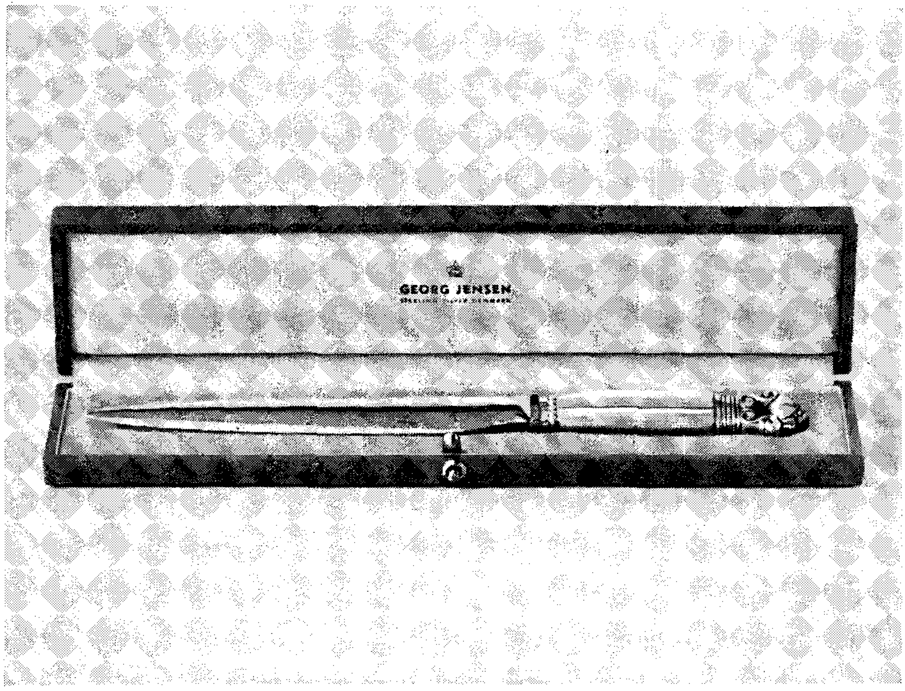

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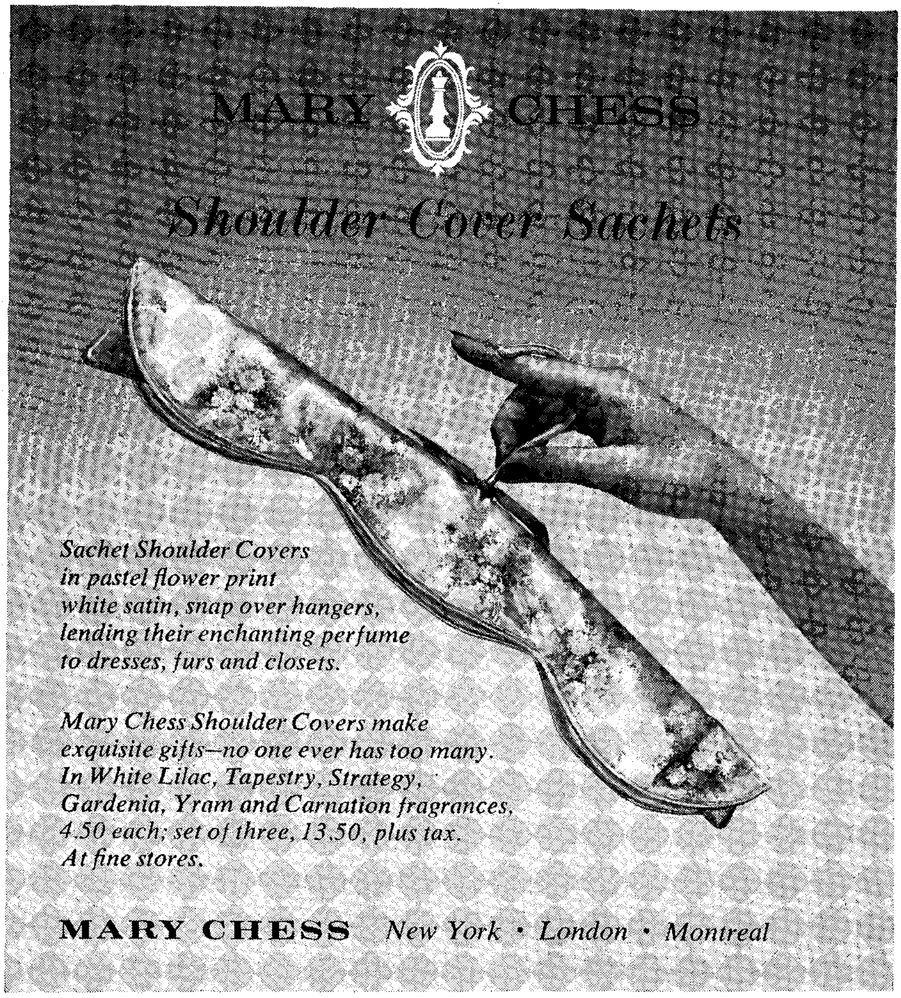

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and asked how its economic setup differed from that of an American or British theatre, for instance.

"You know, of course," Kumanin said, "that in all Soviet theatres the actors, the technicians, and the management are attached to the theatre. Then, for each year, there is a Plan—the same idea you find in agriculture or in industry. The Plan is determined by the number of acting days, the size of the theatre, its capacity, and its seat prices. We play every day except Tuesday, which is our free day. On Sundays, there are two performances—one of them in the morning. The government establishes price limits. Our most expensive seats are one ruble and fifty kopecks [a dollar and sixty-seven cents], except that, for the first ten performances, or 'premières,' of each new play, we charge one-eighty." Kumanin said there are eight hundred and four seats in the theatre—six hundred parterre, or orchestra, and two hundred "*bel étage*"—and the cheapest seats, in the balcony, are only fifty kopecks. For morning performances, the prices run from one ruble to thirty kopecks. "We are planning to lower the prices soon," he said. Then he smiled, and asked, "How much is beer in America?"

I said it averages about twenty-five cents a glass.

"A theatre ticket should cost no more than a glass of beer," Kumanin said. He went on to explain that the Contemporary Theatre's budget allows about thirty thousand rubles (something over thirty thousand dollars) a year for four new plays. " 'The Fifth Column' is budgeted slightly higher than some other plays—say, at about nine thousand."

I asked if this included actors' salaries.

"No, we do not budget that way," he said. "Actors are paid every week, whether they are acting or not. Our budget for a play includes sets and costumes, the cost of music, and, in this case, a director we have invited from another theatre—those things. Rent we pay on a quarterly basis—fifteen hundred rubles per quarter to the Gorsoviet [something like a city council]. The government provides money for what we call capital repairs. Recently, for instance, it was decided that we should have a new heating system. That will cost fifteen thousand, and the money will come from the government, of course. For 'cosmetic' touching up—cracks in walls, small repairs in fixtures—we pay ourselves."

Returning to the subject of actors' salaries, Kumanin explained that a

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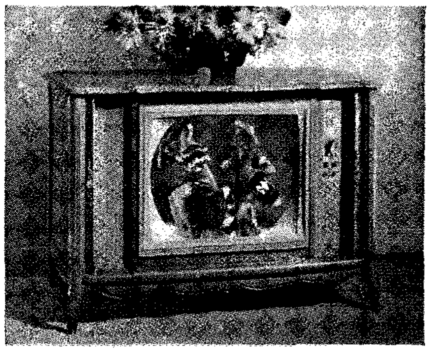

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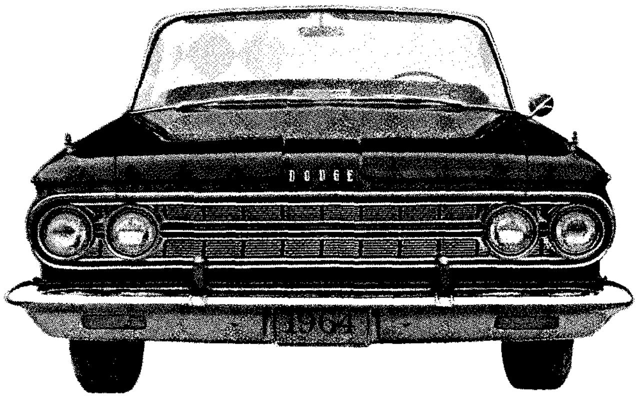

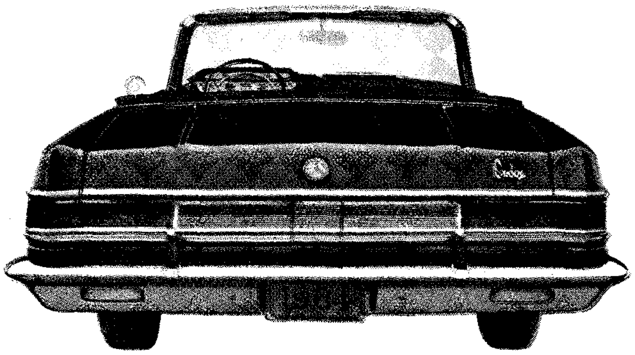

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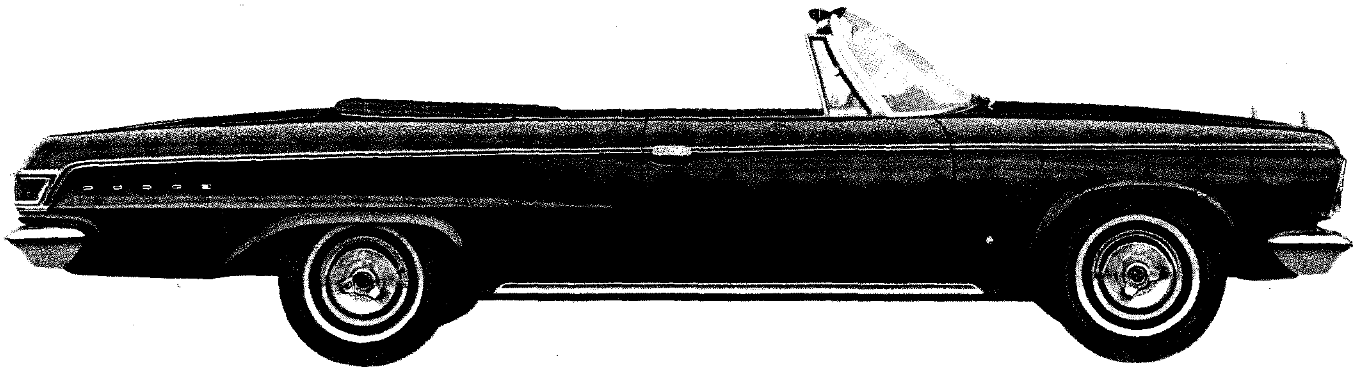

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What about Efremov's salary, I asked.

Kumanin explained that Efremov is in a special class. "As chief director, he earns two hundred and fifty," he said. "That is what all such men earn—except the directors of opera houses, who earn three hundred and fifty."

I asked about administrators.

"This administrator earns two hundred a month," he said. "And, believe me, he works for it."

"And your visiting director, Lodkipanidze?"

"He receives three hundred a month here, a hundred and seventy in Tbilisi."

I asked if he thought that actors were underpaid.

"Yes," he said. "In America, an actor like Tabakov would be a millionaire. But then, you see, there is the system of prizes." For fulfilling its Plan, he explained, a theatre receives up to seventy per cent of the total payroll in prizes. The prizes are handed out each quarter. "Actually, the prizes are not just for fulfilling the Plan," he went on. "They're for quality of production, too. Our total payroll amounts to ten thousand rubles per quarter. This means that our personnel can receive up to seven thousand in additional salary, or bonuses—distributed on a proportionate basis—every quarter we fulfill our Plan. Then, there is the possibility of augmenting what the theatre earns by what we call parallel performances. That is, on an evening when we are performing a play that requires a small cast, we may give another performance of it in another theatre. We usually make our arrangements with the Hotel Sovietskaya, which has a very good theatre—larger than ours. Parallel performances occur perhaps two dozen times during the year."

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Kumanin said, the system was not like ours. "There is almost no outlay at all. Publicity is of an informational nature—so people will know what we are performing, month by month. And then space on the *affiches*, that costs nothing—five hundred for ten rubles. Ten thousand programs—the number required for a season—cost two kopecks each and sell for that. We have no neon lights—only the wooden signboards you see out front. It is a simple affair."

I asked about music, and explained a bit about our musicians' union in America.

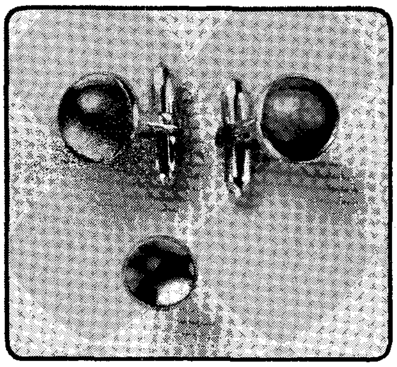
"Our theatre," he said, "uses only tapes. The theatre has its music written and arranged, and then recorded by an orchestra."

Could he, I wondered, tell me something about the remuneration an author received for his play? What about Simonov, for instance, whose play "The Fourth" I had seen at the Contemporary?

Kumanin said that the size of the payments to authors depended on whether or not the play was commissioned by the Ministry of Culture; the author received more if it was than if it was not. "For 'The Fourth,' which *was* commissioned, Simonov was paid an initial fee of three thousand rubles when he wrote it," he went on. "Since then, he has received an honorarium of six and one-half per cent of the receipts from each performance, and this will continue until he has received a total of twenty-two thousand rubles. At that point, the percentage is sharply reduced. If the play has a very long run, the honorarium will, in time, cease to be paid altogether. There exists an organization—something like one of your unions—responsible for looking after authors' rights. They establish payment levels and regulations. In the case of 'The Fifth Column,' the translator, Evgenia Davidova, will receive a percentage of the receipts. Of course, it will be a far smaller percentage than the author of a play receives."

There was another telephone call. Kumanin spoke cheerfully to the person at the other end, inviting whoever it was to come over at any time. When he hung up, I said that I had to leave, and he rose and shook my hand. "By the way, did you know that we have received our prize money every quarter since we have occupied this theatre? And I think we will receive our prize money again this quarter."

I said that he must be very proud to be affiliated with such a theatre.



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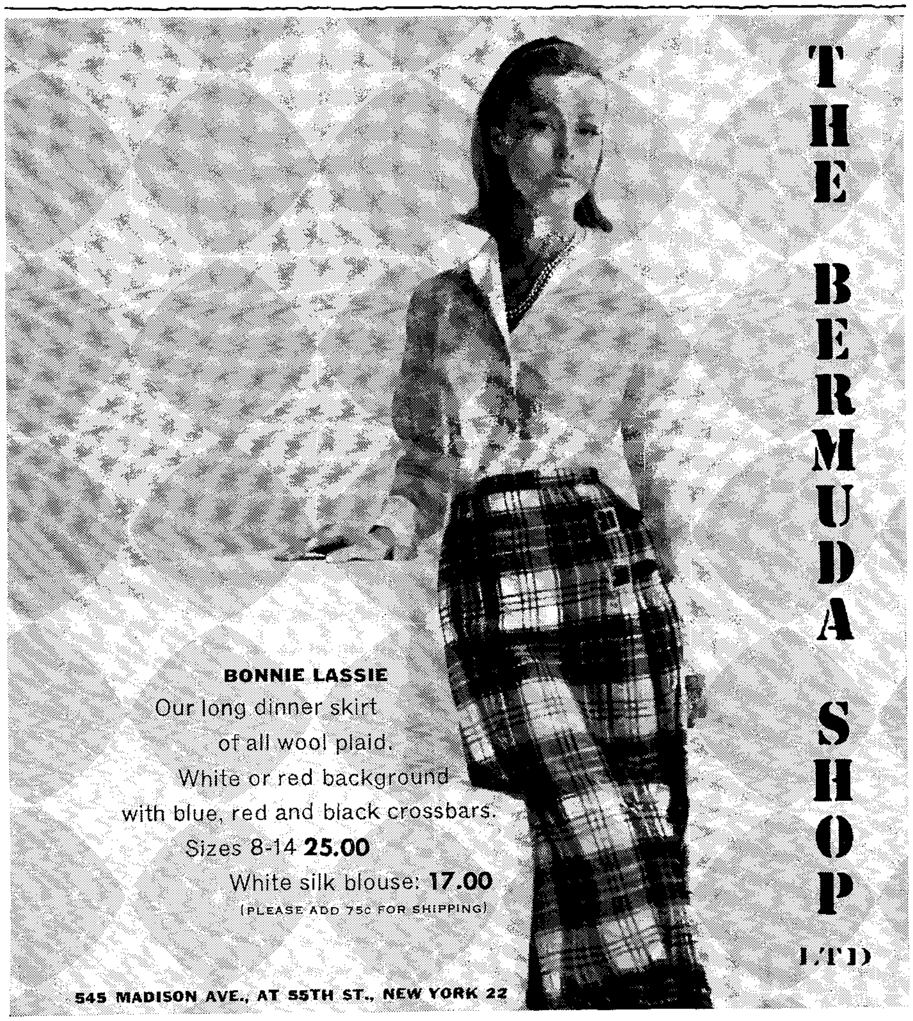

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"Yes, it is rewarding work," he said. He got up and walked with me to the door. "But, as I said before, the day must come when a theatre ticket costs no more than a glass of beer."

EFREMOV met me in the lobby and asked if I would like to attend a reading rehearsal, which was just about to begin. Rehearsals normally began at eleven and ended about two, he said, and then he asked if I had seen "The Fifth Column."

I said that I hadn't.

"You don't care for Hemingway?" he asked.

I said that I did but that this play was not considered one of his better works, and that it had not been presented in New York since 1940. It had been produced by the Theatre Guild at the Alvin Theatre. It had been staged by Lee Strasberg, and had featured Franchot Tone, Lee J. Cobb, and Lenore Ulric, and had run for eighty-seven performances.

Efremov smiled. "For someone who has not seen the play, you know a great deal about its history," he said.

I asked Efremov if he would fill me in on the action.

"It is quite simple, the action," Efremov began. We sat down on the main stairway leading up from the lobby, on the ground floor, to the auditorium, on the second, and smoked while we talked. "The title comes from a statement made by the pro-Franco rebels in the autumn of 1936," he went on. "They claimed that in addition to the four columns they had advancing on Madrid, they had a Fifth Column inside the city itself—men who would harass the defenders of the city, attack them from within. Philip Rawlings is the hero. He is an American who has come to fight for the Republic. He and Max, a German, are both doing counter-espionage. Once, he even refers to himself as a 'cop.' His boss is Antonio, the head of *Seguridad*. The plot of the play does not amount to much. The main action consists of Philip's and Max's setting out to capture a civilian, a politician, to get information from him about the Fifth Column." Efremov thought for a moment, then continued, "Among the other main characters are Preston, a pompous ass of an English journalist, and his girl, Dorothy. She is a spoiled American woman who, at the beginning of the play, is so bored with Preston that she falls in love with Philip. For Philip, this gives rise to a conflict between his personal life and his duty. He really does come to love Dorothy. But in the end

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he leaves her. It is very sad, Hemingway seems to say, but that's the way things are in war. Who else is in the play? There are several typical Hemingway characters: Anita, a Madrid prostitute who also loves Philip; Petra, a maid in the Hotel Florida who takes care of Dorothy; and a hotel electrician. Petra and the electrician are plain people—the sort of people who suffered most from the bombardment of the city, Hemingway is saying. Yes, and there is the hotel manager. A marvellous character. Always trying to get canned goods from Preston and Philip." Efremov grinned and lit another cigarette. "Zhenya Evstigneev will play the manager. Zhenya is a fine actor."

I asked who would play the other roles.

Efremov said that he himself would probably play Philip and that Tanya Lavrova would be Dorothy, while Preston would probably be played by Misha Kozakov, but none of that was definitely settled.

I asked if Tabakov would be in the play.

"Yes, he will play Wilkinson," Efremov said. "I forgot to mention Wilkinson, a young soldier from the Lincoln Battalion. Philip uses him as bait—in the hotel—in an attempt to trap a killer from the Fifth Column. Wilkinson is murdered. They are after Philip, you see. And that makes Philip feel terribly guilty. In a way"—he seemed to be thinking it out as he talked—"I suppose Philip's guilt over Wilkinson's death helps drive him away from Dorothy. You cannot continue to hold a woman in your arms at night when your carelessness has caused the death of an innocent boy."

Efremov then told me that all Soviet theatres employed a system of rehearsing two complete casts. "That is because we are playing in several productions simultaneously," he explained. "If, according to the schedule for one week, I will be rehearsing at night for a new play, another actor will play my part in the current play several times in a row. Right now, as it happens, I am not able to rehearse 'The Fifth Column,' since I am preparing another play, 'By Moscow Time,' so although we are not certain who will be the second Philip, Gennady Frolov and Pyotr Gorin, who is new to the theatre, are both rehearsing the role. When Tanya Lavrova cannot rehearse, Marina Dobrovolskaya, the other Dorothy, takes over. Do you understand?"

I said I thought I did.

"Come on, then," Efremov said,

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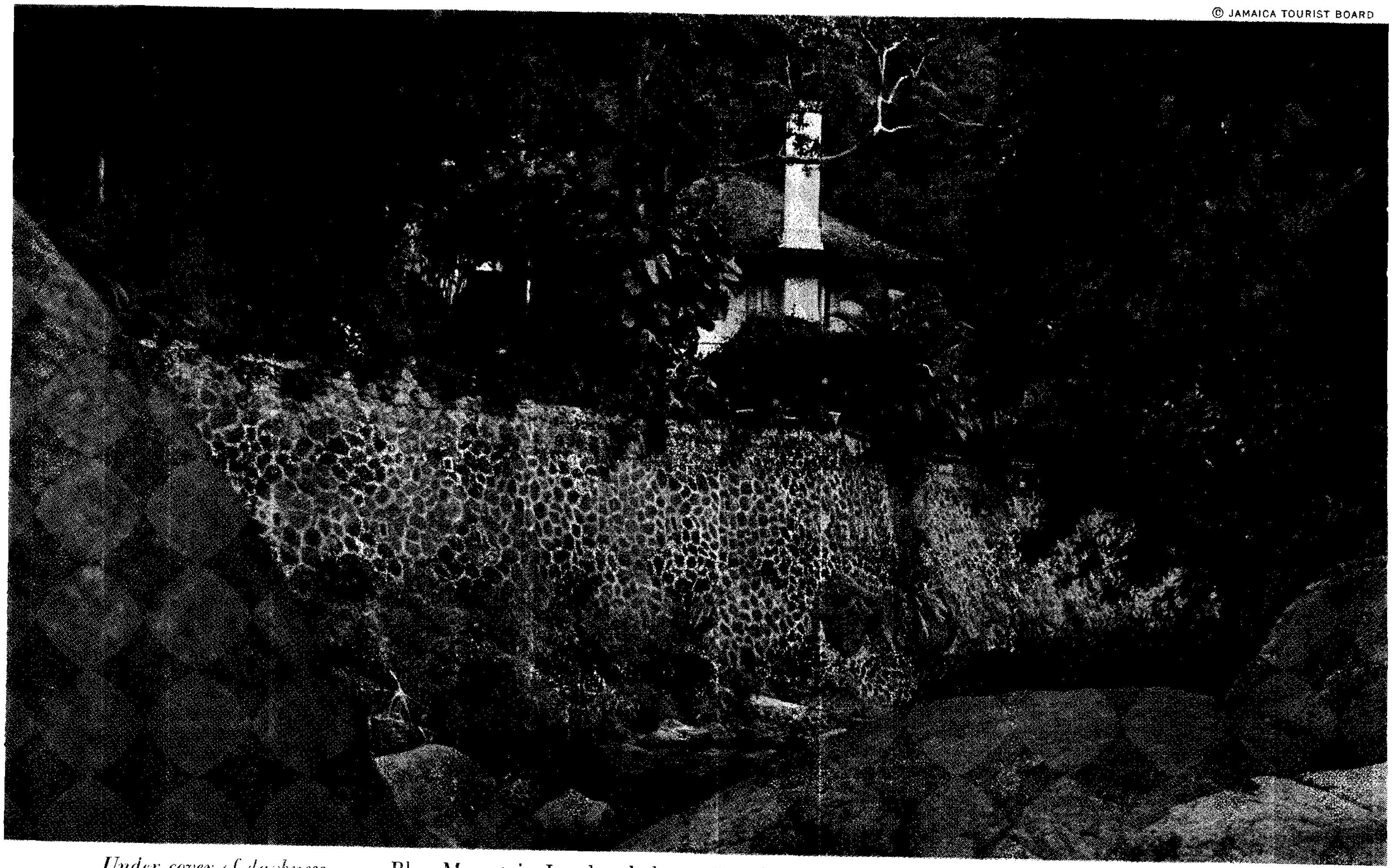
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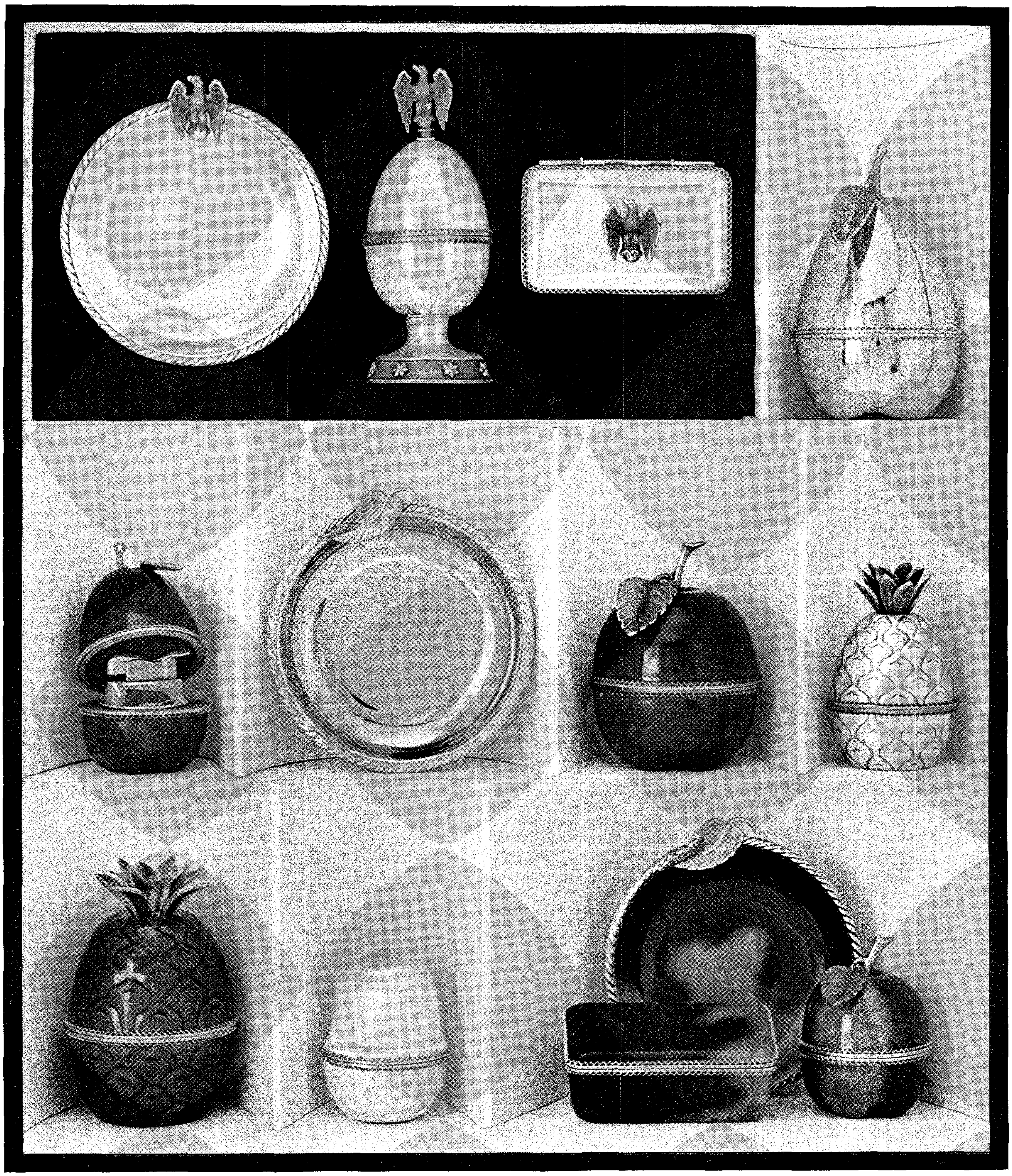

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getting to his feet. "You might as well start watching rehearsals."

THE reading was already in progress. Efremov left me and I found a place at the rehearsal table, around which were seated two men and a girl. They did not stop work, and there were no introductions, but I soon found out who the three were. The director, Gigo Lodkipanidze, was twice the size of the others—a man with huge shoulders and a heavy neck, dark hair, and a small mustache. He had a game leg and walked with the aid of a cane. The cane, knotty and inlaid with scrolls and spirals of silver, was leaning against the table. The girl, Tanya Lavrova, smiled as I took my seat. She was in her mid-twenties, and pretty, with auburn hair and brown eyes that narrowed when she smiled. She did not look entirely awake, and, to judge by her ashtray, had already smoked half a dozen cigarettes. The other actor, Gennady Frolov, looked even younger than Tanya, and rather confused.

"Listen, Gennady," Gigo was saying. "For Antonio, there is the enemy. It is all very simple. You kill. The right of the thing is obvious. But Philip—he is torn. And he'd like nothing better than to lie with his Dorothy, to hold her, to have everything be well. But he can't. His nights are tormented by the idea of morning. . . ."

Tanya handed me her "script"—a volume of Hemingway's collected works in Russian. They were reading a scene in which Philip asks Dorothy to leave the Hotel Florida, in Madrid, and go back to America, but is unable to persuade her, to make her see why. Dorothy's reaction is one of puzzlement—of amusement, almost.

"War's stupidities are what torment him," said Gigo. "It is like that. There is no explanation for his feeling. Tanya, you know how it is. A husband will come home. Something bothers him. He can't phrase it. . . ." Gigo nodded to her, indicating that they should improvise.

GIGO (*the husband*): I must go away. For a week.

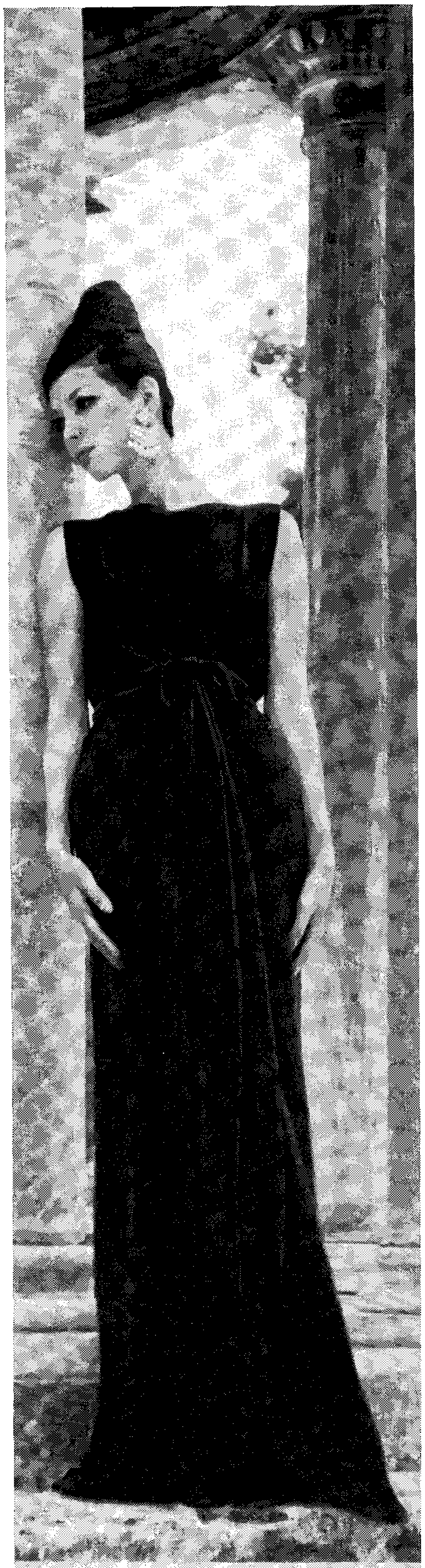
TANYA (*amused, as Dorothy is when Philip asks her to leave Madrid*): But, darling, why?

GIGO: Because I *must*.

TANYA: Must? But where must you go? Why must you go?

GIGO (*slamming his fist down hard on the table*): I have to! That's all!

The point, Gigo explained, was the frustration engendered by some moods



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and situations, too loaded with emotion to be conveyed rationally. He paused, and then continued, "You know, Hamlet is a contemporary type. A character from our time. He loves—but there are so many problems." He laid his palm against the back of his head, as if his head were swollen and painful from all the problems it was forced to contain. "So many problems . . . Remember, seven or eight years ago, when Paul Scofield brought his 'Hamlet' to Moscow? The problem was never so simple as whether or not to kill the King. That was resolved at the start. How will he act? *That's* it. Yes, Hamlet loves, but so much weighs upon him. Ophelia is pure, yes, but his troubles are broader than her purity. 'Get thee to a nunnery . . .' In Scofield's production, the way he stabbed Laertes—that was brilliant! It seemed almost offhand. No, love was not enough. Well, Philip, too, is troubled in no simple way. Our task is to unravel his character. Yes, and then build him up in all his complexity. Now, the scene from the beginning."

They read through the scene again, and Frolov read too softly and too hesitantly to suit Gigo. He did not react with violence to Dorothy's incredulity. Gigo, like a spectator at a high jump, shadowed Philip's reactions with a kinesthetic portrayal of his own—driving with his shoulders, stabbing with his fist, as if he could jar Frolov into feeling the intensity of Philip's frustration. "No, no," Gigo said. "You still play it so that everything is muted. React to her reaction. What's the line? About nerve?"

Tanya read from the text, " 'You've got your nerve,' " then laughed and continued, " 'You're worse than Preston.' "

"Right," said Gigo. "If she were indignant, he could insist. But she just laughs. He's powerless. He explodes—and still he can't explain." Gigo shifted, slipped into Philip's role, his mood—exhaustion to the point of complete surrender. " 'You're . . . so beautiful. . . .' "

They all sat in silence, smoking, thinking. When they reread the scene, Tanya had caught the mood but not Frolov. Again he was too restrained, and he still seemed confused as to what Gigo was trying to convey about the character.

"You know, at his age, with his experience, Philip is a free man," said Gigo. "Absolutely free. He was already that way when he came to Spain. Maybe that was not clear to you, Gen-

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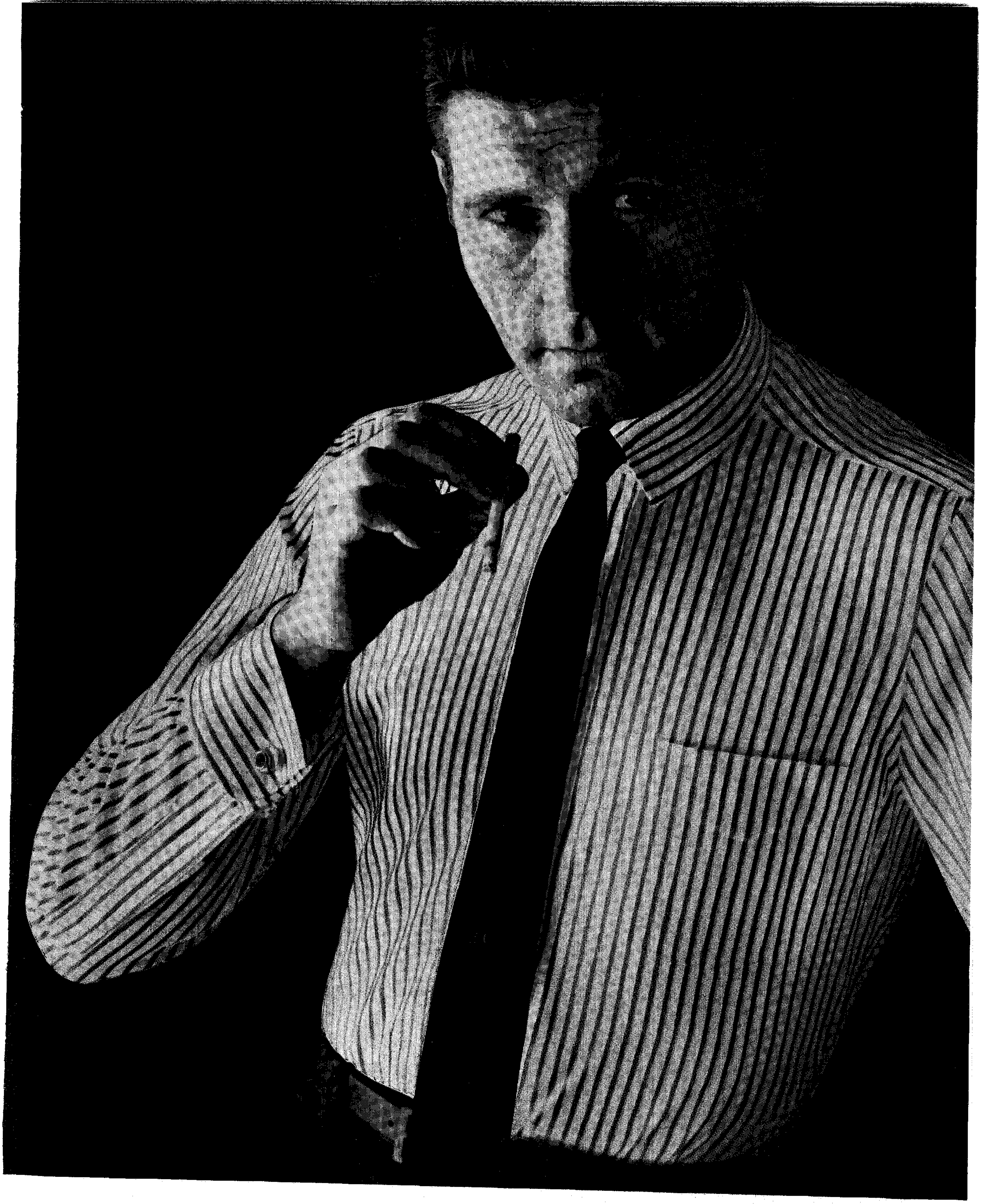

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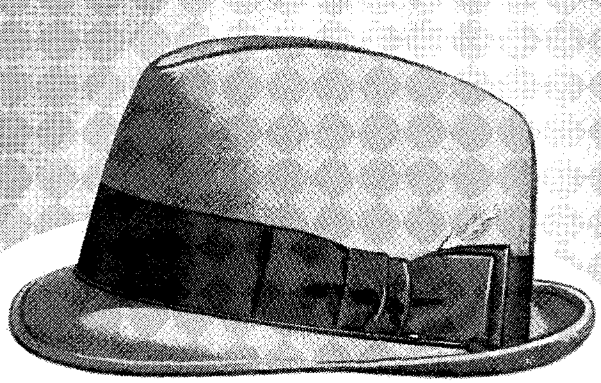

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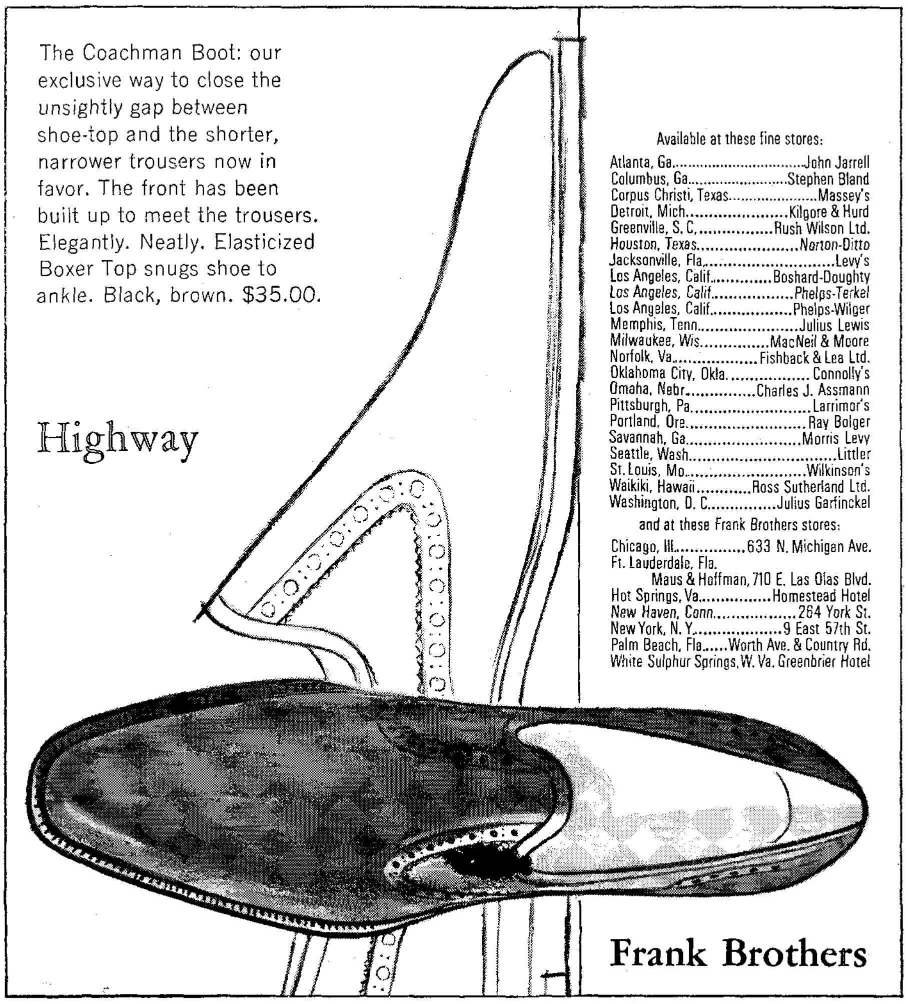

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nady? Does it need to be shown in detail?"

Frolov shrugged, still uncertain.

Gigo thought a moment, then said, "I remember once when Mikhail Tarkhanov was with MXAT. It was before the war, and they were playing some provincial theatre. There was an old-time tragedian delivering his big monologue, complete with all the raving." Gigo began to throw his arms about; he lifted the knotty cane from beside his chair and threatened Frolov with it; he declaimed nonsense, in order to communicate the melodramatic, oratorical style. "Lots of noise! A tornado! But still this old actor couldn't reach his audience, couldn't hold it. Meanwhile, Tarkhanov, at the side of the stage, had begun to diddle with his fingers." Gigo began to examine an imaginary speck on the surface of the table. Elaborately, he turned it over, puzzled by it, then worried and amused in turn. Finally, with his thumb, he crushed what turned out to have been a flea. "Aaah!"

Tanya and Frolov were amused.

Gigo, wide-eyed, looked at them, then at me. "In no time, Tarkhanov had captured the entire audience. The old tragedian was in a rage. You know, he was the sort who said, 'Stanislavsky—oh, he was a writer of garbage. As a director, he was not bad. Not bad. And talent, what is talent? Why, everything depends on the quality of the clichés.' You know that type of actor."

They turned to another scene: the night Philip and Max are planning to take a prisoner. Dorothy had not expected Philip to go out. She is upset, agitated. Gigo asked Frolov and Tanya to read a few lines of the scene:

DOROTHY: You don't have to go out, Philip!

PHILIP: Come here and kiss me! (*He holds her in his arms.*)

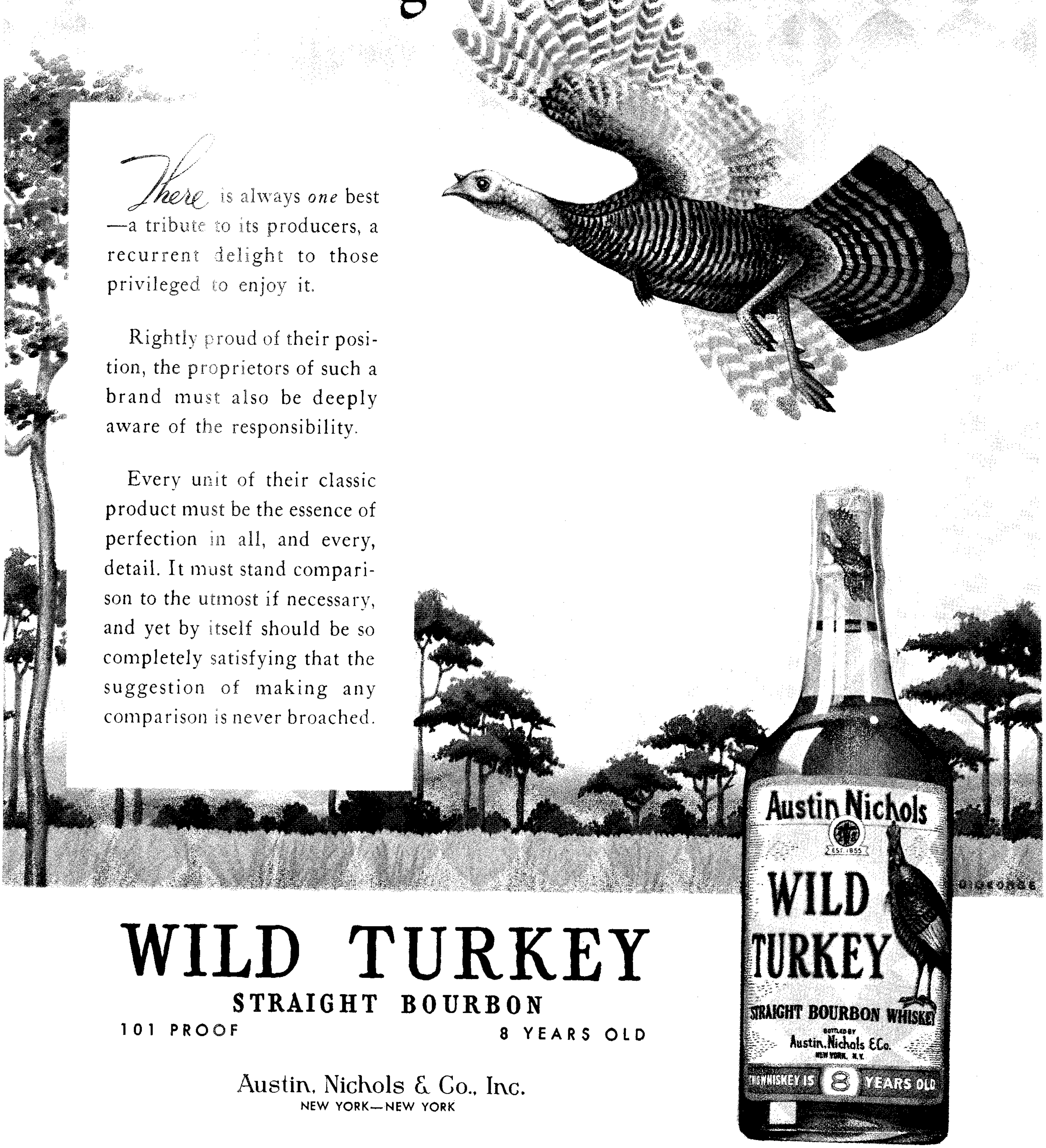
DOROTHY: And don't eat onions, Philip. If you don't eat the onions, I'll feel surer of you.

PHILIP: All right. I won't eat the onions. . . .

They continued to read until they reached the point where Philip promises to stay home the next night. Then Gigo interrupted. "You see? Already he is excusing himself."

And at the point where Dorothy implores Philip to come to her when he returns, no matter how late it is, and he promises to do this, too, Gigo broke in again. "There! That's it. You see, here he has only just come back to the hotel. And already he must leave her, go out again. For her, it is the worst thing, this being left. It is incomprehensible. But his thoughts are not with her. They are

The Responsibility of Being the Best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They read on, into the next scene, in which Philip, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to capture the enemy politician, goes to Dorothy for consolation. They lie in bed together, in the dark. And Philip confesses, "I want to tell you *two* things. I've got the horrors, and I love you."

"You know," Gigo said, "for Ernest Hemingway, that Philip has come to Spain at all is a sign of character. Philip calls himself a fool. He wants to be stopped from thinking. But all she can do is urge him to sleep. Tanya, do you see it? She is trying to soothe, to save what there is left for them. So much is forbidden them! How he longs to capitulate!" Gigo grew increasingly excited as he talked. The blood mounted in his face. His collar seemed about to choke him. He wrenched it open, tearing away the button. "He is exhausted! Wretched! He desperately wishes he could repudiate Spain! His work! Everything! *Everything!*" Suddenly, Gigo sank back in his chair. When he spoke again, it was almost in a whisper. "And all she can do is try to calm him."

They sat silent. Tanya nodded. She understood, I was sure. Gigo seemed deliberately to employ a technique of violent demonstration followed by a period of quiet in which to let his meaning sink in fully. For three or four minutes, nobody spoke.

"All right," said Gigo, at last. "Take a break." When he got to his feet, he leaned heavily on his cane. He limped out into the corridor, mopping his brow.

During the interval, I introduced myself to him, and explained that I was an American. He grinned. "Ho! Then you are just the man to have at our rehearsals," he said.

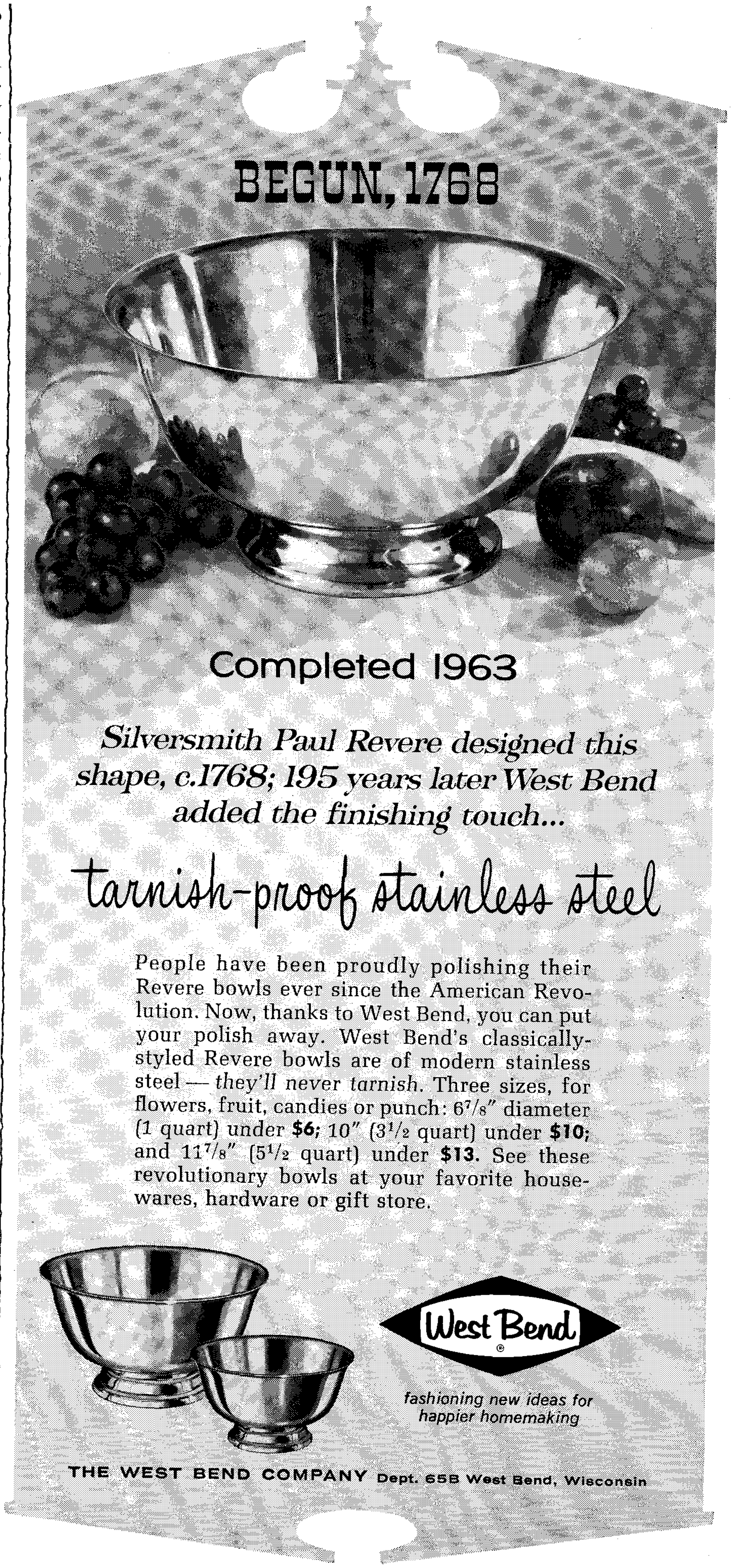
Tanya, leaning against a wall and smoking, listened to our talk. Then she smiled and said to me, "Are you from New York?"

I said I was.

"To be from New York," she said, "that is very nice."

Tanya was by no means beautiful but, rather, what we would call "photogenic," with a face that could modulate quickly from mood to mood. She seemed shy, but eager and aware. "We know so little about your theatre," she said. "We know so little about you."

FIFTEEN minutes later, we were all back in the rehearsal room, and there was another man present, too—



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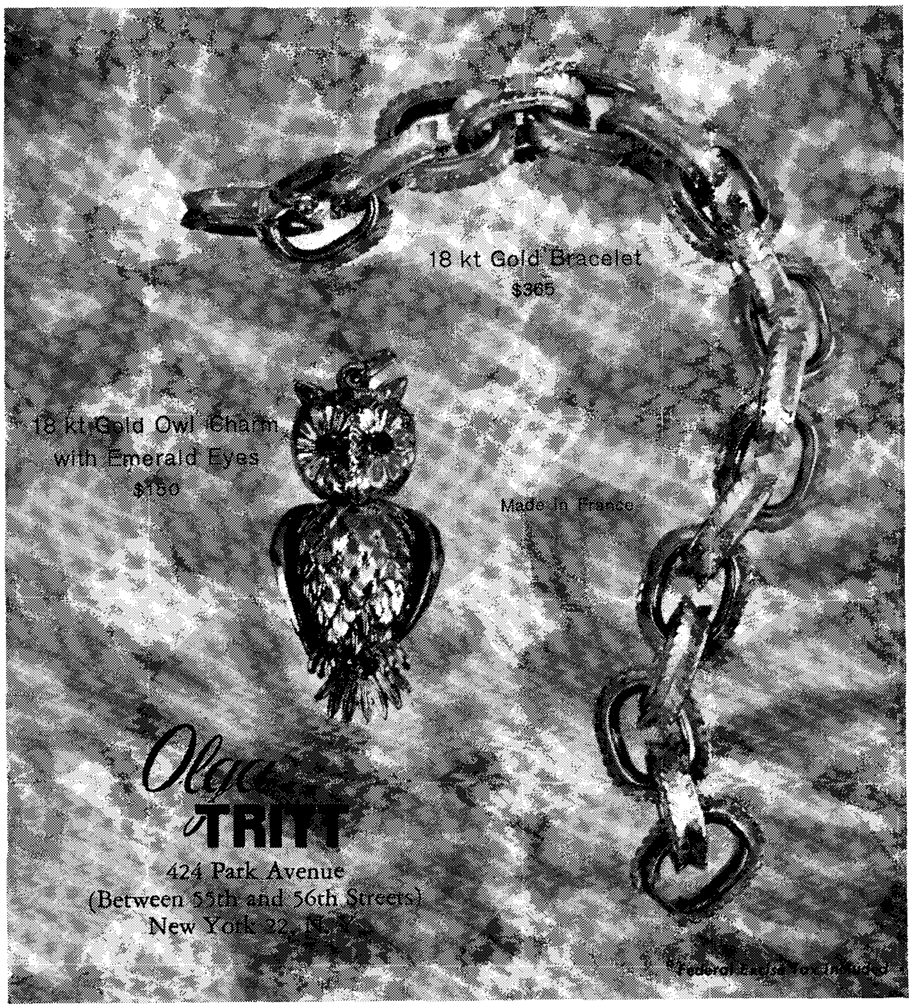

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a Polish director, whom everybody called Jan. Thickset, dressed in wool sweaters and a sports jacket, he sat with his hands on the table, palms down. His nails were long and faultlessly manicured. Apparently, he had attended other rehearsals, for everyone knew him well. Smiling sadly, he announced that he must soon leave for Leningrad and then return to Poland.

Tanya and Frolov began reading the first scene of the third act, in which Dorothy proudly models a new fur cape for Philip. When he asks, outraged, where she got the money, she says she got a splendid exchange rate in Paris and smuggled in the pesetas. Again, Gigo was dissatisfied with Frolov's timid reading. "This is the key scene in the play," Gigo said. "You're playing with the mind, not with the feelings. It builds. You can feel the heat coming from it. She has made an awful mistake. She wants to correct it. Philip won't let her. Her tears! Her dear nose! Her Saint-Tropez! Her Paris shops! Her fur pelts! He knows it all. And he rejects it all. All!" Gigo looked at each of us. "And when she starts to tell him *again* how it will be . . ." He nodded to Frolov to read.

PHILIP: Just count me out now.
DOROTHY: But aren't we friends?
PHILIP: Oh, yes, you make all sorts of friends in a war.
DOROTHY: Darling, *please* stop it! Aren't we lovers?
PHILIP: Oh, that? Oh, certainly. Of course. Why not?
DOROTHY: But aren't we going to go and live together and have a lovely time and be happy? The way you say always in the night?
PHILIP: No. Not in a hundred thousand bloody years. Never believe what I say in the night. I lie like hell at night.

Gigo got to his feet. "This is the betrayal. He can't take it. 'Enough of your games! I don't like them!' And when she says, 'Aren't we lovers?,' he shouts back, 'Why not? Of course we are!' Full of violence! Look." Gigo leaned on the table, and then said softly, with the hint of a sigh, " 'It's all finished.' And he would like to leave her. But she won't let go of him. Won't let it end." Gigo sat down again. "So we must find what approach to make to this mood. So that it will be *incredibly* difficult for him, the way she makes it start over. That's our problem here."

There was a long silence. Frolov and Tanya sat thinking, and the Pole was watching Tanya's face closely. He sat slumped down in his chair, his weight thrown to one side, his manicured fingers quiet on the table. Gigo lit another cigarette. He and Tanya smoked steadily.

"A logical, a mathematical approach to such emotions—no!" said Gigo. He turned to me. "Has it never happened to you, after a terrible quarrel, where nothing was understood, where it was violent in the extreme, that finally you broke out in a sweat of pure, unreasoning emotion—physical emotion?" Each of us, I thought, was trying to remember that kind of feeling. Gigo moved around to my side of the table. "When there is no way to face it, to sum it up, only one thing remains for you to do." He threw himself upon me, his arms around my neck, his head against my shoulder. He was so heavy that I was quite overpowered, unable to budge. "You can't bear it! It's so awful." Gigo, flushed, perspiring, fell back in his chair and mopped his forehead. "Now take it once more," he said hoarsely. They started again.

Before Tanya could finish reading a line telling how much the fox pelts cost, Gigo burst in, "See? For him twelve hundred pesetas represents four months' pay for a man in the Brigades. And yet she buys furs with black-market money. It is impossible!"

"I don't know," said Jan, the Pole. "It seems to me that since he loves her, he laughs at himself. It is all right that way, no?"

Gigo shook his head, lips tight. "It is not all right."

The Pole smiled and made a gesture of inevitability with his elegant fingers. "We have all had a woman—and political problems. It is not a question of either-or. They are"—he interlaced his fingers—"all woven together."

"That is too easy," said Gigo.

"It seems to me that he would behave toward her with irony," said Jan. "That is all."

"No," said Gigo. "That is wrong." He sat a moment in silence. "Remember the war, how it was. The bombardments, the dead, the destruction. Every life here has been touched by that." Turning to me, he added, "Perhaps it is harder for you to understand. But that's what Philip feels. Dogs in the streets, wild for food. Death and hungry kids. Spain in blood. That, all of it, stands behind this scene. For him, now, she is already trash, rotten."

The Pole smiled indulgently. "It seems to me that perhaps you are making too much of it," he said.

"This is the heart of the play," said Gigo. "That woman and her furs. For him, those furs, the way she acquired them—it is like a collaboration with

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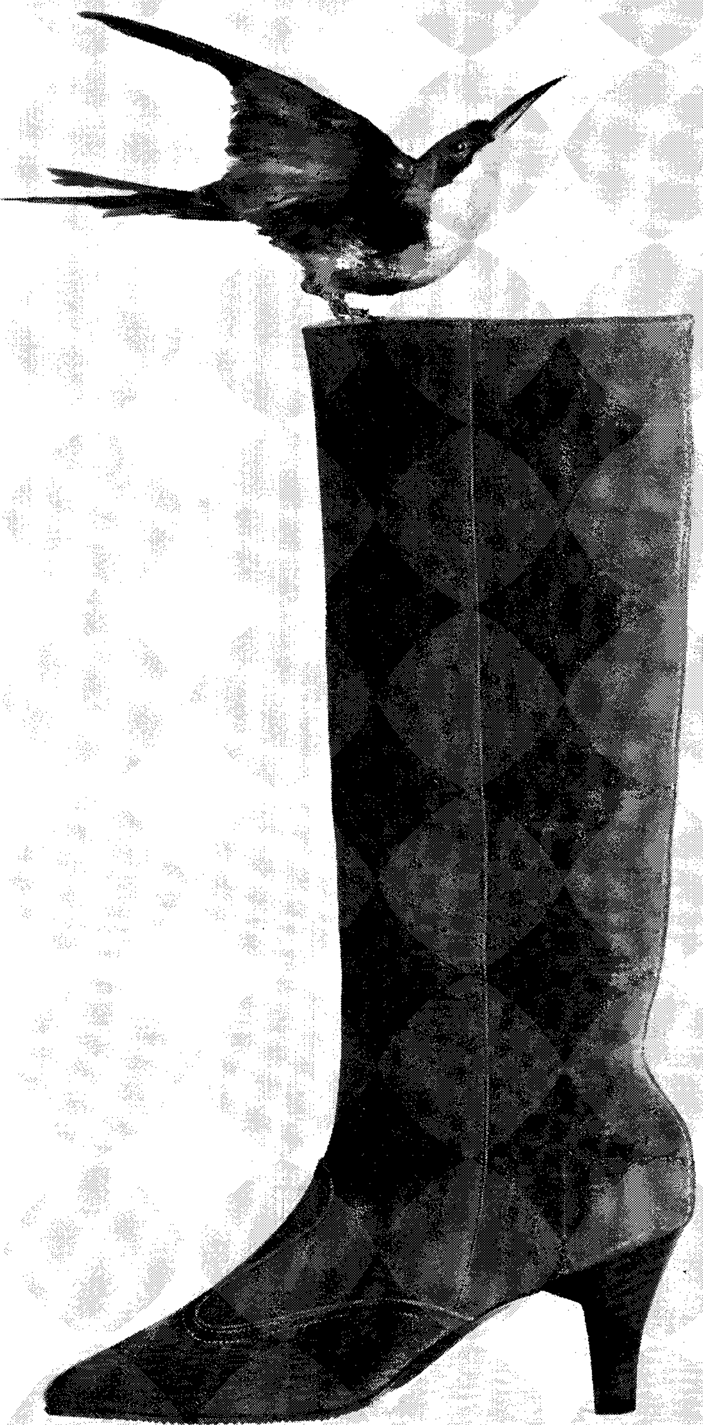

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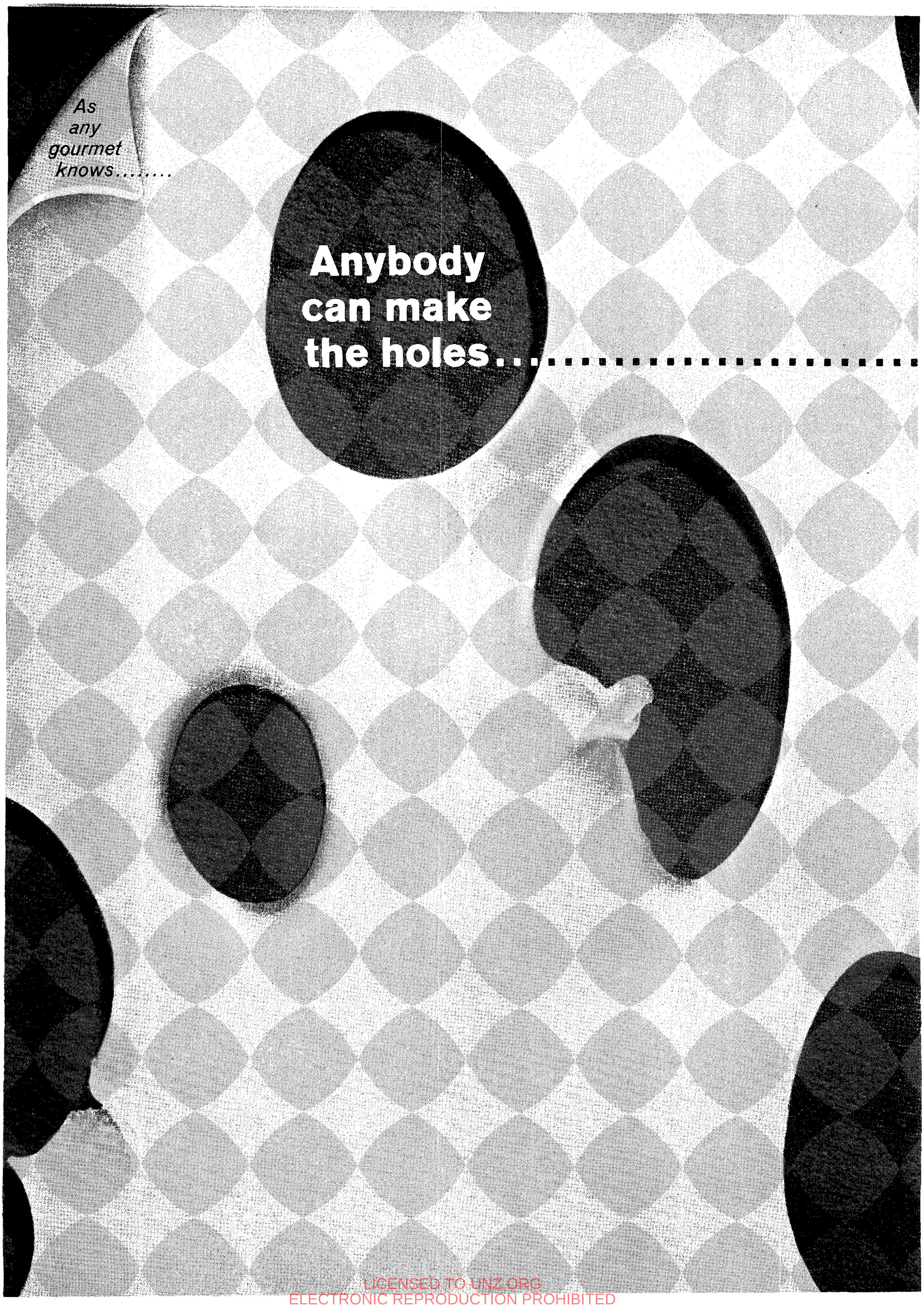
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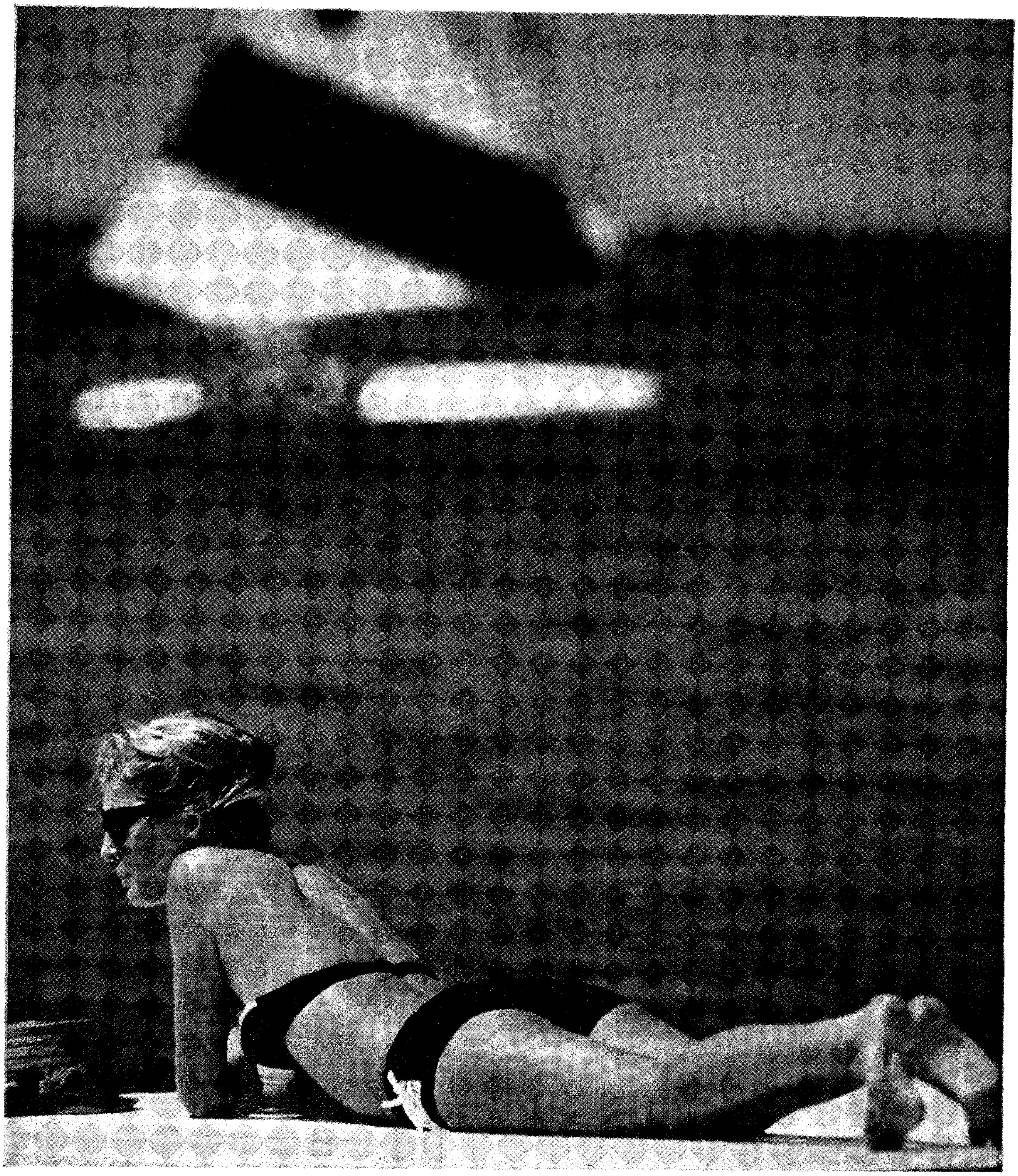

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those he hates. Remember throughout this scene the meaning of hunger, of pain—and remember her furs."

"It seems to me," said Jan placidly, "that a man is one thing privately, at home with a woman. His political life, that is another—"

"No," said Tanya. "No."

The Pole shrugged.

Gigo pointed at the Pole, and said, "I remember once hearing Efremov say, 'It is time we again became aware of life.' There was a time when people drank only coffee, with brandy to follow. At such a time, everything rots. But the war took care of that." He grasped his own left wrist with his right hand and held it tight. "And the Philistine life—that is Philip's nightmare." He hesitated. "We have become too calm here. Too complacent. Now, when we hear some fellow say, 'The U.S.S.R. is first among Socialist countries,' we react with 'More of *that* nonsense.' It is a time of cynicism. But there is no place for cynicism in this play. Never mind what you want to say for or against Stalin. He may have been a great statesman, but he stopped being a Communist."

"What do you mean?" asked the Pole.

"A Communist couldn't abandon a people's revolution—not anywhere!" Gigo was still overheated, red-faced. "Stalin was for the revolution in Spain. Yes. But already there was Hitler. And Stalin had to gain time. Hitler was behind Franco. So Stalin ended his support of the revolution. In 1926, he would never have done it. But twelve years later—who knows?—perhaps he could not afford to anger Hitler. You feel it in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.' Still, it must have been easier for the Russians fighting in Spain than for the Americans. At first, anyway. The Russians were in closer contact with their government. I suppose they got better equipment than the Americans."

"But Philip is not fighting," I said. "He is not Robert Jordan."

Gigo smiled. "That makes it harder still. There is in Hemingway a great problem. It concerns a man and material well-being. Philip was rich. Doesn't he say how much he left to come to Spain? How it may ruin him? And here we are again—that woman and her furs."

"Sometimes it is difficult to remember clearly what *is* of value," said Tanya. "Then, to make yourself really upset, go out to Mayakovsky Square. Listen to the students reading their poetry there."

"I don't understand," said the Pole,

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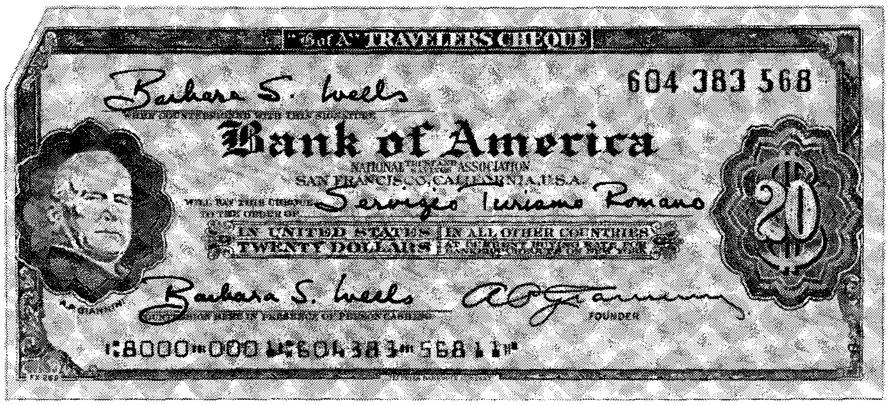

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smiling graciously. "I thought it was your famous Yevtushenko who recited romantic poetry in the square."

"Not all our poets are Yevtushenkos," Gigo said. "And the battle between cynicism and romanticism is also fought out among those with absolutely nothing to say. Go sometime and hear one of our dainty seventeen-year-olds read *her* verse. All made up and looking half dead." Gigo put on a faded voice, closed his eyes, and intoned:

> "And life goes by
> And bullets fly . . ."

He laughed. "And then, out of the crowd steps some real hooligan and says, 'Better get the hell out of this place, honey! Back to the nursery, where you belong. There's nothing here but hunger and wild animals. *Arrrraghhh!*' At which the fight starts. The militiamen come running, tooting on their whistles. Oh, it's all very sporting."

"I just finished reading 'The Catcher in the Rye,'" said Tanya. "And the hero—what's his name?"

"Holden Caulfield," I said.

"Yes, that one," said Tanya. "Well, he's a cynic, too. Like one of ours."

"No, it's not quite the same," I said. "Holden Caulfield is not a cynic. He may play at being one, but he is not."

"That is possible," said Tanya. "I hadn't thought about it. All the same, he convinced me. Perhaps his cynicism is an act, to help him manage his feelings." She turned to Gigo. "And Philip? What about Philip?"

"If Philip could manage his feelings *and* Dorothy, he would be a cynic," Gigo suggested. "But he cannot. And yet she will not deny him. Each time, she makes everything start all over again. That's the problem, too. That's why this scene is the most important in the play."

"It seems to me quite different," said the Pole.

"Then you are wrong," said Gigo quietly.

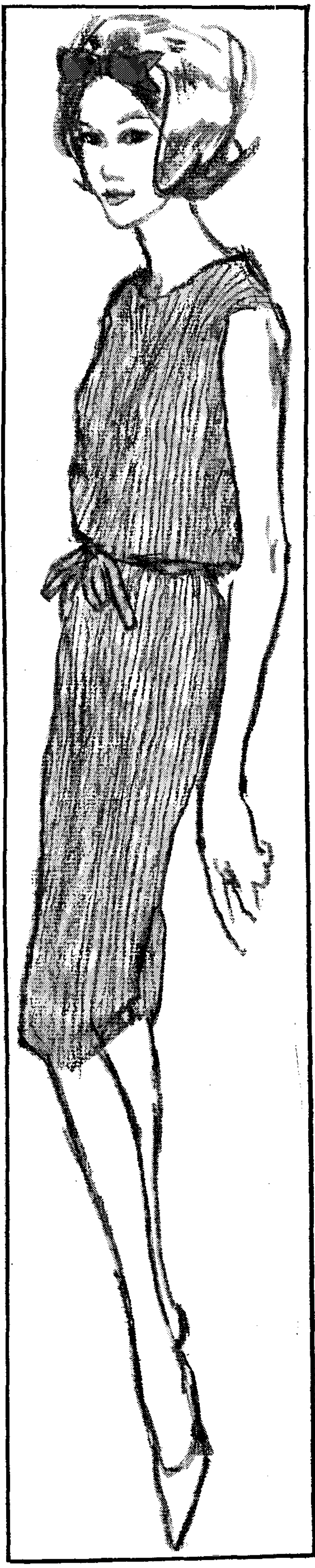
One of the theatre's production managers poked his head in at the door. "The time is up. It's two o'clock."

"We must get out?" asked Gigo.

"'Older Sister' has the room now," the production manager said. "Yes, you must get out."

The reading was over.

AFTER the rehearsal, the five of us sat in the corridor awhile and talked. A very handsome young man—olive-skinned, elegantly dressed—came up, and was introduced to me as Misha Kozakov, the first Preston of "The



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Fifth Column." One by one, Gigo, Tanya, Frolov, and Jan left, but Kozakov and I stayed to chat.

"I have just finished three films," Kozakov told me. "We work at night. One of the films, 'The Amphibious Man,' is the first Russian underwater film. For years, we have all been dying to make one. And ours isn't like other people's underwater films. About five hundred metres of it was shot in the water—better than a fourth of the film. Hell, we all stayed in the water for hours at a time. We turned blue! We had great fun. Before that, we used to envy America. We'd read all about the *technique* of your underwater films."

I asked him to tell me something about the founding of the Contemporary Theatre.

"Well, it all goes back to 1955, when most of the present company were at MXAT as students," he said. "Efremov was one of the teachers of an advanced course. Those students put on a play called 'Good Luck.' It was written by Viktor Rozov. Perhaps you know him as the author of 'The Cranes Are Flying.' Anyway, when they finished their course at MXAT, they found jobs in various theatres, and then Efremov got them together again to restage the play—without payment, merely for the experience. They all gave their time. They held their rehearsals in a room made available to them at MXAT. In the spring of 1956, the play was presented there at the school. The première was held at midnight, so that theatre people who were working could attend after their own performances. At the end of the performance, there was an open discussion, with the audience offering its opinions. It is a custom here. Anyway, everyone liked the production. They all said that the members of the cast had no right not to continue working as a group. MXAT agreed to give them working space. And then the established actors connected with the production took a big chance. Efremov, Tabakov, Lavrova, Evstigneev—all of them had good, steady jobs, and they abandoned them to form what they called the 'Studio of Young Actors.' Well, if you have wondered how, in our Socialist society, a theatre is formed, there you have it. Mind you, there were still plenty of difficulties ahead. But they had made a start."

What about him, I asked—when had he joined the group?

"When I graduated from MXAT, I went to the Mayakovsky Theatre, and stayed there for three years," he

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said. "In 1959, the Contemporary Theatre was officially established. It was then that I joined the company. Tell me, is it easy to obtain a theatre in New York? I suppose it is."

No, I said, it was not easy. Theatres were terribly expensive, and even so they were booked up well ahead.

"Here, it is very difficult indeed," Kozakov said. "When I joined the company, we still had no theatre. We took shelter wherever we could. Sometimes we put on our plays in workers' clubs. But mostly we performed in the theatre of the Hotel Sovietskaya. We put on Rozov's 'The Train to Happiness' and Eduardo De Filippo's 'A Certain Person.' " Kozakov laughed. "About then, people began to complain that we were 'too modern.' MXAT, in particular, felt strongly about that. Never mind. For MXAT, these days, many things are too modern. We are a young theatre, interested in new approaches—in innovation. But we do not consider ourselves radical. There are many dead leaves on the Russian stage, and we want to present new ideas against appropriate settings, that's all. You know, we didn't get this building until the spring of 1961. And someday not far off it will be torn down—part of the Moscow Plan of Reconstruction."

I asked what would happen then.

Kozakov smiled. "There is a Soviet law," he said. "Before turning us out, they must find us a new home."

Already actors and members of the crew were arriving for the evening performance of Simonov's "The Fourth." Kozakov excused himself and went backstage to make up. As I left, the porter said, "Come again, young man." He smiled and held open the door. I got the feeling that from now on I would be welcome at the theatre, that I could come and go as if I were almost a member of the collective. —RALPH BLUM

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

•

Pearl Fischers (The)......Bizet......Page 34 —*From index to "59 Masterpieces for Clarinet & Piano," published by Belwin, Inc.*

Mama Fischer and her little redhead daughter, Pearl; we know them well.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times Magazine*]

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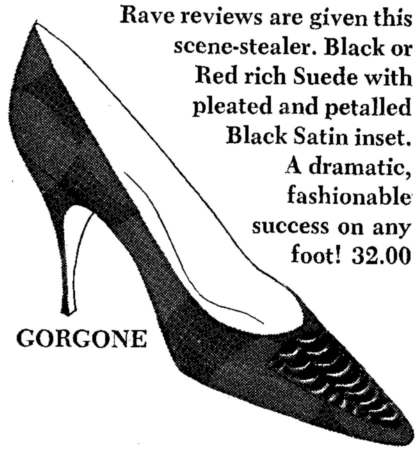

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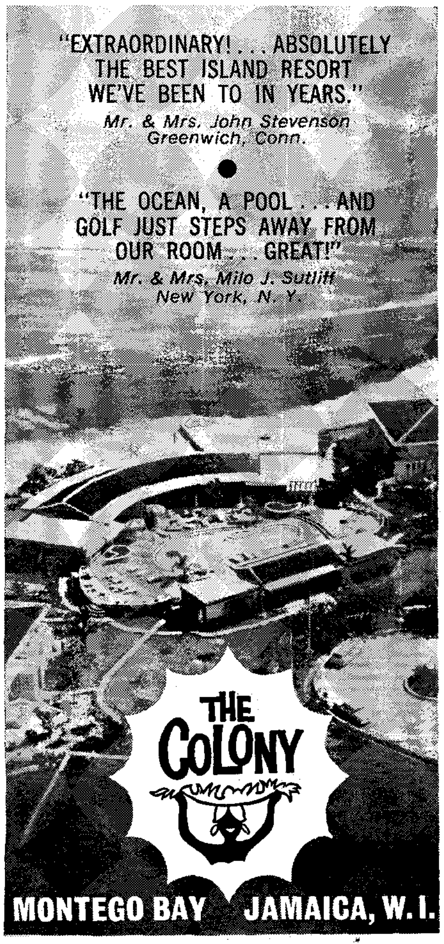

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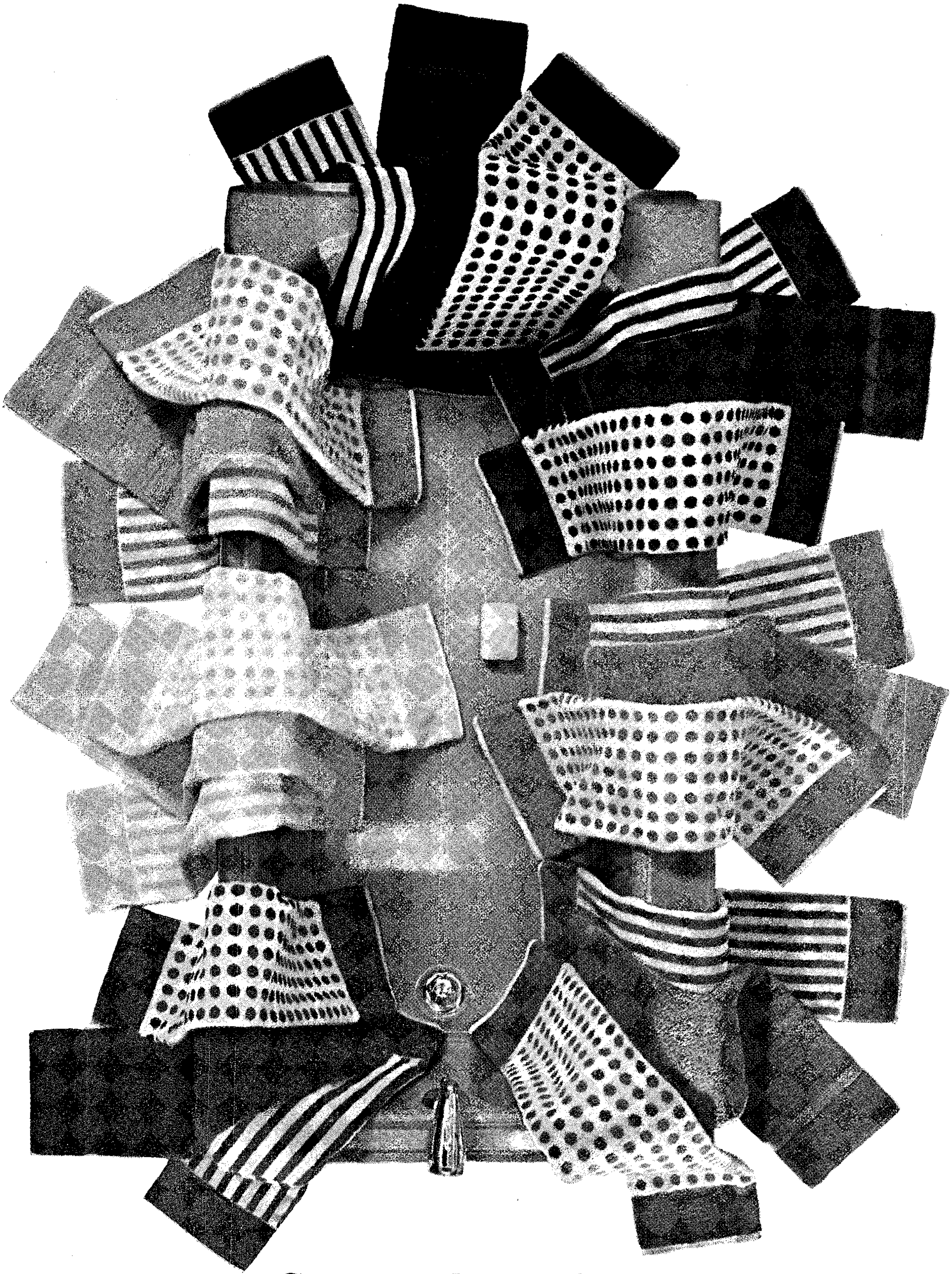

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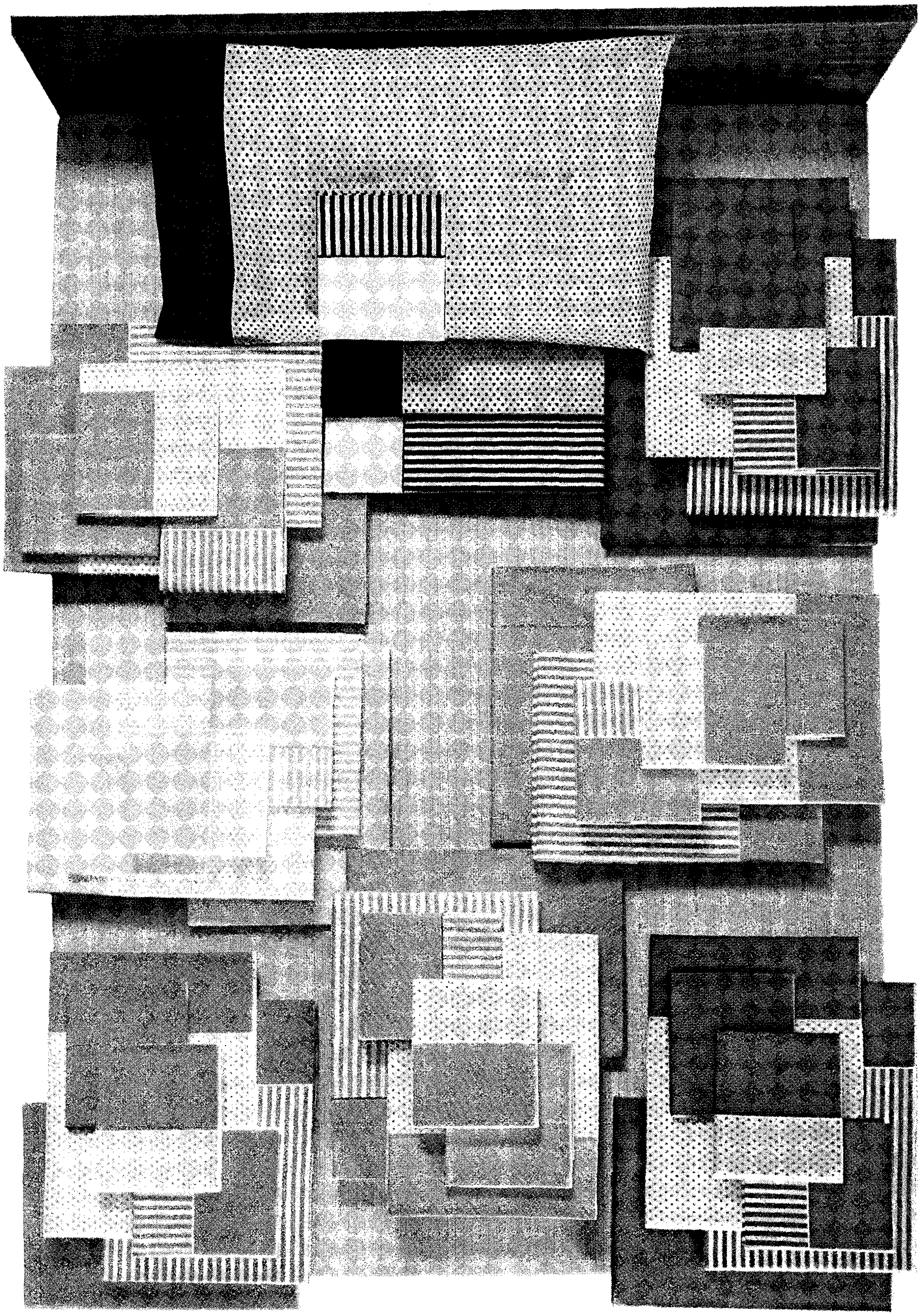

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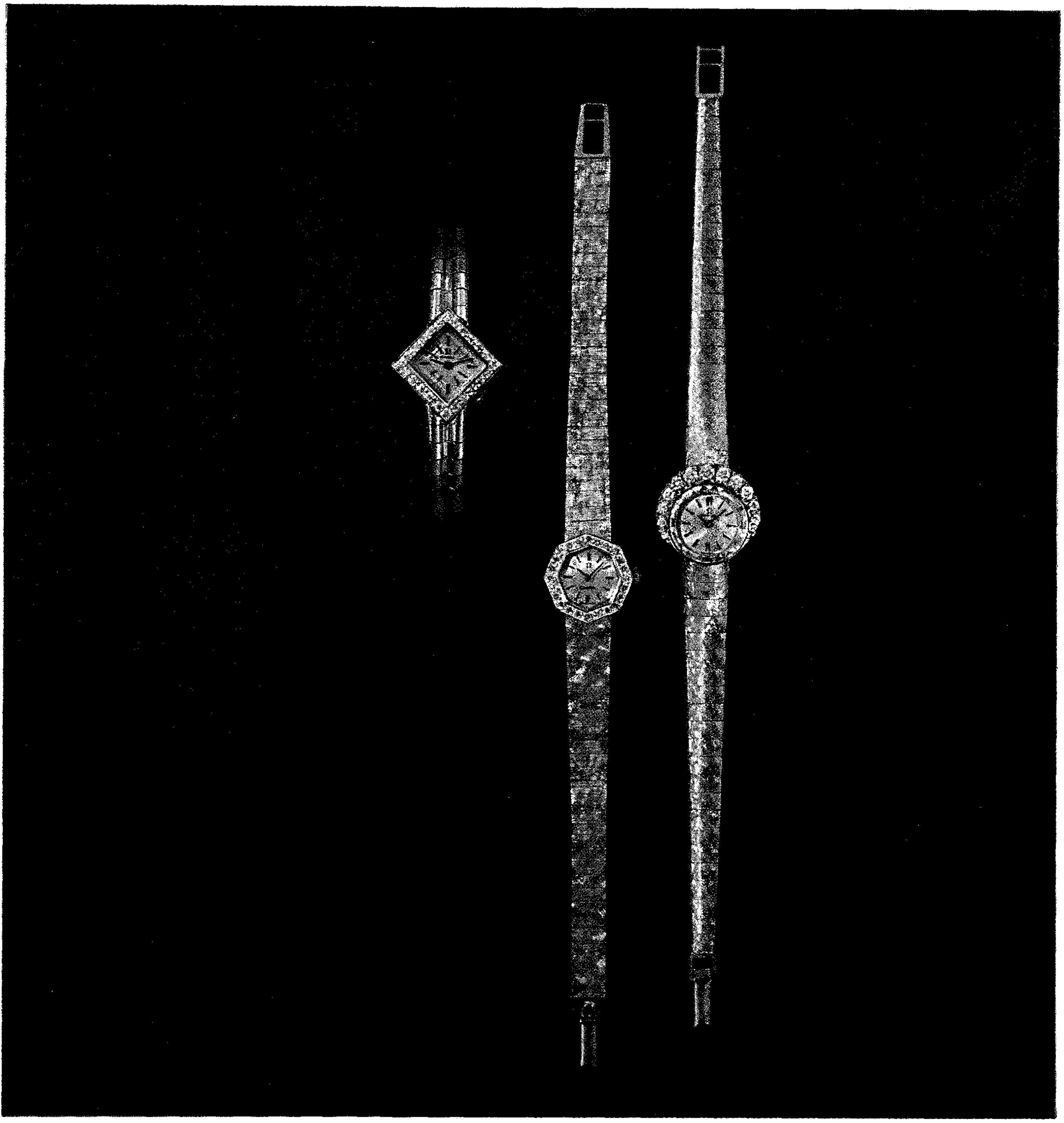

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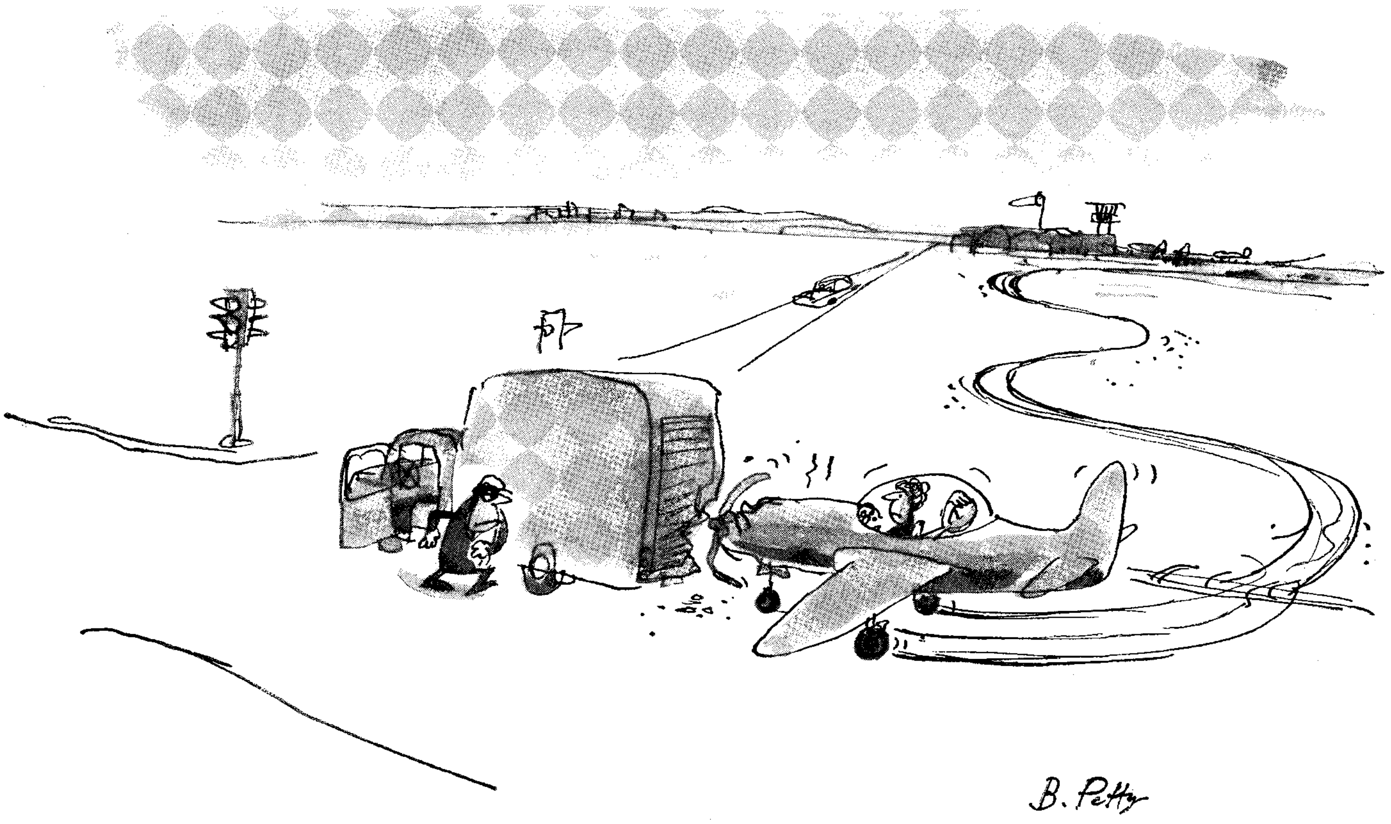
THE THEATRE

LIGHT AND LOVELY

TWO prepossessing young females turned up on Broadway last week and beguiled all comers, or should have, in "Barefoot in the Park," at the Biltmore, and "110 in the Shade," at the Broadhurst. The first of these estimable ingénues was Elizabeth Ashley, who periodically goes into levitation as she bounces enthusiastically about in "Barefoot in the Park," which is a simple, shapeless, and resolutely amiable exercise. I am writing this copy in a Greenwich Village apartment that is four flights up (five, if you count the stoop) in a fine old brownstone; I have just coursed up the stairs like Tenzing; and I am panting, but not utterly winded. I intrude these personal observations because one of the main jokes of "Barefoot in the Park" has to do with the almost complete physical deterioration that people undergo in the process of climbing to a place more or less like mine. It is quite possible that Neil Simon, the author of the work under discussion, doesn't know the hardihood of the average walkup dweller; in any event, as an old hand at the business, I think he may have made a little too much of the difficulty of getting above ground level in Manhattan. But now that I have noted that reservation, let me go on to say that Mr. Simon's comedy is pretty jolly. It concerns itself with a newly married pair (Miss Ashley and Robert Redford) who, after six days of marriage, are trying to organize their life in an unfurnished apartment that has only a large skylight to recommend it. The apartment, as designed by Oliver Smith, is a marvel of emptiness when we first lay eyes on it, but as time goes by, it becomes quite cluttered. Whatever happens to the set, though, Mr. Simon's plot remains uncomplicated. His bridal team bicker amusingly; an upstairs neighbor (Kurt Kasznar) is brought on to extol the virtues of exotic food; the bride's mother (Mildred Natwick) is introduced, so that the young folk can try to do a little matchmaking between her and the neighbor; and two funny characters, a telephone man and a delivery man (Herbert Edelman and Joseph Keating), are fleetingly encountered. It is all rather fluffy stuff, of course, but Mr. Simon gives it a very warm glow.

THE second young lady to come along last week was Inga Swenson. Her role in "110 in the Shade" may be a bit on the implausible side—she's supposed to be a plain Jane, although it's obvious from the curtain's rise that she is a lovely and talented creature—but she assuredly makes the most of it, and it would be hard to fault either her singing or her dancing. "110 in the Shade" is a musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," which was produced hereabouts a few years ago. The original playwright, N. Richard Nash, is the adapter, and while he isn't as successful on this go-around as he was when he employed his material to a straight dramatic purpose, there is enough here to provide a reasonably diverting evening. It's the sort of affair that might make you a trifle nostalgic for the likes of "Oklahoma!," since it is of the mellifluous prairie genre, but you can't have everything, and some of the songs and lyrics, by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones, are pleasant to listen to, if not particularly memorable, and the dances, arranged by Agnes de Mille, are occasionally helpful, if not very numerous. As the heroine of the piece, Miss Swenson portrays the daughter of a kindly old rancher (Will Geer), who worries about her being a spinster. So do her brothers (Steve Roland and Scooter Teague). As it happens, there's a fierce drought on the range, so along comes a handsome rainmaker (Robert Horton), who implores Miss Swenson to wake up and live. This she does, but in the long pull it's not the rainmaker who captures her for keeps; it's the local sheriff (Stephen Douglass). The show has some laggard moments, especially in the first act, but I found Miss Swenson and



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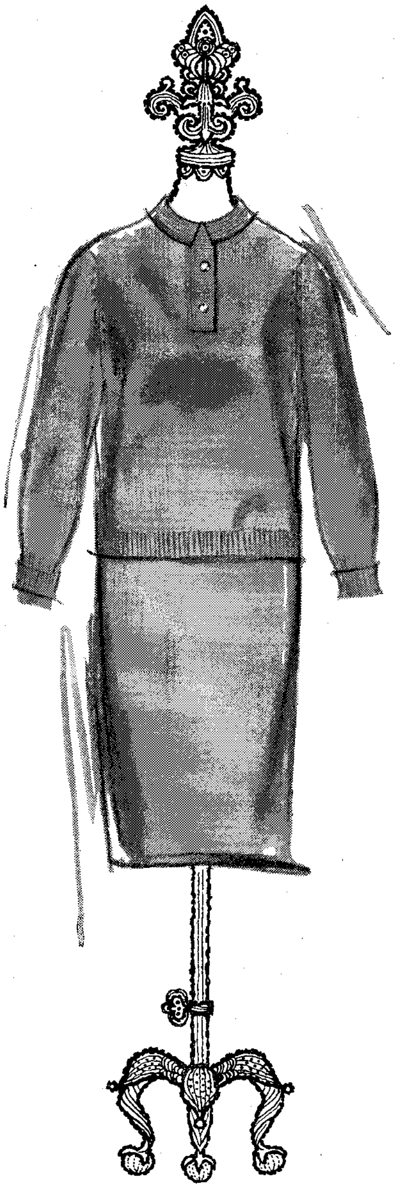

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most of her colleagues ingratiating. The ubiquitous Mr. Smith also did the setting for this one, and it is admirable.

FOR about five minutes, I thought "A Rainy Day in Newark," by Howard Teichmann, which opened and closed at the Belasco last week, was going to be a winner. In its first scene, it had a labor leader on view haranguing the members of a teamsters' union, with the audience in the role of the members—a lively takeoff on "Waiting for Lefty." But as time went on, things began to slow down, and the main theme of the show—what might happen if a labor boss should suddenly be compelled to take over the role of businessman and reverse his views on industrial relations—became a trifle limp. Eddie Mayehoff, Dody Goodman, Zachary Scott, and Mary McCarty were prominent in the cast.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Qualtinger the Magnificent

HELMUT QUALTINGER is a great Viennese actor and satirist who looks like a happy Jackie Gleason and, like Gleason, is a graceful, lightweight fat man. Last week, at his one-man show at the Barbizon-Plaza (a brief engagement, now closed), he completely refuted a theory that I had considered watertight ever since I first read Max Beerbohm on Duse—that it is impossible to really appreciate or judge a performer whose language you don't understand. My own German barely rates as spotty, and, besides, Herr Qualtinger uses an Austrian accent so broad that many of the many Germans in the audience were apparently having trouble. Now, having seen him, I think that it should be possible to get about one-sixth of a performance without understanding it, and about one-third of Herr Qualtinger's, so eloquent are his gestures, the inflections of his voice, and the shapes of his words. Herewith, then, a report on one-third of Helmut Qualtinger, which may easily equal eight-thirds of anyone else.

During the first half of the program, he sits at a table on a bare stage reading selections from a book called "Die Letzten Tage der Menschheit" ("The Last Days of Mankind"), by the late Austrian writer Karl Kraus, which is, according to the program notes, a harsh satiric portrait, in conversations and snatches of conversations, of Vienna during the First World War. Almost imperceptibly turning the pages, Qualtinger

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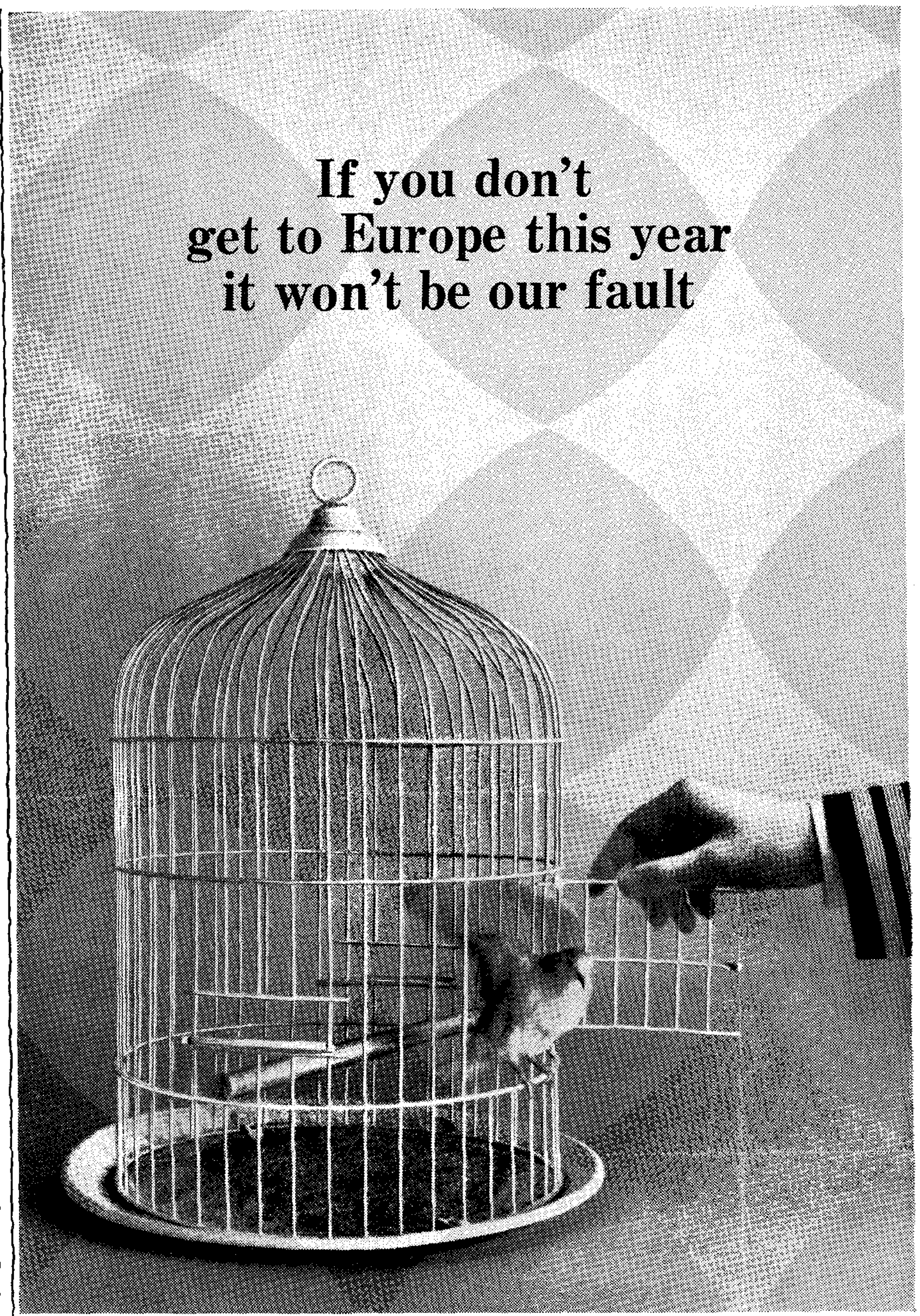
slowly populates a city, hitting off every type of citizen as he moves up and down the social scale, civilian and military. The dialects broaden and snap back. In one sketch, a Viennese, speaking high-pitched, blurred-edged Austrian, and a steely German, speaking steely German, try to understand each other and make no headway at all. The men and women wheedle or whine or boast or snarl at each other, or sing drunkenly or gossip. They seem to be a shoddy lot, all right—fatuous, pompous, and fraudulent—although the precise nature of their worthlessness is, no doubt, defined in their words. Herr Qualtinger deliberately underplays the comedy, throwing away the lines that get the biggest laughs, barely gesturing, and ending each sketch on a low key.

The second half of the program is the monologue of "Herr Karl," the mean-souled grocery clerk whom Qualtinger has made famous in Austria and Germany. Joseph Wechsberg, in a Profile of Qualtinger that appeared in this magazine on April 20th of this year, has summarized the contents of that monologue—the autobiography and the awful opinions that Karl sets forth as he shambles in creaky shoes around the storage basement of the shop. With Mr. Wechsberg's help, we know Karl to be the embodiment of stupid-shrewd opportunism; without this help, I think I would have found him ignoble, perhaps, but no more contemptible than Falstaff. He pours some of the stock brandy into his own thermos; he takes a bite of a swiped chocolate bar and talks through it; he shrugs with arms out and palms spread open; he sits, hands on thighs, on a wooden packing case and talks to the audience with all the roguish confidence of a politician hobnobbing with safe constituents; and he appears every inch the cheerful cynic who has decided to string along with a world gone bad. He is, in technique and in every other way, a masterpiece of characterization, and if it hadn't been for that information of Mr. Wechsberg's, I would have been quite taken with him.

"WE must let the world know," says a character called Davies. "This *is* the world—this ship," says somebody called Morgan. That scrap of dialogue comes somewhere in the middle of "Mr. Simian," Sheppard Kerman's foggy parable at the Astor Place. As can be seen from the sample noted, there is no fogginess about the play's aspirations. The ship, outward bound from Portugal to Caracas, is the Fading



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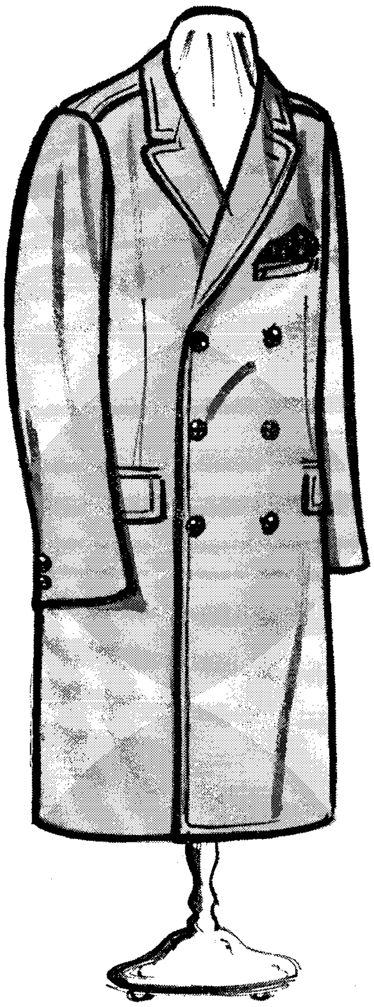

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Star; the captain, unseen but heard from time to time over a loudspeaker, is named Gad; and the steward who conveys his messages (the ones that don't get broadcast, that is) is a Mr. Angelo. All the murk is in the meaning of the story and the dialogue, and in the assortment of passengers aboard—collectively designed, I suppose, to represent the human race. These are a performing ape, whose miraculous change into a man is the mainspring of the action; his trainer (Morgan), once Gad's first mate and eager to be his replacement, but now unfrocked, nautically speaking, for a breach of discipline during an accident at sea; a timid fellow (Davies) who has deserted the great humanitarian he worked for, leaving him to die in an epidemic; a public lecturer who is an opponent of the humanitarian and who sounds somewhat like a disciple of Ayn Rand (I may be doing Mr. Kerman—or, for that matter, Miss Rand—an injustice here); and the lecturer's boozy, browbeaten wife.

The producers have assembled a creditable cast—way above average—for their venture. And no one can blame the actors for accepting their roles. The characters are puzzling but certainly playable. Philip Bruns, as the ape, metamorphoses in full view, first grunting and scratching and tumbling, and then, with yips and groans, unlocking his knee and neck joints to straighten up, all the while tossing off quotations and limericks as his face grows less shaggy, his jaw less obtrusive, and his conversation more inspirational. A notable feat, I guess, but a sort of repellent one all the same. Thomas Barbour, Niels Miller, Ramon Bieri, Frederic Tozere, and Ruth Manning are as convincing as could be expected under the circumstances. There are real scenes. In a theatrical sense, "Mr. Simian" could be much worse; it *is* a play—just an uncommonly foolish one. The devotions of the Off Broadway congregation go on and on, but the allegiance of the worshippers—dramatists and management—is now apparently drifting, in a muddled kind of way, from pseudo-Freud to pseudo-God.

—Edith Oliver

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ILL WIND DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Sun-Times*]

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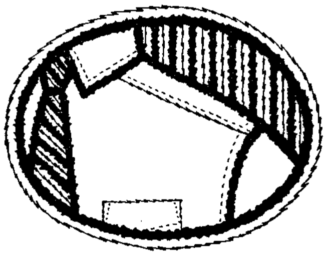

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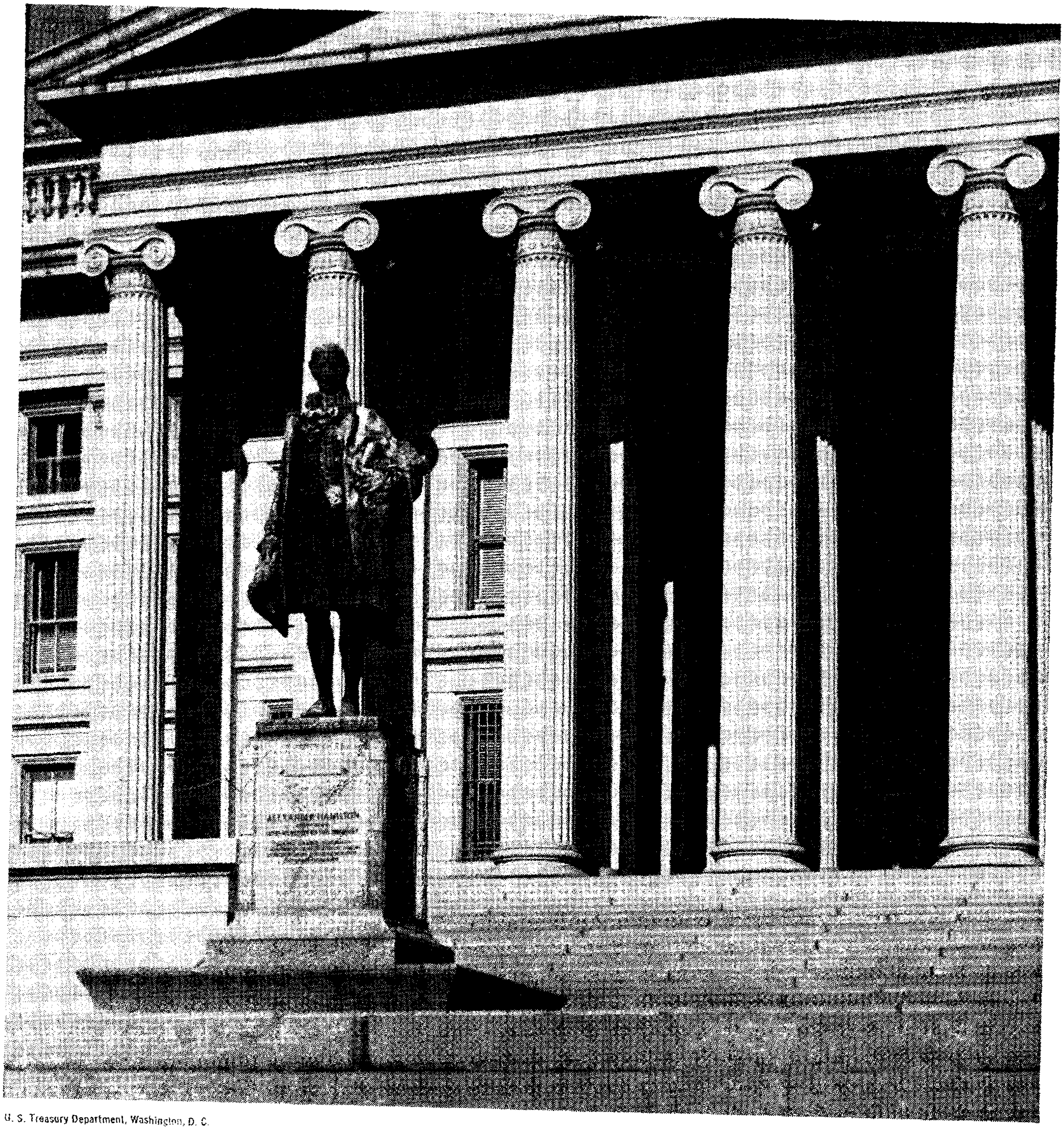

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FOOTBALL

Groundhog Day

IT was like old times again on Saturday—the times when five-yard penalties for the throwing of unsuccessful passes made football look more like football. The biggest groundhog of the weekend was Princeton, which ran four hundred and fourteen official yards (never mind how many yards it ran with captured passes) to beat Cornell, 51–14. And there was Yale, running two hundred and seventy-two yards to beat Colgate, 31–0, and Harvard, running a hundred and forty-seven yards (plus what it ran with captured Kelly passes) to beat Dartmouth, 17–13, and Amherst, running a hundred and ninety-one yards to beat Wesleyan, 20–14, and Army, running three hundred and fifty-three yards to beat Washington State, 23–0, and Air Force (which is a neighbor just once removed, because it has an Ivy League coaching staff), running four hundred and thirty-one yards to beat Boston College, 34–7. Columbia, though, belongs in the ambivalent column, for while it ran a hundred and sixty-seven yards in beating Lehigh, 42–21, it passed for two hundred and forty-eight yards. However, Navy and Pittsburgh, leading knights in the Box Office League, went the way of the professionals—all passes and no play, which can make even a game with a lot of touchdowns a dull boy—in a match won by Navy, 24–12. And Rutgers, in a game that passed all understanding, managed to run two hundred and eighteen yards and get itself beaten by Pennsylvania, 7–6. Fleet of foot were Saturday's runners, and facile of foot were its kickers. Yale's Mercein, Princeton's Gogolak, Harvard's Hartranft, Navy's Marlin, and Army's Heydt all contributed field goals—another asset of old times—and Washington State's James, the left-footed punter (how many are there in *his* tiny clan?), got off a seventy-three-yard punt during his afternoon's exhibition of how best to apply a foot to a ball.

The play of the day was, I guess, made by Stichweh, who has come up through the ranks to be Army's first-rate running-passing quarterback; as one Washington State man fastened himself around a Stichweh ankle and another around Stichweh's right arm,

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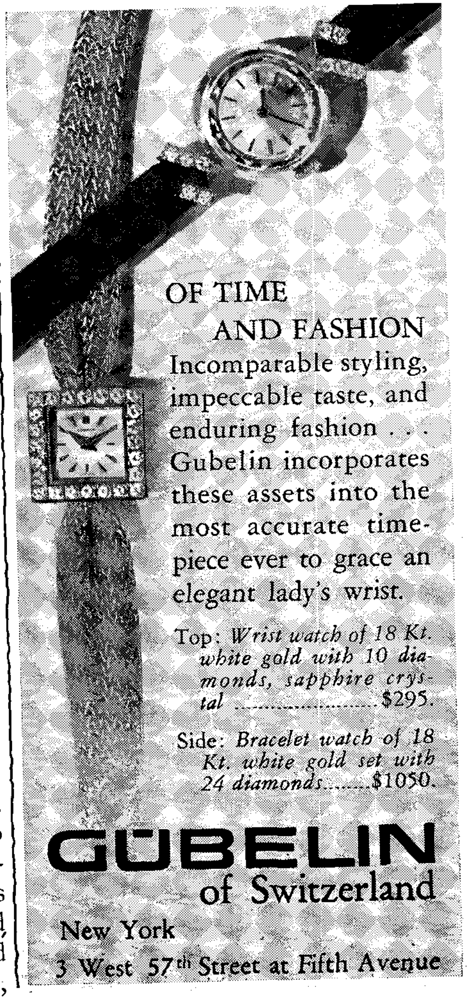

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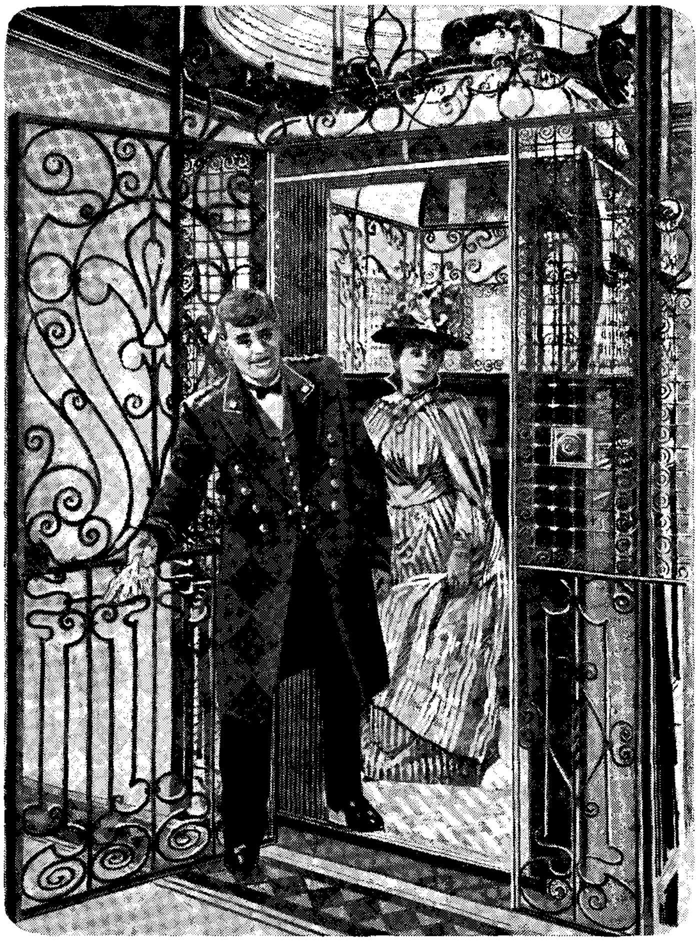
Stichweh's left hand almost automatically plucked the ball from his right hand and flipped a forward pass—not a very good one, but good enough to get him out of trouble. Stichweh, whose head coach says he doesn't throw the ball enough (the coach is clearly a man who believes in all this progressive jazz), is a good little boy. In the match with Air Force—this Saturday, in Chicago—Stichweh will meet a fellow-thinker in Isaacson, a great quarterback. Isaacson, who is another running-passing boy and prefers running to passing (he's been known to run on fourth down from a punting formation), is a satellite that was visible to the naked eye as far east as College Park, Maryland, this fall, but he'll be seen no more in this vicinity.

The coach of the day—and maybe of the season—was Warren Harris, who moved up this year to the Princeton varsity staff to look after the defensive line, a line bereft (by graduations in June) of practically everyone of note. On Saturday, as on earlier Saturdays, the enemy ballcarriers were constantly seized by the dread feeling that someone was not only looking over their shoulders but reaching into their laps, and even Gary Wood, just about the pinnacle of perfection among T-formation quarterbacks, spent most of his time trying to brush away swarms of gadflies. Princeton used swarms of runners, too, though not with nearly the artfulness of Wood and his friends. But, after all, when you have men like MacMillan and Rockenbach, who simply outrun the opposition, you don't have to be witty.

The giant-killer of the week was probably, by consensus, Navy, but, myself, I liked Harvard, overturning a Dartmouth that, with a damaged Spangenberg and a harried Kelly, was trying to make it sixteen wins in a row. Harvard isn't brilliant and isn't terribly fast, but it's so well put together that it gets everything it can out of the men at hand, and it never wants to give up. It—or its coach—is guileful, too. Humenuk, who had so much to do with the unexpected spilling of Princeton two years ago, had been allowed to lie more or less fallow this year, while Bassett, a diligent quarterback, ran the team, and it's likely that the Dartmouth scouts had little to report on him. As the game went on, Humenuk, taking turns with Bassett, got warmer and warmer, and Harvard, which now has a record of nine unlosing games itself, can regard Humenuk as one of the principal saviors of a difficult day. —J. W. L.



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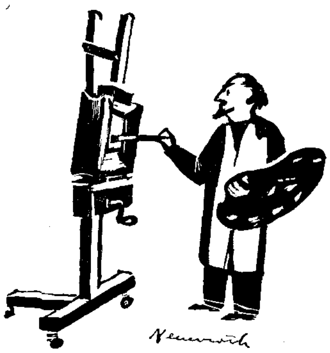
THE ART GALLERIES

Hans Hofmann and the Stability of the New

IN an apparently dramatic departure from the usual practice of overloading museum exhibitions with art-historical pedagogy, the Museum of Modern Art is presenting forty paintings by Hans Hofmann chosen "solely for their beauty, profundity, and monumentality; for the purpose for which they were painted—delectation." We shall discuss these motives later. The show is a magnificent one. It has for some years been common opinion that Hofmann, now eighty-three, has during the past decade been growing steadily in vigor, freshness, spontaneity, and depth. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because the Whitney Museum staged a Hofmann retrospective in 1957, three-fourths of the paintings in the current show belong to the last five years. Omitted are his "learning-to-see" still-lifes and landscapes of the thirties and forties, which were done in the presence of their subjects with the aim of transforming a scene experienced in depth into "plastic creation on a flat surface without destroying this flat surface." Out of this nature-study phase of Hofmann's work subsequently came the luxuriant vegetable and mineral world made of activated color that is represented in the exhibition by "The Garden" (1956), one of his key paintings—and a masterpiece.



While the show provides no opportunity to note the change from visual research to created "nature," it does anticipate another line of Hofmann's development—his automatism. In "Ecstasy" (1947), with its powerful linear swirls interlocked with curved and boxed shapes like a section of a machine jutting into the sky, the artist, instead of seeking equivalents by which to transfer a scene to the picture surface, allowed his brush to be moved as if driven by energies contained in the surface of the canvas. The magical element in Hofmann's practice that is exemplified by "Ecstasy" had already made him one of the first in American painting to explore the possibilities of accident; he was the pioneer in defining the surface plane by means of dribblings of paint through which forms are visible. "Spring" (1940) and "Fantasia" (1943) are exercises in pictorial effects gained through chance by one who knows what he is looking for, while "The Prey" (1956), composed of blots, runs, and splashes, ranks among Hofmann's grandest paintings; in it he touched the mysterious intersection of hazard and inspiration. Of "The Prey" Hofmann has said, "For this you need to be in the rarest states."

Another important work in the Museum group, one that was prominent in the Whitney retrospective, "Liebesbaum" (1954), is an introduction to Hofmann's most exuberant mode—his Action paintings. In this canvas, nature turns into action under our eyes, the unmistakable trunk and foliage of the love tree flinging themselves into the dance of forms that in this style of painting has replaced the architectonics of earlier abstract art. Among the items in the show of most recent date, Action paintings are dominant. "Moonshine Sonata," "Summer Night's Bliss," "Wild Vine" (all 1961), and "In the Wake of the Hurricane" (1960) are model works in this manner. Unlike the Action paintings of such artists as Kline and Tworkov, Hofmann's are distinguished by the immense variety of the motions that compose them; the traces of his actions range in force and physical density from mere wisps of tint to draggings and pilings of cementlike masses of pigment. Sometimes he is content with a canvas carrying a rapid balancing of light washes, as in "Delirious Pink" (1961) and "Agrigento" (1961); sometimes he is drawn into a realm, like that of "Lava" (1960), that permits only consistently rugged impastos. Most often, however, he brings to bear on a single canvas an amazingly wide range of gestures; even a composition like "The Prey," centered on a spontaneously produced foreground image, is filled out with lower-keyed brushwork, as in its border of white on white, in obedience to Hofmann's principle of the completely agitated picture surface. Those who like to repeat that abstract paintings can be taken in at a glance should study the details of a major Hofmann.

The Rembrandtesque gold of "Lava," in which the yellow slabs of "The Garden" have grown more refined and sombre, reveals Hofmann in

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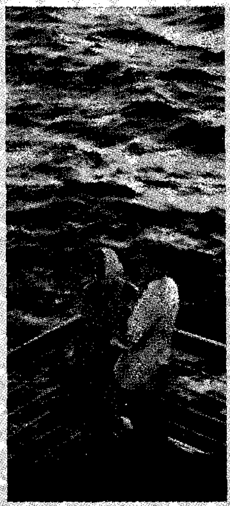

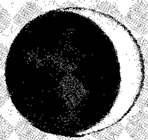

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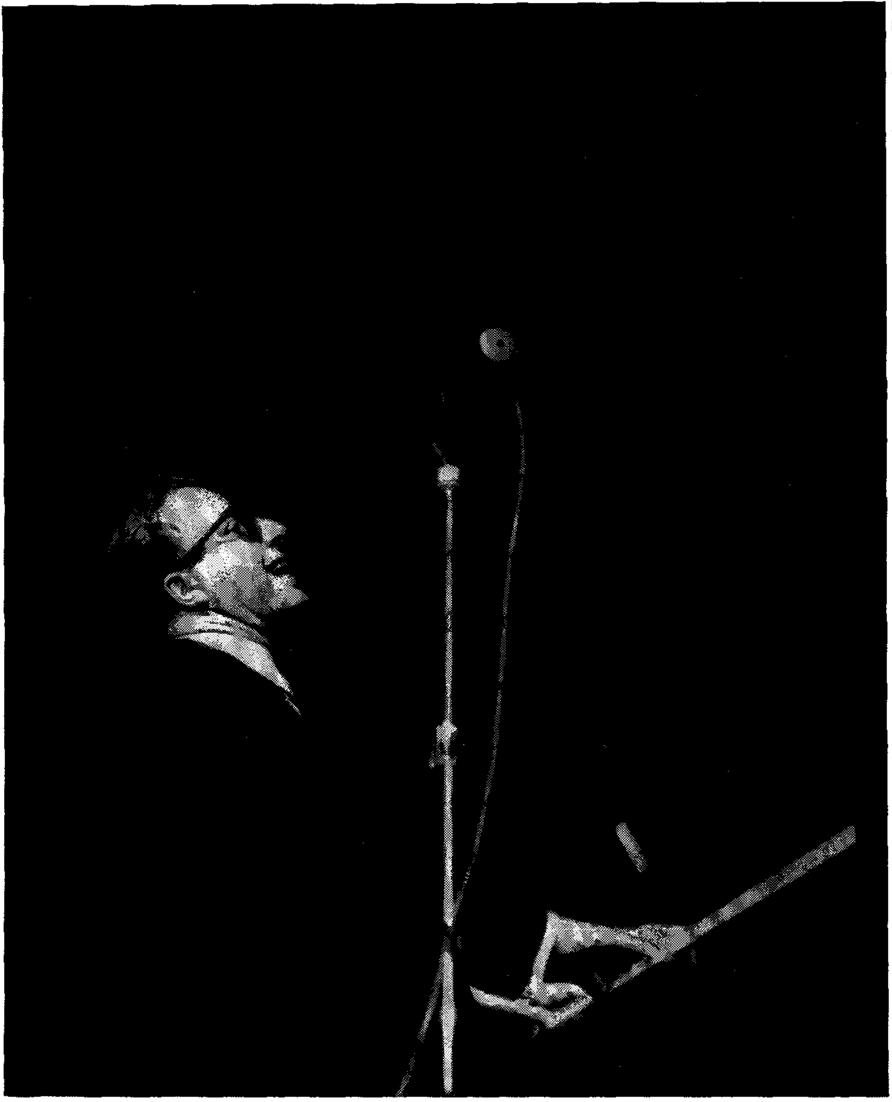
his deepest mood—one that he has recaptured in two or three paintings done since the current show was assembled. In respect to Hofmann, it is important to keep in mind that while each canvas the artist finishes and exhibits contains something achieved, not all his work is on a comparable level of vision and feeling—a fact that he himself has not hesitated to disclose. Hofmann works from direct experience—visual intuitions, sentiments, moods—and not, despite his tireless theorizing, by dogma or system. Through his long apprenticeship, experiment, and analysis he has liberated himself to accept himself freely as he is at the moment—and the psyche has its ups and downs. In the Museum of Modern Art show, there could have been more paintings approximating the level of "Lava" had the curator who selected the works been less moved by the prejudices of aestheticism in favor of airiness and oddity.

Unique to Hofmann is the insertion of smoothly painted red, yellow, or blue rectangles into a highly agitated surface, as if to demonstrate that action in painting need not be dependent upon violent brushwork but can be attained through the backward-and-forward movement produced by relations of hue and scale. In "Pre-Dawn" (1960) and "Mecca" (1961), the conflict of means deliberately set up by the artist is resolved in motion poised on stillness (produced by rectangles of similar color value and size)—a state experienced in the situations denoted by the titles, but one that also reflects the dilemma of motion in an immobile medium like painting. A canvas such as "Lumen Naturale" (1962), composed entirely of single-colored rectangles, is in the nature of an illustrated discourse on the visual effects of juxtaposing different quantities and values of light; it might well have been omitted from a show limited like this one, as might so ephemeral an Action painting as "Whisper of the South Wind" (1962). On the other hand, a few of the all-rectangular compositions—"Kaleidos" (1958), "Combinable Wall" (1961), and especially "Ignotum per Ignotius" (1963)—deserve a high, though not a top, rating in Hofmann's index for their sheer dimensional rightness and impressively simple design.

Among the paintings mixing surface action and geometry, "Memoria in Aeterne" (1962) is like nothing else that Hofmann has done. Dedicated to the memory of five American painters, now deceased (Arthur Carles, Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, Bradley Walk-



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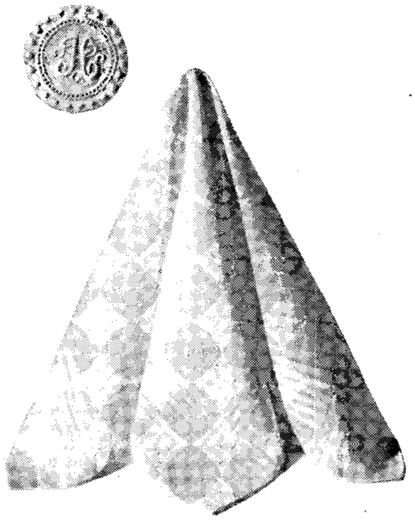
er Tomlin, and Franz Kline), whose work he has admired, it is both pure mood and as explicit as a picture postcard. An area covering almost the entire canvas is brushed in a cloudy brown streaked with red, yellow, and blue, like waste paint on a palette (the abandoned painting tables of the dead artists?) or like a wall of earth seen close up. Upon this wall, two vertical rectangular planes, one a scarred red and twice the size of the other, create a pictorial breathing space by their different suggestions of depth, while as panels they invite memorial inscriptions. The impression of being inside the earth is heightened by an upward movement toward the domelike mass that crowns the composition and that is flanked on each side by blues of flowers and the sky. But the earth wall is changed into a lifting veil of darkness by a small slice of brightness that is as if torn out of the lower left-hand corner of the canvas. I cannot think of another painting that intimates immortal hopes by such strictly abstract means.

THE switch from art history to aesthetics in the organization and presentation of the Hofmann exhibition is emphasized by the catalogue accompanying the show; except in an introduction and a chronology, it modestly refuses to trace the artist's development or to place him in contemporary art. Instead, it devotes its text to summarizing "the basic premises of [his] aesthetic philosophy, which is a unique combination of mysticism, introversion, faith, and intellectual precision." Apparently the way to compensate for the rough treatment that artists have been suffering at the hands of curator-historians is to put them to pasture in a park of pleasure and self-contemplation. Generous as this program seems, it is hardly likely to do justice to the outlook and thinking of individual artists; aesthetic enthusiasm can carry one as far from an accurate apprehension of particulars as can blindly pursuing historical trends. No better illustration is needed than the choice of the word "delectation" to describe Hofmann's "purpose": with its mauve-decade timbre, it is as inept a word to apply to this veteran painter-teacher as can be imagined. Nor are matters improved by characterizing his thought as a blend of "mysticism, introversion, faith, and intellectual precision." Hofmann's "philosophy" is the product of more than half a century of striving to formulate verbally the nature of artistic *truth* as the rival of the truth of science. His concepts have far more to do with the Bergsonian intuition



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and *élan* of the pre-First World War Paris in which he matured than with religion (Zen is also cited in the catalogue) or gazing into oneself. Automatism and spontaneity as practiced by Hofmann are very nearly the opposite of introversion. On the other hand, to denote Hofmann's vast metaphysical roundups as intellectually precise borders on unintended sarcasm. "The superlative in creation," declared Hofmann in his address at Dartmouth last November (the theme of which was once more the difference between scientific truth and "creative" or "intuitive" truth), "is of course not the result of a few isolated relations. It is the synthesis of all interrelationships—wherein the result of *all* relationships finds final expression." What statements like this mean in terms of the artist's work and attitudes involves complex problems of critical analysis, as does investigation of the way in which many of his concepts meant one thing in regard to painting practice up through the thirties and something else after his contact with the art that sprang up in the United States during the war. Hofmann's verbal pronouncements can be grasped only in terms of the evolution of his convictions in relation to the art around him, including his own. In presenting his writings without critical analysis, the Museum of Modern Art catalogue has dodged its responsibility of elucidating how and to what extent these writings are relevant to the paintings. Compressed under topical headings such as "The Medium" and "The Picture Plane," and in a couple of instances accompanied by diagrams invented for the occasion, this presentation of "the basic premises" of Hofmann's philosophy encourages the false impression that the writings explain the paintings or even constitute formulas out of which the paintings arose.

More misleading, however, is the stress on Hofmann's paintings as "a timeless art, transcendent and monumental," inhabiting a kind of Temple of Aesthetics from which the ghosts of history have been banished and which rears up in seclusion from the rushing traffic of contemporary painting and sculpture. As if in ironical refutation of this thesis, half a dozen young men and women distributed leaflets before the doors of the Museum on Hofmann's opening night. Signed—rather ominously—The Center (symbolized by a circle with a dot in the middle), these communications saluted Hofmann not for providing the delights of eternity but as representing values superior to

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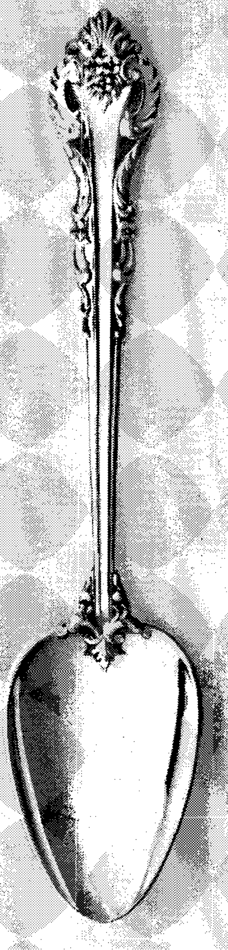

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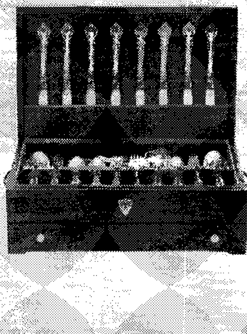

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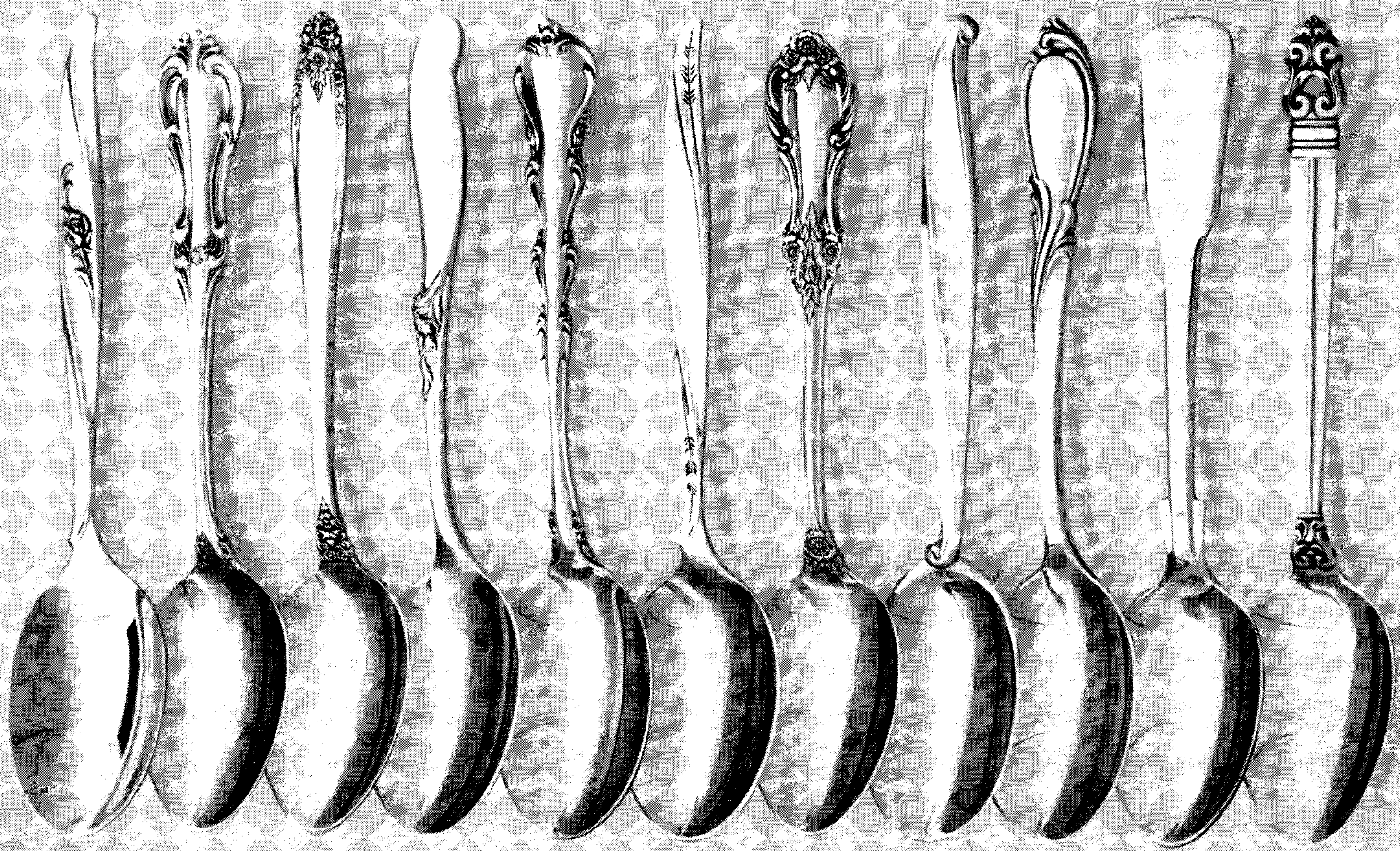

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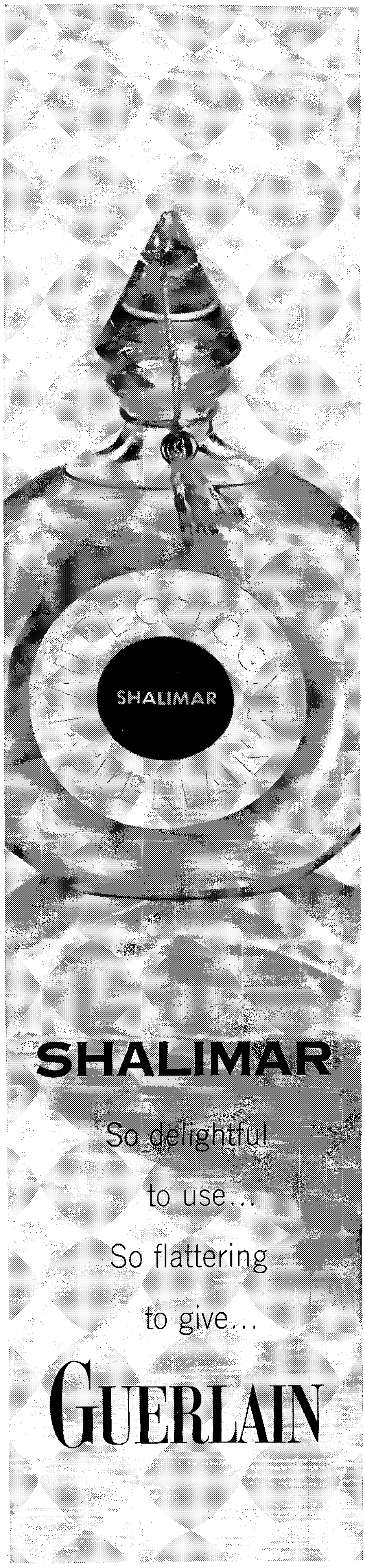

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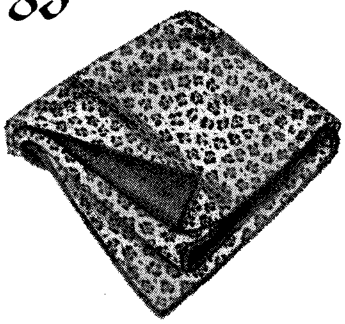
those of "the present synthetically manufactured art." In short, Hofmann had been chosen as a rallying point in a conflict now dividing the art world. Nor was this the first time; all through the thirties, he and his school in Provincetown and New York had been the stronghold of a modernism unlike that of the reigning Social Realism. His role had been, precisely, to function *in* history as a determiner of directions. The Museum's attempt to segregate him from it is itself an art-historical act; it arises from a desire to slow up the bandwagon of the new in art, which many believe has been carrying values downhill at a dangerous rate. Worthwhile as this project may be—and the forcing of creation by promoters of novelty is perhaps the most serious issue in art today—it will not be furthered by posing aesthetics against history (a return to the strategy of the academy). But values could gain support through better understanding of Hofmann's position on what actually constitutes the new in art.

IN the popular view, reinforced by the press and the mass market, the new is whatever carries the latest date. Along with this goes the notion that the most recent art condemns earlier modes to obsolescence, as the latest model of a kitchen appliance condemns earlier ones. Seen in these terms, the new is irresistible, since its appearance leaves no ground for any other art to stand on, except that of nostalgia or stubborn dislike of change. Moreover, each innovation, regardless of its character, is valid, since it pushes out the frontiers of art and enlarges the possibilities of creation. Those who sympathized with the leafleteers at the Museum might have been embarrassed to recall a picket line, at the same institution some years ago, of "realists" protesting the kind of art represented by Hofmann. Was this art now defending itself against being superseded by the new pop art? In speaking of delectation and timelessness, the Museum catalogue evaded the issue of the new that is now upsetting the art world, but at the cost of misconstruing the meaning of Hofmann's art and remaining silent on his place in the development of American painting.

The belief that art is whatever artists say it is and whatever the public accepts at any given moment has been consistently defied by Hofmann in his teaching as in his painting. His was a defiance that demanded moral stamina and a firm intellectual standpoint. The standpoint was supplied by Hofmann's estimation of the period in which we

$85



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live. For him, the twentieth century has been bringing to maturity an epoch in human history that has revealed new truths regarding nature, art, and the creative act. Through its superior insight, painting since Cézanne has replaced the assumptions of Renaissance art, as deeply steeped in error as those of Renaissance science; traditional art, writes Hofmann, "makes the picture surface into an immense hole in the architectural wall. Renaissance perspective has only one direction into depth. Depth does not answer back pictorially. This produces a sterile space which is the exact opposite of pictorial space." In eliminating the "hole" of perspective and thus allowing the entire picture surface to "answer back" at each touch of the artist's brush, modern painting has initiated a more active mode of pictorial creation than was possible before. It follows from Hofmann's appreciation of the genius of the twentieth century that that art is newest and most radical which most thoroughly penetrates this epoch's changed way of seeing, its revised ideals of artistic veracity, its original concept of a continually creative interaction between the artist and his medium.

Other contemporaries have also been aware that the new in art is a delving into the condition and consciousness of the age—in a word, that the new is synonymous only with creation. It remained for Hofmann, however, consciously to conceive of modern art as the beginning of a tradition embracing a body of principles for bringing new art into being—a tradition in which the artist today can work as confidently as artists of other periods could in theirs. Painting, he declared in ending his Dartmouth speech, "puts me in a positive mood. . . . This seems simple, but it is actually the fruit of long research." The career of Hofmann has consisted of a continuous meditation on and enactment of the creative way revealed by our time; what is on display at the Museum is some episodes of this career. It was his conviction that he had reached the core of the new in the art of our century that enabled him to resist not only Social Realism but such other movements as Dada and Surrealism at a time when they had apparently occupied all the forward positions. This choice of his own ground of advancement has immersed his art in a perpetual battle to affirm the essentially new, the "entire new pictorial approach," as he put it, as against both trifling modernist mannerism and the artistic verities and grandeurs of other times. Only two years ago he returned to the attack upon all varieties of imita-

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tive naturalism: "Every figurative attempt in the Visual Arts is positively to be condemned when made without consideration of the underlying aesthetic principle of Abstract Art."

In sum, Hofmann's art is saturated with the twentieth century, its masters, its styles, its problems. With him the tradition of the new comprises a positive canon embodied in a hundred years of masterpieces. By these principles, art itself has been redefined in accordance with a spiritual drive and direction belonging exclusively to this age and capable of bringing forth new affirmations indefinitely. Hofmann's method of valuing painting according to its relation to "abstract art" may be disputed. What is not disputable is his conviction that art is essentially creation. Anything can be a work of art, but its mode of production decides its meaning and its value. Hofmann became a teacher, and remained one for almost half a century, to teach not painting but the conditions of creation in painting. This is another way of saying that he saw art as that kind of activity by which the actor himself is transformed. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

SCHOOL IN JAPAN

by Ryohei Onuki

Though I am reluctant to admit, since a lie stands on one leg and truth on two legs, I will confess, with chagrin, that I have no knowledge about other schools. But, of course, I am fully acquainted with my school in Japan. Therefore, I will describe briefly how it is.

My school is, to our great sadness, just for boys. However, my school is public high school. In a sense, my school is tasteless. And actually it is. But, on the reverse side, my school is very tainted with vitality and exuberant energy.

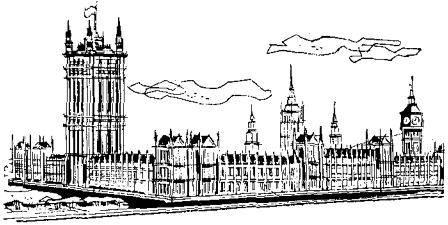
Of course, when there is good news that some girls from a certain school are visiting us—well, it will be an eventful event. Eyes come to be filled with avaricious curiosity, with a certain symbol of youth. Heads turn with a sudden flow of romanticism, hands quiver with ineffable excitement, and school will be dressed with speech about this.

As for school work, it is awful. The boys study frantically. They just do not care about fun. They throw away any thought of Epicurism. Because they want to get into college, and since it is very difficult to get into a good college, they can not help it.

Most students are insensitive about grades because they count only for graduation, not at all for entering college.

Well, I am not going to expatiate on in such way that you may be driven to ennui.—*An exchange student's letter in Our Hingham Schools, Hingham, Mass.*

No chance, Ryohei. When we're in the hands of a good writer, time stands still.



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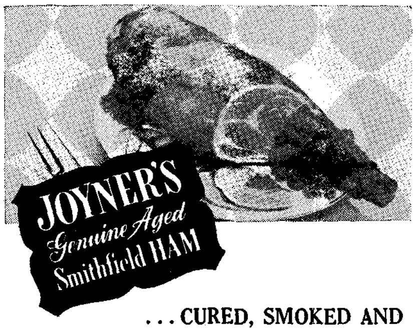

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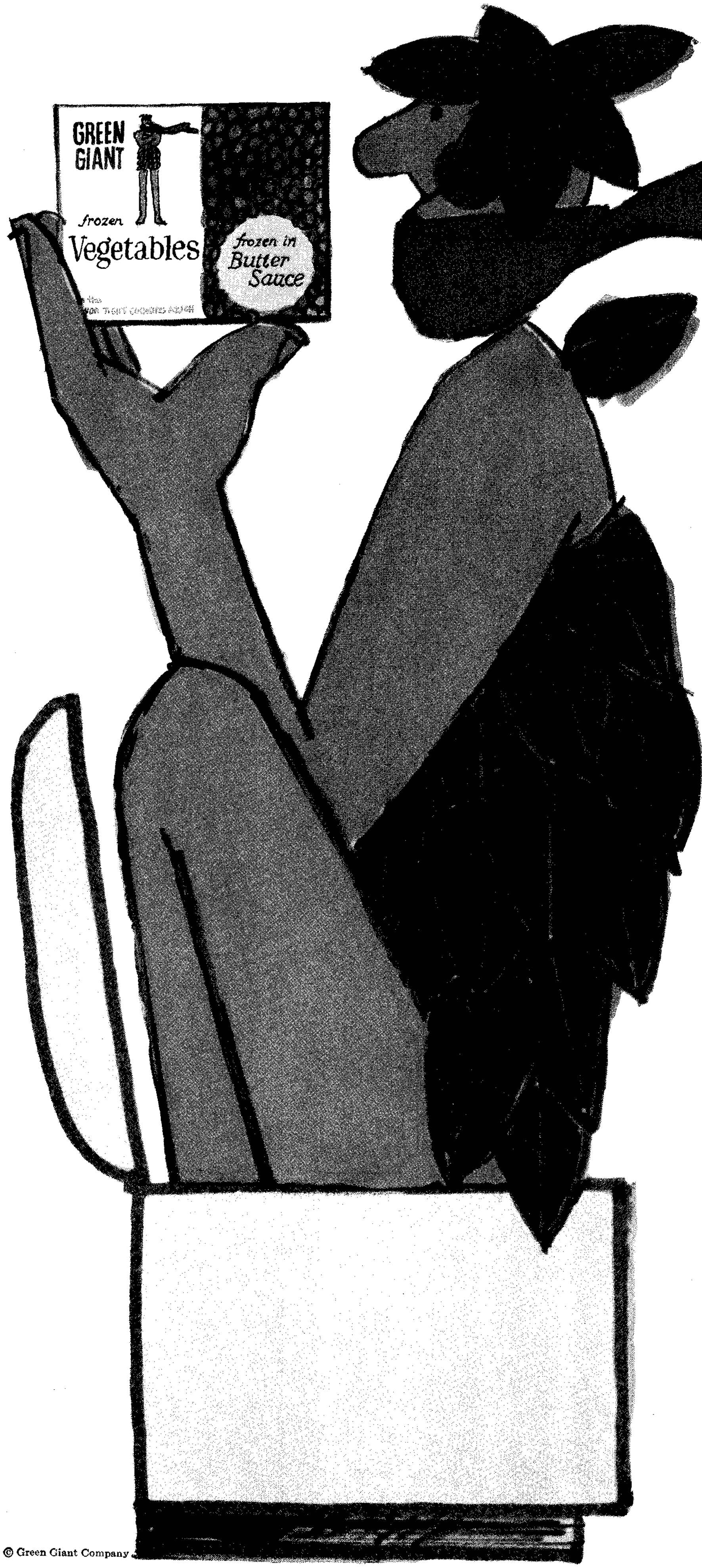

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Well, he did. And so much so, that among the presents he took home with him were several packets of vegetables, with the butter sauce already in them.

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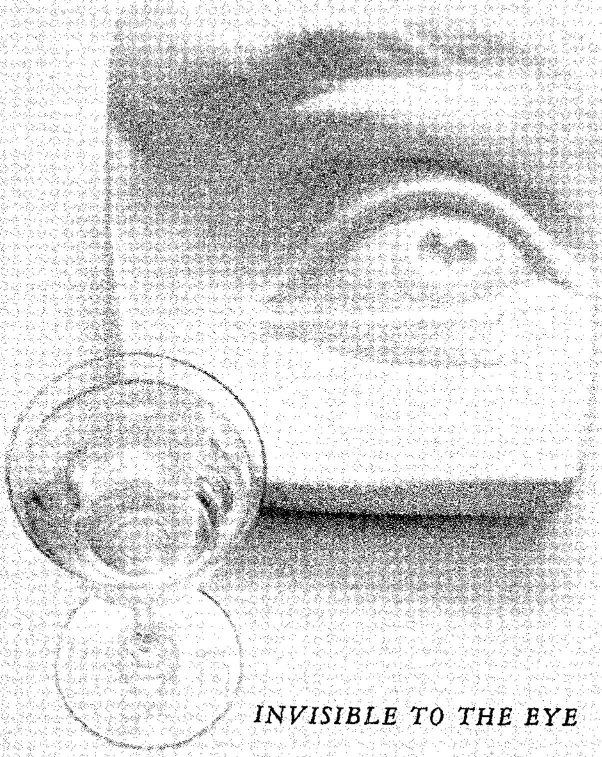

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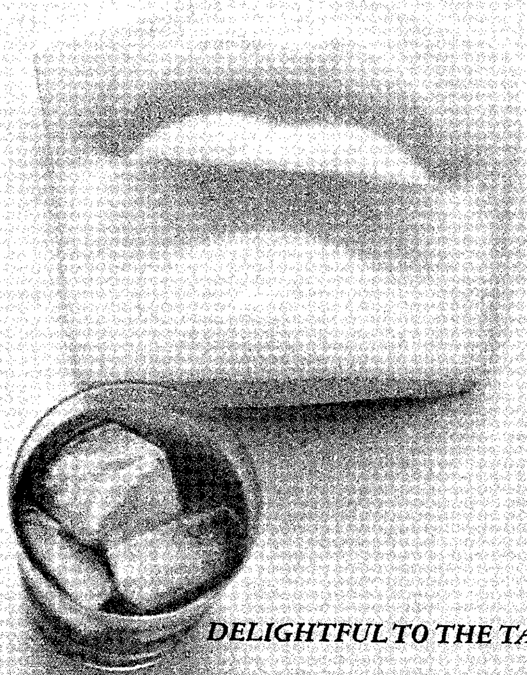

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 25

SENATOR GOLDWATER appeared before his party's Platform Committee in Chicago on July 19, 1960, and proposed that instead of a "platform" the Republican Convention adopt a "declaration of principles." Lexicographers, by and large, seem to feel that the second term is a fair definition of the first, but Senator Goldwater is no respecter of lexicographers, and he drew a sharp distinction between the two. Platforms, he pointed out, promise legislative remedies that are mostly never applied. "The American people have become cynically suspicious of political platforms," he said. "Principles," on the other hand, are highly regarded. The electorate thinks well of them. "I suggest," the Senator said, "that the American people will be far more eager to place their destiny in the hands of a man who announces his beliefs and principles than in the hands of a man who promises and promises and promises, knowing he cannot keep his promises." The Senator submitted to the committee a document prepared in his office and entitled "Suggested Declaration of Republican Principles." It ran to about a thousand words of what might be called Mandarin platformese ("We condemn deficit financing. . . . We must proclaim for victory in the Cold War. . . . We believe every man is entitled to an equal position on the starting line in the race for personal achievement. . . . We deplore the trend to thrust all responsibility on the federal bureaucracy. . . ."), but it was manifestly not a "platform" in the usual sense, because nowhere did it endorse any specific legislation. It could, of course, have been maintained that this made it a perfect platform for a candidate who had announced—as Senator Goldwater had in "The Conscience of a Conservative," published shortly before the 1960 Convention—that "my aim is not to pass laws but to repeal them." But it takes a law to repeal a law, and the "Suggested Declaration" did not single out any specific laws for repeal.

The Platform Committee tabled the Senator's proposal and submitted to the Convention a platform of formidable length and specificity, which had been prepared, in the main, by a group of academicians mobilized by Republicans in the political-science department of the University of Chicago. The Convention, including the Goldwater delegates, adopted it without discussion or amendment. Senator Goldwater, however, still favors the abolition of platforms—by his own party, at any rate—and their replacement by statements of general belief. It appears, though, that he now approaches the problem in a somewhat different way. In 1960, he maintained that a man may be known by the principles he keeps. "If you will tell me what a man believes," he said at Chicago, "if you will tell me those principles to which a man swears allegiance, I can predict with reasonable accuracy how this man will respond in any given situation." But more recently he has defended the declaration of principles on the ground that it defies accurate inference. Asked late last year whether he still stood by his 1960 proposal, he said that he certainly did, and he explained his reasoning:

> Instead of so many words [as might be included in a regular platform], say we included a simple statement like "We believe in the freedom of the individual." All right, Senator Javits can take that in New York and apply it to civil rights, the Negro question, everything else. I can take it and apply it to "right to work." I can apply it to states' rights.

This observation alone assures the Senator a place in the history of American *Realpolitik*. (It gets almost as close to the heart of the matter as Henry Wallace's explanation of why, in a series of speeches on "the general welfare," he had deliberately avoided defining the term. "I believe," the former Vice-President said, "that in a democracy every individual ought to define the general welfare in his own way.") There are other Goldwater observations to match it. One of his difficulties at the moment is that his Senate term expires next year. If he decides to run for the Presidency rather than for the Senate, he risks holding no office at all in 1965. He has been assured by the Attorney General of Arizona that he would violate no state law by running for both offices at the same time. There would be a certain awkwardness in this, however, because in 1960 he went all over the South denouncing Lyndon Johnson for being a candidate both for the Vice-Presidency and for a United States Senate seat from Texas, calling Johnson "the slickest political trickster of our time," and accusing him of a "lack of courage to stand up and fight for one office." Asked why he should now not accept the opinion of his state's counsel, he said:

> No, I can't do that after what I said about Lyndon in 1960—they'd run me out of the country. But if I hadn't opened my big mouth so loud, I might do it.

"I WISH that not only no act but no thought of mine should be unknown," Thomas Jefferson wrote in the last year of his Presidency. Goldwater seems to feel the same way, or almost the same way. There was a certain vanity in Jefferson's candor; there appears to be none in Goldwater's. Jefferson must have felt, as he had every right to feel, that the workings of his mind were interesting and important and relevant. Goldwater's candor leads him to tell a correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*, "You know, I haven't got a really first-class brain." Jefferson called the Presidency a "splendid misery." Goldwater, asked how he feels as he faces the possibility that he may, in a little more than a year, find himself in the White House, says, "Frankly, it scares the hell out of me"—a rather unsettling revelation coming from a man who wishes the United States to "take the offensive in dealing with the worldwide Communist threat," and who has said, in a discussion of the possibility of thermonuclear war, "If possible, overt hostilities should always be avoided." On the possibility of running and not winning, he has said, "If I thought I'd get my tail whipped badly, I'd say the hell with it." But this is all part of the Senator's style. He is the most doctrinaire man in American politics and at the same time the most self-belittling. No one else has so gratuitously exposed to the public his misgivings, his hesitations, his anxieties, even his little political shams. The only remarkable thing about Goldwater's explanation of how he and Senator Javits might find a way of living with each other is the fact that he made it. Every politician knows all about the uses of ambiguity in political rhetoric. It encourages and protects symbiosis—the cohabitation in one environment of creatures as different in their political conformation, coloration, feeding habits, and all the rest as Goldwater and Javits. But the uses of ambiguity are discussed guardedly, if at all, and, of course, ambiguously ("Our differences are policies, our agreements principles," President McKinley once said), by men who are seeking public favor. Something in Goldwater—it may be artfulness, it may be artlessness—leads him to expose even the humbug that he himself has perpetrated. For several years, journalists assigned to acquainting the public with the details of the Senator's biography were told that Goldwater had left the University of Arizona in his freshman year because his father had died and it was necessary for the eldest son to manage the family business. It was a good story—a good "cover," as they say in the Intelligence community—in the sense that it explained an event that needed explanation. And it was true that Goldwater's departure from the university came shortly after his father's death, and that he went to work in the family department store. But Goldwater himself knocked the story down in an authorized biography published last year—"Barry Goldwater: Freedom Is His Flight Plan," by Stephen Shadegg, one of the Senator's political advisers and literary carpenters. Goldwater quit school because he didn't like school. He didn't take over the business, "which was under the capable management of Sam Wilson, who had been with the organization since 1909." Instead, "Barry went to work in the Phoenix store as a junior clerk."

THE Senator's case is a very odd one. He is a man devoid of vanity who finds himself playing a role that seems to require a good deal of vanity. He is an earnest, hard-working man who likes to present himself—part of the time, anyway—as a mere vote-hustler. But the votes he is hustling are votes for reform. He is basically a critic of ideas. He does not offer himself as a superior administrator or organizer. His differences with the Eisenhower and the Kennedy administrations have been not over the way certain things were being done but over the fact that they were being done at all. ("I have little interest in streamlining government or making it more efficient, for I mean to reduce its size.") He perceives, he says, fundamental error in the assumptions about the nature of man and life and society on which the policies of the last four Presidents have been based. The assumptions he holds to be unsound are not peculiar to the United States. They permeate modern thinking on the structure and values of the good society, and they have been an enormous shaping force in most of the Western world throughout this century. The task of overcoming them is essentially an intellectual one—or, as Goldwater might put it, for he is very fond of the word, a "spiritual" one. It would seem to call for intellectual and spiritual labors of a magnitude approaching those undertaken by Jefferson, or by Martin Luther or John Calvin. Nothing is clearer than that if Goldwater does not undertake

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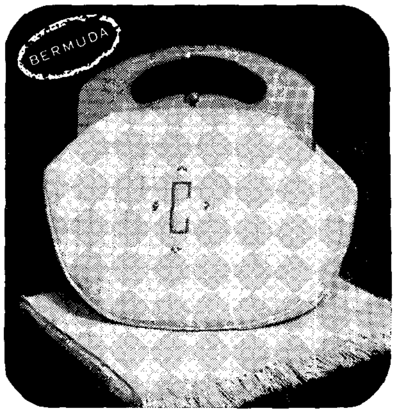

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them no one else will. Yet he constantly calls attention to what he evidently regards as his inadequate qualifications for this heroic work. He not only characterizes his mind as something less than first-rate, but he confesses to an uncertainty both about the value of his prescriptions and about the content of them; the ideological reformer has difficulty recalling from month to month and from year to year exactly what ideological reforms he has urged. His right hand isn't always sure of what his right hand is doing. He has recently rented an electronic computer and hired a staff of punch-card people to determine the nature and extent of the doctrinal commitments he has made. Part of the difficulty, of course, is that he has said so much and signed so much that came from other right hands. "Oh, hell, I've got ghosts all over the place," he has said. In his introduction to "Why Not Victory?," an essay on foreign policy that he published last year, he explained that he had enjoyed the assistance of Brent Bozell ("the guiding hand on my last book") and twelve other "helpers, ghosts, call them what you will, [who] provided me with the crutches I so badly need." "Why Not Victory?" is an uncompromising attack on American foreign policy in every part of the world. In it the Senator tells the American people what their government ought to be doing in Cuba, Laos, Berlin, India, the Congo, the United Nations, NATO, SEATO, CENTO, and quite a few other territories and organizations. At the end of this work that had the benefit of so much assistance, Goldwater says, "Reading over what I have written, it strikes me that my tone may be lacking in humility." He is not far off the mark. But he goes on with a *caveat emptor* urging a fifty-per-cent discount: "I don't know all the answers. . . . None of us here in Washington knows all or even half the answers." In an altogether extraordinary passage, he writes:

> Your Congressmen, your Senators, your Cabinet members are human. I daresay—though I could not prove it—that they all put their trousers on one leg at a time.
>
> Being human, they need help. Your help. After all, you elect them. . . .
>
> If you don't know anything about the Communist conspiracy, if you think Karl Marx is Groucho's brother, if what Khrushchev is doing to the world escapes your attention because you turn right to the sports page (I turn right to the sports page but then I reluctantly thumb to the front of the paper), then you are not being responsible to the people you elect.

Not long ago, Walter Lippmann wrote of Goldwater that he is "not a fanatic of the extreme right but an ambitious politician [who] is now in the process of reshaping himself for the political realities of this country." It is perfectly clear that Goldwater is not a fanatic of any sort. He lacks the zealot's sense of beleaguerment, the true believer's certitude. He seems innocent of rancor, hostility, and defensiveness. He is amused and at times bemused by his own behavior. Recently, he was asked to account for the fact that he had said in 1960 that alliances "ultimately doom [us] to failure" and in 1962 that they "form a great dam against the running tide." "I would be hard put to remember what caused me to write that alliances doom us to failure," he said in 1963. "We have to have NATO." In politics, it is common to assume that ambition explains anything that is not easily explained some other way, but there is no real evidence that Goldwater's ambition is at all unusual. On the contrary, it seems clear that its intensity does not approach that of John F. Kennedy at a similar stage, or that of Nelson Rockefeller today, and right now it is possible to wonder whether Goldwater really wants either the Republican nomination or the Presidency. "I have no desire for it," he told the National Press Club last year. "I don't want the job," he told a California audience this year. And although he has since said how nice it might be to run for both the Presidency and the Senate, reporters who travel around the country with him persist in believing that there is a part of him—a very large part—that resists the whole idea. At this stage, of course, what he may or may not want has little to do with what will or will not happen next year. He is the commander of an embattled army, and he must abandon command headquarters feet first or not at all. If he were to walk out, the one defense he could make would be that he did not seek command but had it thrust upon him. It would be unacceptable to the troops but not groundless. Circumstances that were entirely beyond his control account for his present position of being by far the strongest contender for the Republican nomination. There was, to begin with, the defeat of Richard M. Nixon in his attempt to win the governorship of California last year. Had Nixon won, it would have been difficult for next year's Republican Convention to take any other candidate seriously. Goldwater, however, was not the immediate gainer from what seemed at the time to be the final elimination of Nixon. (It does not seem quite so final now.) Last April, the Gallup Poll re-

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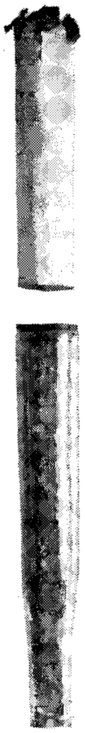

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ported that forty-three per cent of the rank-and-file Republicans favored Rockefeller for the nomination, and that twenty-six per cent favored Goldwater. Governor Romney, of Michigan, was favored by thirteen per cent. Practically no one here or anywhere else thought that Goldwater had a chance; most experts were confident that if, for some reason, Rockefeller couldn't make it, Governor Romney would be chosen. A month later, Dr. Gallup announced that Goldwater had overcome Rockefeller's lead; he drew thirty-five per cent to Rockefeller's thirty, with Romney pulling up to twenty-two. In a month, if the poll-takers are to be believed, great numbers of Republicans had switched from the candidate who stood farthest left to the one who stood farthest right—and there is no reason to question the essential accuracy of the polls. But what had moved Goldwater into the lead was neither his own political activity, which had been no more intensive than at any other time in recent years, nor a sudden shift in Republican ideology. The only political development of note in the period between the two soundings was the marriage of the recently divorced Governor of New York to the recently divorced Mrs. Margaretta Murphy. Goldwater was the beneficiary of a highly unideological development.

There were, to be sure, other developments. Goldwater's appeal to his party's Warwicks is enhanced by their knowledge that he would have a better chance than any other Republican of winning electoral votes in the South. But this was hardly a serious consideration before the spring civil-rights crisis and the change in Rockefeller's domestic arrangements—for neither of which Goldwater bears the slightest responsibility. The one large and deliberate contribution he has made to his own advancement is a speaking schedule so heavy that any man who would take it on must automatically come under suspicion of harboring the very largest of ambitions. Even here, though, Goldwater's case is a rather special one. In 1955, he was elected chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee—a position that requires its occupant to go anyplace from sea to shining sea where a hat may be passed for contributions to Republican senatorial campaigns. Goldwater held this demanding office until this year, and worked at it with astonishing vigor and with what to him must have been gratifying results. (In those eight years, during which the Presidency was lost and large numbers of Republican governors,

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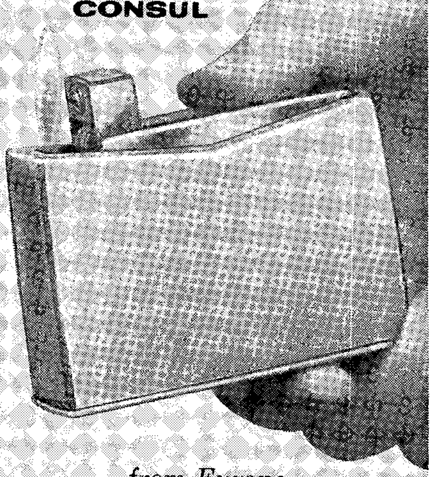

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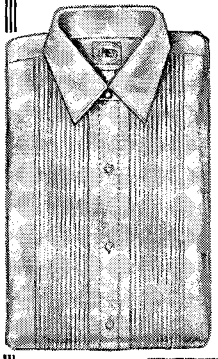

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congressmen, and state legislators were replaced by Democrats, there was a net loss of only two Republican seats in the Senate.) Whether or not Goldwater is an uncommonly ambitious politician, he is unquestionably an energetic one. Long before anyone felt compelled to take him seriously as a candidate in 1964, he had logged a million miles and made thousands of speeches—the calculations are his—and for this reason was almost certainly justified in saying, as he did last month, "I don't think anyone in this Party knows more Republicans than I do." He has also said, "This accumulation of Republican friends wasn't done with the idea of using it for anything except getting Republicans elected. . . . It came as a by-product of my just doing my job as a Republican." His celebrity in the Party's ranks—as distinct from his present standing among candidates for the Party's nomination—was won at a time when his main quarry was cash and when he might almost as reasonably have aspired to be King of Spain as President of the United States.

It does not seem very difficult to explain Goldwater's progress from the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties. When he entered the Senate, in 1953, the only Republican leaders of note were President Eisenhower and Senator Taft. The President was the President because his constituency was bipartisan. Senator Taft was a defeated man and a dying one. In the eight Eisenhower years, only Nixon and Rockefeller attracted followings of any size. Goldwater acquired, as he said, a lot of Republican friends, but the friends had prior commitments. Nixon suffered a major defeat, and made things worse by taking it with a conspicuous lack of grace. Rockefeller made a gross miscalculation of some sort (one wonders at times whether it was really the remarriage that did him in or whether the remarriage merely served as a convenient excuse for abandoning a ship that many Republicans wished they had never boarded), and dropped thirteen per cent in the Gallup ratings. Goldwater, who a few months previously had been running a poor third, moved to the top by a double default and has held it nicely for six months. He is attractive, he is agreeable, he is available. He is articulate in conversation but an indifferent speaker and a fumbling debater. Even when his words are listless, though, and his line of argument cloudy, his manner is unfailingly ingratiating.

Goldwater's victories thus far have not been in doctrinal combat, but it is doctrine that has made a combatant out of him. He represents a small state, and, unless his friends in the party are

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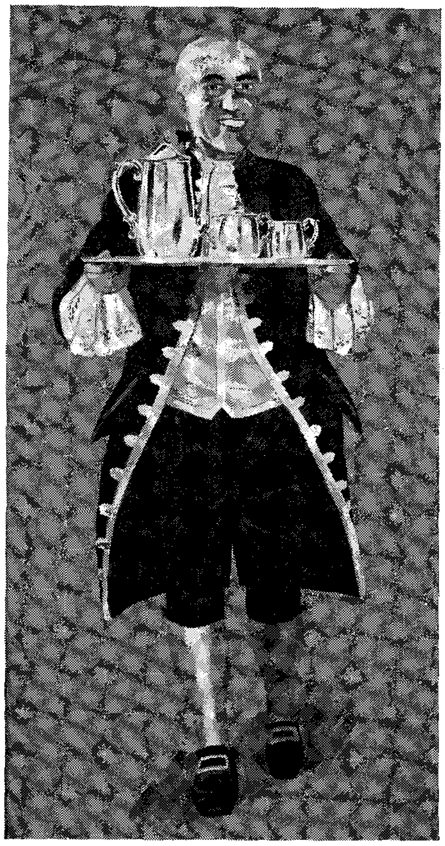

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to be regarded as a power unit in themselves, he controls no important piece of political machinery. He has few favors to grant and few to withhold. Unlike Governor Rockefeller, unlike the Vice-President in 1960, he cannot conscript political laborers. He commands only volunteers. Those who now toil in the vineyard for Goldwater do so because they like the message he brings; if he should bring a very different one, they would be perfectly free to remove the Goldwater stickers from their car bumpers and occupy themselves in some other way. In numbers, the volunteers may not constitute a very impressive force, but they are an indispensable one, and to them doctrine is just about everything. They have allies in Goldwater followers of a commoner kind—the Party workers who appraise doctrines by the number of votes they are likely to win or lose. Indifferent to doctrine, they skip from Nixon, in the middle, to Rockefeller, on the left, to Goldwater, on the right, because they are looking for a winner. Those who support Goldwater now do so because they accept the view of his strategists that the only way the Republicans can win in 1964 is by carrying all the South and all the West—except, perhaps, for California. Doctrine has become crucial to this group because it is doctrine that makes Goldwater acceptable in the South and West.

A Solid South and an almost Solid West cannot prevail against a Solid East, a Solid Midwest, and California. The Goldwater people acknowledge this, but argue that the Party organizations in some of the more populous states ought to be able to deliver for the Party candidate, whoever he is. This is the proposition, one can be sure, that will be most hotly disputed in the next several months, and Goldwater's doctrine will be at the center of the controversy. What the organization Republicans in the industrial states can be expected to contend—indeed, are already contending—is not only that they can't deliver for Goldwater but that Goldwater, as long as he sticks to the views that make him popular in South Carolina, Texas, and Idaho, is sure to drag hundreds of other candidates down with him. It is hopeless, they say, to think that Goldwater could go about the country as a states'-rights man while Senators Keating and Javits were explaining in New York that it was possible to read the Republican platform (or "declaration of principles") as lending support to civil-rights legislation. Goldwater, they are already pointing out, will not even ad-

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dress himself to the plight of the great urban centers. Republicans in the Northeast shudder at the prospect of having to solicit votes for a candidate who has said, "If we get back to readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, and an occasional little whack where it will help, then I think our educational system will take care of itself."

There is, of course, a way to calm and satisfy these statesmen. Goldwater could change. Others have done it in the past, and he himself has shown a certain capacity for doing it. There are many people here who believe that reconstruction is inevitable—that, in fact, it is already in an advanced stage. That is what Walter Lippmann had in mind when he said that Goldwater was reshaping himself for the political realities of this country. "It is interesting to watch him," Lippmann said, "and comforting to think that the system is working so well." Lippmann believes—and much recent history supports his view—that there is a force in American political life that resolves the largest of our conflicts by compromise well in advance of national elections, so that the Presidential constituency is confronted with a narrow choice. This is good, he holds, because it provides moderation and continuity in policy. It has generally worked out that way, and it may do so again next year, but what history also shows is that the resolution of conflict has tended to be in the choice of candidates rather than in the reshaping of candidates by themselves. The last great Republican conservative, Robert A. Taft, modified certain of his views in his later years, but this was an aspect of his conservatism, not a denial of it. He remained a conservative to the end, and was passed over for the nomination four times. The men who were given the prize he so badly wanted had very little to do in the way of remodelling.

Goldwater, it might be argued, is not really in the Taft tradition. He is no slave to consistency, and he does not appear to have made a lifelong profession of his present views. On the contrary, there is some mystery about how and when he came to them in the first place. When he entered Republican politics, eleven years ago, he sounded, like so many other Republicans of the time, as if he wanted to save the New Deal by putting it under sound business management. In his maiden speech as a candidate for the Senate, he said that he was addressing himself "to all sincere men and women who are concerned with retaining the social gains

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which have been made in the past twenty years." He went on about the "gains":

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When he got to the Senate, he did not immediately join the conservative coalition. In fact, he was very much against it on a key matter—the Senate filibuster, which he wanted to outlaw. Nor was he the scourge of the "worldwide Communist menace" that he is today. While Richard Nixon and John Foster Dulles were trying to prepare American opinion for armed intervention on the French side in the Indo-China war, Goldwater was proposing an amendment to the foreign-aid bill that would cut France off without a dime unless she gave "satisfactory assurances" that she would "free" Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Goldwater's alienation from what Lippmann regards as the "center" that draws candidates from all directions seems to have grown rather than diminished. In a study of his voting over the years, the *Congressional Quarterly* showed that his differences with the Eisenhower administration became more numerous as the years went on. He has become more instead of less conservative with time.

In the months ahead, no doubt, Goldwater will recognize discretion to be the better part of valor and move away from some of the positions he has taken. He has already done a bit of this. Once, he favored applying the anti-trust laws to labor unions. Now he says, "I don't think it will work, frankly. [The] laws are too cumbersome." Once, he said that the Supreme Court decision on segregated schools "isn't necessarily the law of the land." Now he says that it is, and that he would, as a last resort, use troops to compel compliance with it. Once, he said that the graduated income tax was confiscatory, and that "the government has a right to claim an equal percentage of each man's wealth and no more." Now he says, "We can't repeal the [graduated] income tax totally. It's an evil, [but] what I would propose is a complete study of the whole tax problem." Once, he proposed a national right-to-work, or open-shop, law. Now he says that it should be up to the states to apply the principle of *chacun à son goût*. It is to be expected that there will be a few more revisions and reversals. Speaking a few weeks ago on the controversy between the civilian authorities in the Pentagon and the military career men, he said, "I say fear the civilians—they're taking over." As a civilian who could one day find himself Commander-in-Chief, he will discover it necessary to say that this doesn't mean what it seems to mean. As recently as a month ago, in the midst of the debate over the Treaty of Moscow, he said he still believed that the United States should withdraw diplomatic recognition from the Soviet Union and all other Communist governments. The Western alliance would come apart at the seams if an American President were insistent on this point; the question in NATO is not whether there should or should not be East-West relations but what the nature of the East-West relations should be.

Goldwater can take up the ideological slack here and there, but it is hard to see how he could—even if he wished to, which is doubtful in the extreme—move away from the positions with which he is identified and which give him his political identity. He could say what Javits and Keating think any prudent Republican ought to say, and this would make him stronger in New York. But he could satisfy New Yorkers only by risking his position in the South and West. He is running a certain risk in the South right now, for although he stands with it on most legislative matters, he will not defend segregation. A former member of the N.A.A.C.P. and a present member of the National Urban League, he is no more a bigot than Walter Reuther or the Reverend Dr. John Haynes Holmes. (Goldwater on school integration: "I believe that it is both wise and just for Negro children to attend the same schools as whites." On "public accommodations": "As a merchant, I feel that a man in business who advertises for customers to come to his store . . . cannot deny [those customers], regardless of race, creed, or color, the opportunity to purchase in any department of that store or business.") The governors of Alabama and Mississippi have already made it clear that, as far as they are concerned, he will not do. His predicament is that if he tries to carry Ohio, he is likely to kill his chances in Louisiana. If he tries very hard to please Senator Javits, the bumper stickers will start coming off, and the only troops he has will leave the field.

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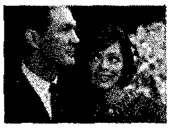

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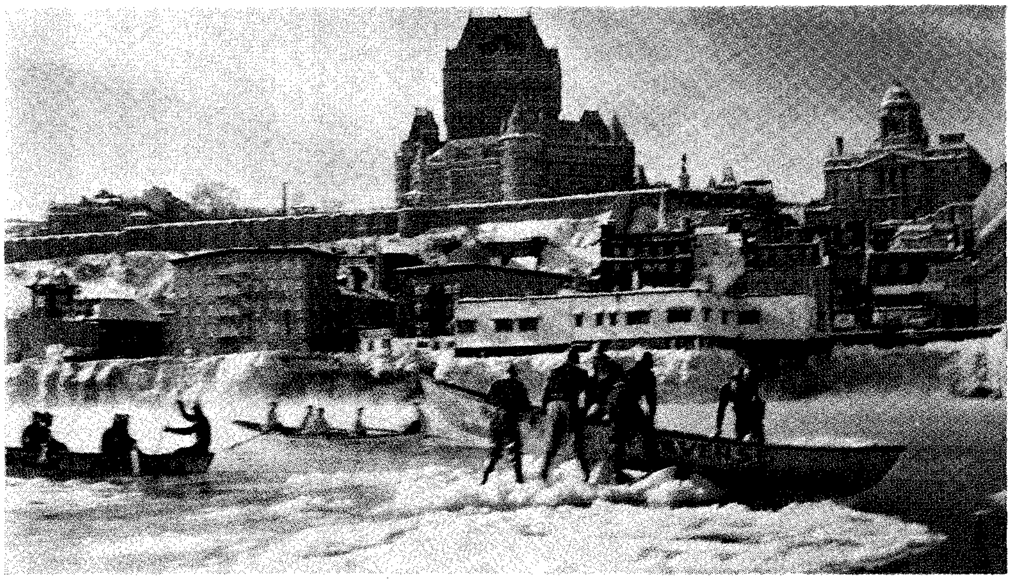

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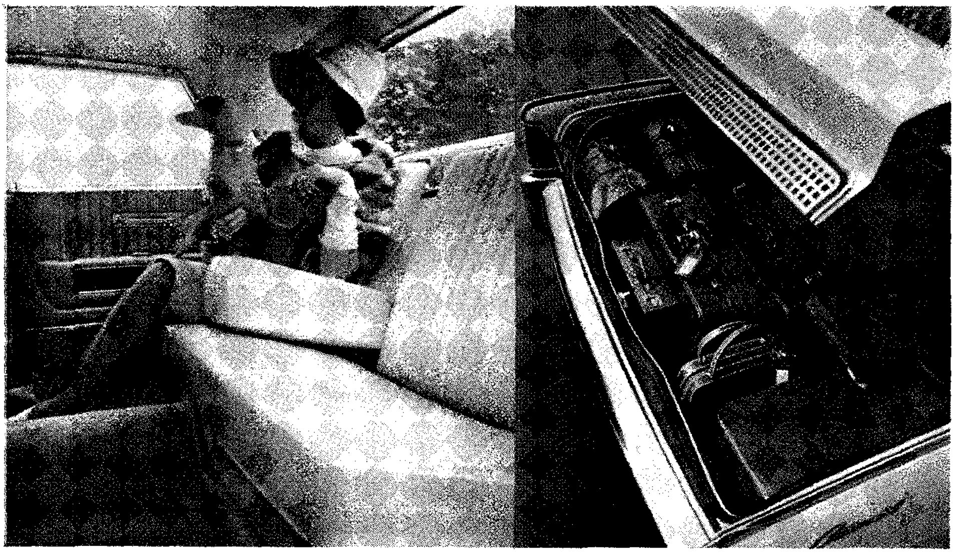

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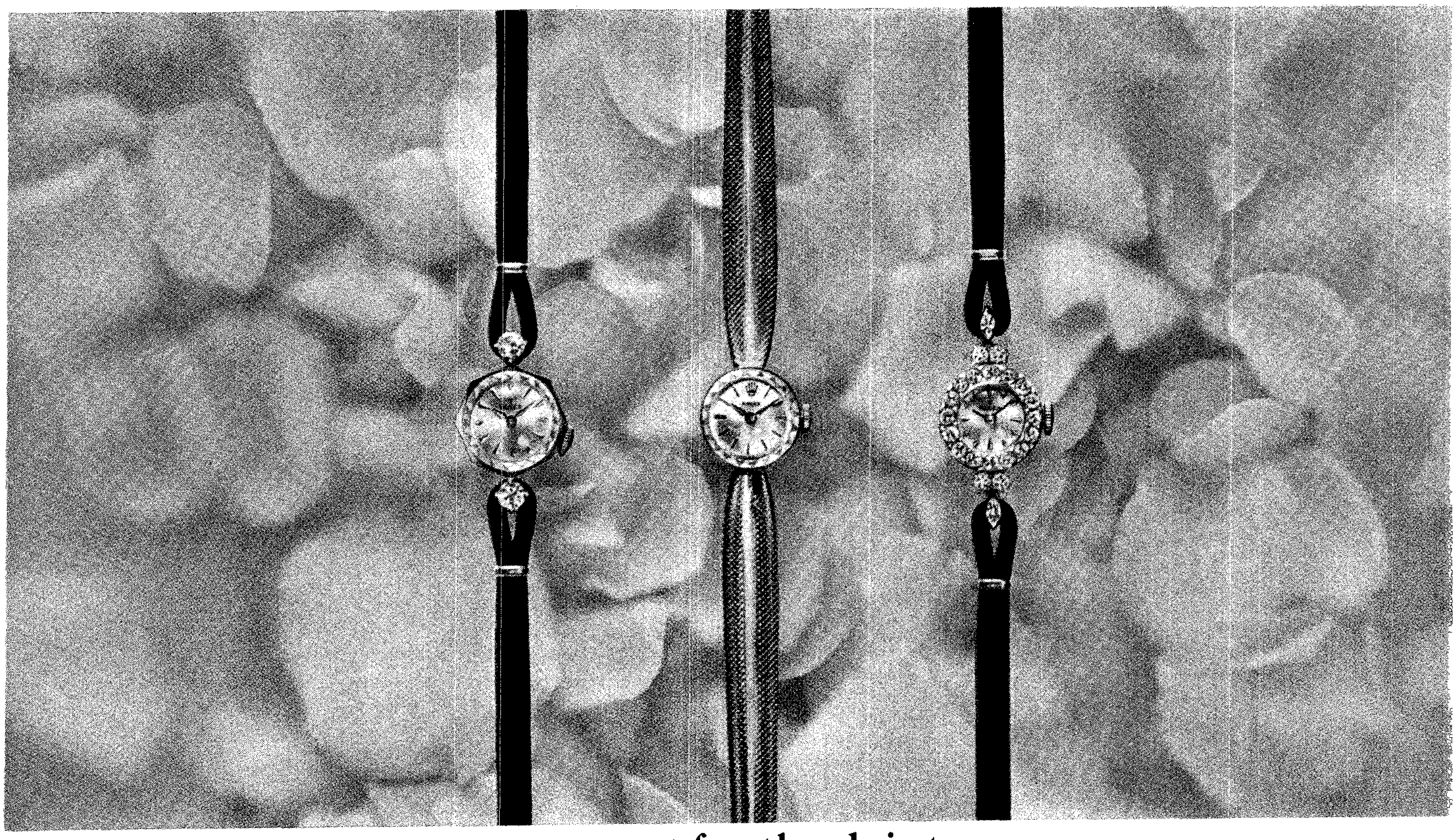

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THE ESCAPE

NOT long after my family moved from St. Louis to Chicago, I ran away from home. It is only honest to admit that the affair didn't amount to much; indeed, nobody among my relatives remembers it, except my sister Rose, today a psychiatric social worker, who claims she does. She says I ran away because I was disturbed, and she adds that we were all disturbed at the time, and that the move to Chicago was bad for us. She speaks, of course, as a social worker, but when she talks like that I'm visited by the ghost of an old resentment. "There they go again," I say to myself, "crowding in on the act." But the annoyance really is only a ghost. It is nothing like the frustration and rage I felt back in 1920 at the slightest hint that any one of the rest of the family was as miserable as I was. Mother once tried to tell me that she was unhappy, too, but I only walked off, shaking my head. The misery was mine and mine alone. I was fifteen, and entitled to undisputed possession. Had I not been forced to leave St. Louis against my will? Wasn't I always being pushed around? No one but me had my sensitivity; no one but me knew how to suffer; the others were clods. It was clear that I had to run away.

"There must have been something wrong with you," my husband said recently, when I told him the story. "Girls don't usually run away from home."

"All normal girls do," I said loftily.

But, having thought it over, I will concede that I may be mistaken about that. My family weren't really clods, and they weren't abnormal, yet out of five girls and one boy, of whom I was the next to youngest, I'm the only one who ran away.

Very likely it happened not so much because we moved to Chicago as because I had a hangover from books. I was a deep reader, plunging into a story and remaining immersed even after I'd finished it. Some of it was apt to cling for a long time, like water to a bathing suit. The "Jungle Books" clung, for example. Mowgli was a natural wanderer. I was surprised when he went back to his home cave once, after he'd grown up, to confer with Mother and Father Wolf. I assumed that he had forgotten them. I had. I was also a natural wanderer, or wanted to be. Mowgli was the real thing—the best example—but there were others. David Copperfield, for instance; *he* ran away, and a lot of Dickens' other children were admi-

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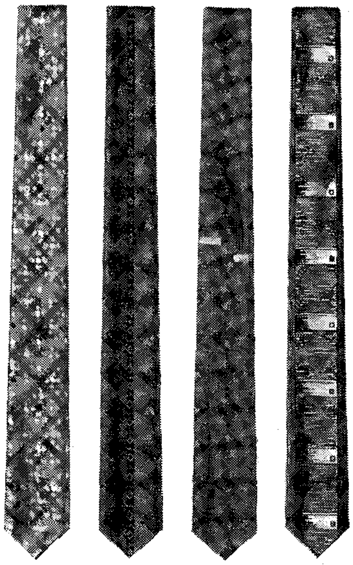

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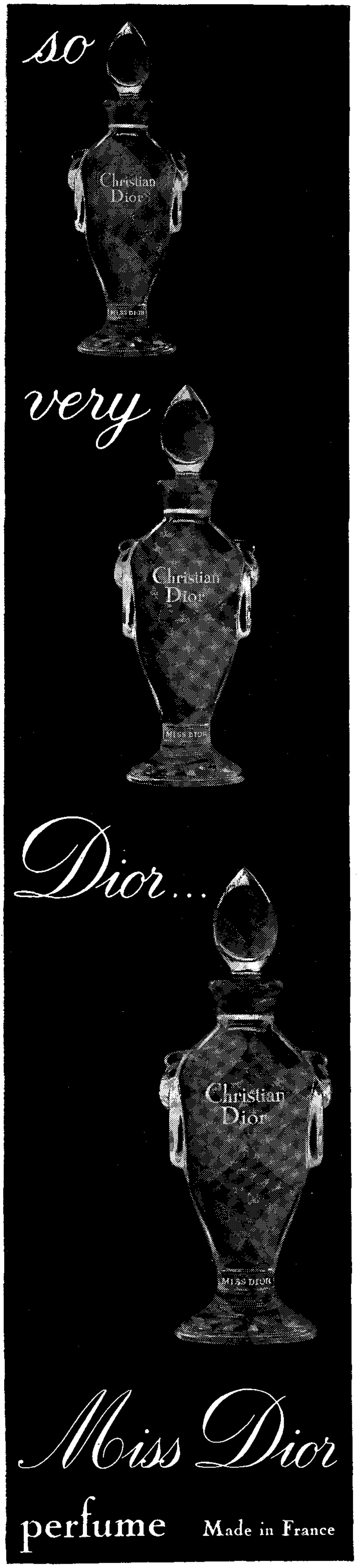
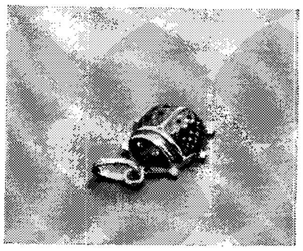


rably mobile, too. I was certain that Little Nell, though she thought she was sorry to slip away from home with her grandfather, must have felt some hidden enthusiasm for the road. Nor did I have to depend on Dickens for vicarious running away. I drifted downriver with Huck Finn, and got lost with Tom Sawyer, and sailed here and there, all over the world, with any number of other people, scorning the stale air of indoors.

At the same time, I much preferred to be indoors in fact; there I could read in comfort of the wild hawk to the windswept sky, the deer to the wholesome wold. My mother was always sending me out to play, partly because the open air was healthful and partly because she thought reading, done to excess, ruined the eyes. We all had good eyes, and she was a keen reader herself, but she dreaded some future day when we might use up our allotted sight, so she instituted a rationing system: her children up to the age of twelve might read for pleasure only half an hour a day; when they reached their teens, they were allowed an hour. The rest of our leisure time had to be spent in the open air. This was the era of the sleeping porch, or, if you couldn't have that, of the window gaping wide all the winter night, which may have been a legacy of Theodore Roosevelt—himself a great one for wandering in the open air—or a reaction to central heating, which we rather overdid. At any rate, I found playing outdoors boring until I learned to hide books under the back porch or in a pear tree's cleft. After that, it was simply a matter of finding some spot out of sight where I could read in peace.

LATER on, in Chicago, it suited me to mope as if I'd lost a paradise when we moved away from St. Louis, and I began to dream of running off—if not to that one, then to some other. And St. Louis was, in fact, a pleasant place. There must have been other towns along the Mississippi with a similar charm—places where cement had not yet tamped down everything and nature still showed through—but I thought mine unique. I firmly believed that the little girl from New York who came out every summer to visit her grandparents next door was as miserable, when the time came to return to the brownstone fronts of the East, as Persephone going back to the underworld. In New York, we children told each other, there were no back yards. That unfortunate Eastern child had to

BAH! HUMBUG!



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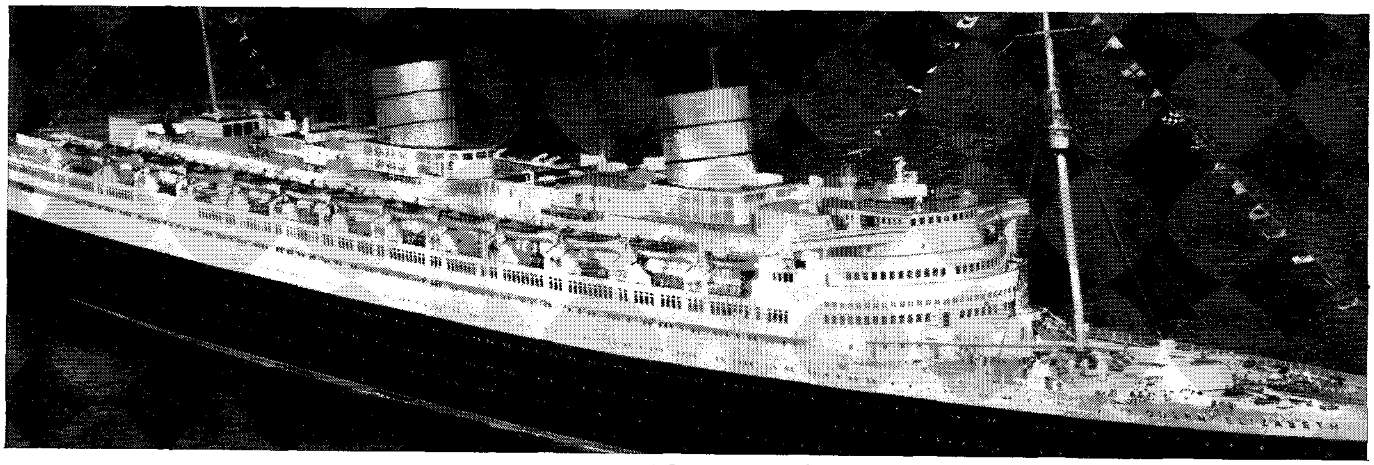

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Jan. 28—*Caronia* from New York around the world via South America, South Africa, India, and the Orient; 95 days, 20 ports, 14 lands, 31,415 miles, $2,875 up.

NASSAU

Feb. 5, Feb. 11, Feb. 19, March 26—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, $185 up.

WEST INDIES

In addition to the ports listed in 1963 West Indies cruises, 1964 ports of call *also* include Trinidad, Grenada, Cartagena and Cristobal.

Jan. 6—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, $290 up.

Jan. 6—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, $335 up.

Jan. 21—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 13 days, eight ports, $400 up.

Feb. 3—*Franconia* from New York; 20 days, eleven ports, $615 up.

Feb. 4—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, seven ports, $430 up.

Feb. 19—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, eight ports, $430 up.

Feb. 24—*Franconia* from New York; 17 days, nine ports, $520 up.

March 7—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, $335 up.

March 14—*Franconia* from New York; 15 days, six ports, $420 up.

March 30—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, $305 up.

April 11—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, four ports, $320 up.

MEDITERRANEAN

Feb. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 25 days, 7 lands, 10,224 miles, $1,125 up.

May 5—*Caronia* Spring cruise from New York to Alexandria, Haifa, Beirut, Athens, and 14 other ports . . . 43 days, 14 countries, 12,351 miles, $1,125 up.

NORTH CAPE

July 3—*Caronia* from New York; 45 days, 23 ports, 11 lands, 13,373 miles, $1,175 up.

NOTE: On all 1963-64 Cunard transatlantic cruises, your ticket can include return on any Cunarder, including the *Queen Elizabeth* or *Queen Mary.*

For details see your travel agent or Cunard Line: main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

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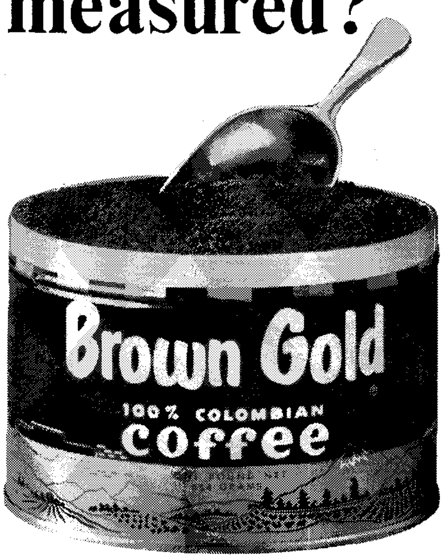

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live in a flat, with no place to dig in the dirt. Actually, what should have bothered us was that St. Louis was a hell of a place for a summer resort. It rests in a topographical hollow, and the air is usually quiet, growing humid to an extreme degree in summer, except for the times when everything blows up all at once in a cyclone. Our cyclones and tornadoes were inconvenient, and even dangerous, but we were proud of them.

Fountain Avenue was where we lived, across the street from Fountain Park—an oval-shaped tract of land about three blocks long, with trees and paths and benches and trimmed grass. My parents often said contentedly that it was a splendid place for children, but I preferred our back yard—a much wilder place. I didn't know much about jungles, but I pictured them as something like the back yard. There were hibiscus bushes in it, and peach and pear trees. Somebody else had a persimmon tree, not far off; I know it couldn't have been ours, because the fruit bounced on someone's coach-house roof when it fell, and we didn't have a coach house. A ripe persimmon that has hit a roof on its way down is a badly squashed persimmon, but those tasted wonderful, in spite of twigs and bits of dead leaf that had to be pulled off it or spat out. Bitten at the proper angle, a persimmon seed puckers the mouth, and when it splits open, a little white spoon lies inside it in silhouette.

Our yard was divided from its neighbors by a high board fence, always in need of paint. It had an occasional knothole and looked like the cartoon fences through whose holes little ragamuffins steal glimpses of baseball games. The upright planks were reinforced near the top by a ledge, on which daring children walked, balancing. In time, the fence was replaced by a low wire one—everybody who was anybody was getting wire fences—and privacy was gone in our block. You could see both ways as far as the eye could travel, and I was sorry. Progress marred our alley, too. To begin with, when I pulled myself up to stand on the rim of our ashpit and peered over a wall into the alley, what I saw was almost rural. The alley was cobbled, bounded on one side by a vacant lot and a couple of wooden outhouses and a stable. In the stable lived a horse, who kept his head resting on the lower half of his divided door and always regarded me amiably. The whole place smelled of horse, cold ashes, garbage, and open ground. But one day men appeared and dug in the vacant lot, and

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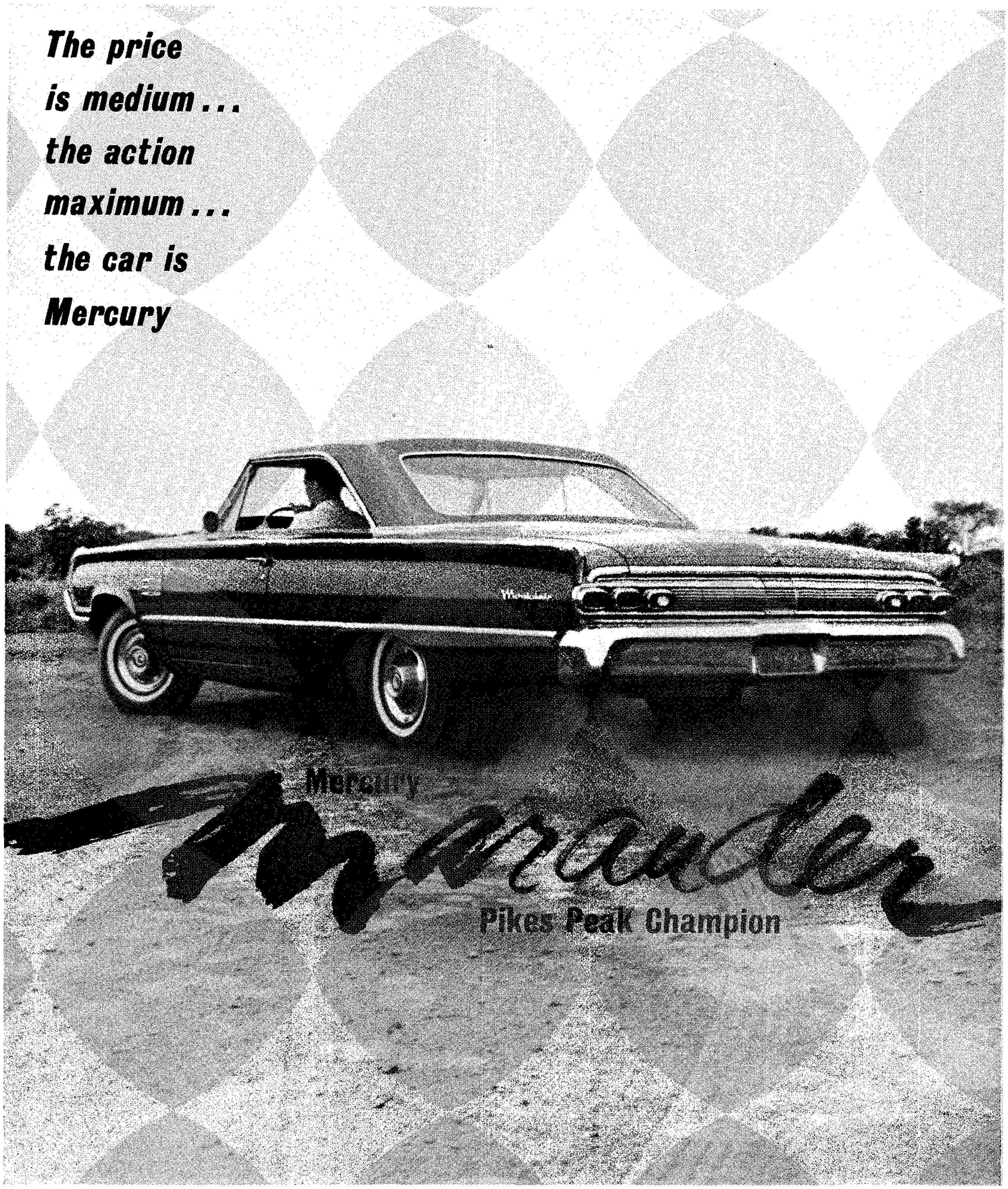
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practically the next day a tall red brick apartment building stood on it. About the same time, the stable, shed, and horse disappeared, to be replaced by concrete and brick and glass, with a lot of earthenware pots in evidence. It must have been the back of a flower shop. In the same abrupt manner—my memory moves as jerkily as an early silent movie—the rough alleyway became smoothly paved and good for roller-skating. St. Louis changed, but it was nice.

Late in May, it would begin to heat up. Then we were permitted to go barefoot, outside of school hours—a privilege I did not appreciate, for the sidewalks burned my feet and the asphalt in the streets melted to a mushy consistency, streaking my legs with tar. Wherever potholes in a street were being mended, there was a little heap of soft tar nearby, and I remember—though I hate to think of it—that we filched little pieces of the tar and chewed it. The parched grass of Fountain Park was easier than asphalt on the feet, but if one simply *had* to stay outside, the back yard was best. There we could turn on the garden hose and wallow. When the classroom thermometer at our school rose above ninety, we were sent home.

Then came vacation, and after a few weeks everybody, including us, went away. My father would go with us to Michigan, settle us in, stay a couple of weeks, and return to work. My mother always filled the family scene to a greater extent than he did; she could hardly help shouldering him out, for he was away a good deal of the time, "on the road," selling things for a company of which he was half owner. But my father was not self-effacing. He enjoyed entertaining people, telling stories, and singing. Nevertheless, it is Mother I remember, and it was Mother I preferred. When Daddy wasn't on the road, we children went down to the streetcar stop to meet him. As he stepped off the car, we made a great demonstration, jumping and yelling and rushing to embrace him, scuffling like puppies, but I'm afraid I carried on in this manner only because the others were doing it. I was afraid of him, really. It was one of the foremost facts of our life that he was nervous and couldn't take too much noise. Nervous people, I knew, were as unpredictable as nervous dogs. Also, he affronted my vanity in the matter of what would nowadays be called sibling rivalry, by adoring my older sister Dorothy and paying less attention to the rest of us. It was only when I was older and braver that I learned to

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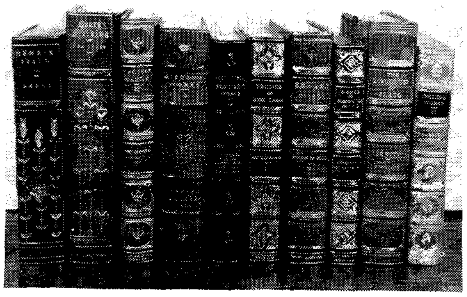

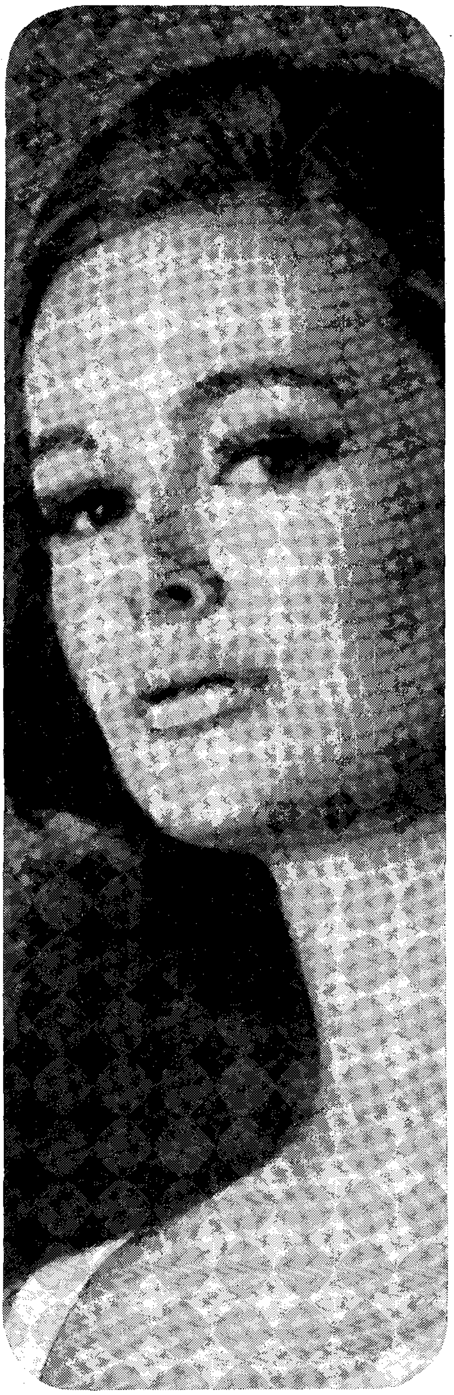

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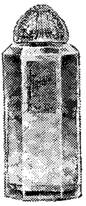

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like him, and he in turn learned to recognize me. But if I didn't love my father, I certainly never realized it. I thought I loved him, and we were always in holiday mood when we set off all together for Michigan.

I wonder why Michigan. Presumably my parents thought it cooler than St. Louis, and it must have been, because anywhere was, but we didn't visit the northern woods; we went to a farm right in the heat belt. We didn't drive, of course. Cars were not quite unknown, but I can't remember anybody who actually went from one town to another by auto. We travelled on a train, taking with us a big trunk and many suitcases, getting aboard in the late afternoon and sleeping in flimsily constructed rooms of green cloth. The moldy smell of that cloth is still evocable in my nostrils. Arriving in Chicago next day, we rode across town in a Parmelee horse-drawn bus to another station. The bus was upholstered in something shabby and slippery, and the streets were bumpy. I kept sliding off the bench, but my mind was not on keeping my place, because I was looking out with horror at the streets. No skyscrapers today, not even the nightmare canyons of Wall Street, can match the towering height of Chicago's buildings as I saw them in my childhood. Not only were they tall, they faced each other across narrow streets into which the sun could not reach, and they were black all over with grime. At this point, angry Chicagoans may declare passionately that it simply isn't true, and that the Parmelee bus never followed such a route, so I hasten to assure them that I know it—now. I have tried, myself, to find those hellish buildings and the nightmare sooty pavements we rode along, but I couldn't. I can only conclude that I didn't really see them at all but read a description of such a place—some demon world—in a book, and mixed it up with reality. And yet it is vivid in my memory—the dreadful buildings, and ramshackle wooden sheds, and the brick façades of miserable tenements. It seemed natural, therefore, that my sisters spoke disparagingly of Chicago. "How dreadful it must be to have to live in Chicago!" they would say, and look with pity from the bus windows at the miserable people in the streets. Though I did not live there yet, and did not dream that I ever would, it was a place I was already glad to escape from.

NOW, with one of those sudden cinema jerks, I remember myself at fifteen, in high school and already

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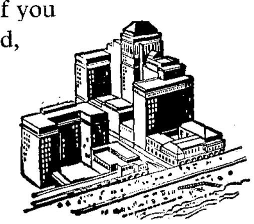

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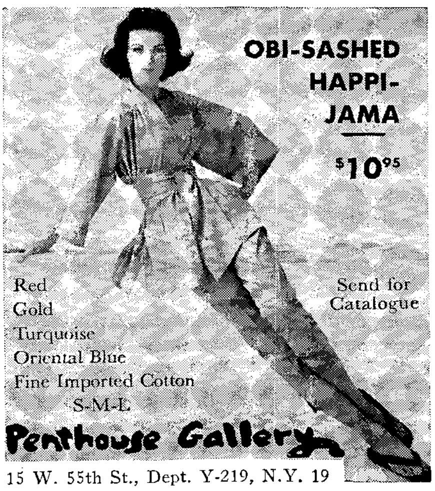

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Big Doings For Little People

This Sunday evening (November 3) at 6, the biggest man on television will be a chap named Hunder.

That's no mere prediction; it's a fact. For Hunder is taller than a church steeple, broader than a boulevard.

The Human Factor

He's also the only human performer in the otherwise all-puppet cast of "Quillow and the Giant," a musical fantasy produced and directed by David Barnhizer.

The show—a fine sample of "entertainment education"—is the first of four "NBC Children's Theatre" specials. Executive producer George A. Heinemann's series is aimed at giving the four-to-seven set several distinct varieties of theatrical experience. Like the highly acclaimed "Exploring" and "Watch Mr. Wizard," the specials typify NBC's thoughtful, imaginative programs for young viewers.

Opening the series is Biff McGuire's television adaptation of the James Thurber fantasy in which an ingenious little character named Quillow saves his townspeople from the ire of an invading giant, Hunder.

The musical—generously laden with suspense, humor, visual charm and the catchiest songs this side of Mitch Miller—also teaches a valuable lesson: the wisdom of using brains rather than brawn when the physical odds are overwhelming.

Quillow's technique is psychological warfare. Eventually, the giant—played superbly by actor-singer Win Stracke—becomes so distraught that he disappears in a puff of smoke.

In the course of the action, a total of 17 George Latshaw puppets will—by means of an unusual under-stage technique—move freely through the village's residences, shops and streets.

And, behind the scenes, the 32-piece NBC Chicago Orchestra under Joseph Gallichio, will be playing the highly original score of Wade Barnes and Ralph Blane (the latter co-authored the tunes for "Best Foot Forward" and "Meet Me in St. Louis.")

"Children's Theatre's" next outing comes on December 15, when it will be using a number of fascinating dramatic devices to familiarize the youngsters with the workings of "The Orchestra." (On the program's second half, a performance of Prokofiev's "Cinderella" will be illustrated by the highly creative Lisl Weil).

Then, on April 12, the musical fantasy, "Petey and the Pogo Stick" will trace the round-the-world travels of a boy inventor who's designed an atomic-powered pogo stick. Finally, on February 15, the series will present a trio of playlets aimed at introducing youngsters to three of the most popular forms of non-musical theatre—mystery, comedy and historical drama.

Help from Home

Each of the carefully prepared, full-hour shows calls for the mental and physical participation of its young viewers, an element NBC considers essential in programming for the four-to-seven fraternity. Even the wily Quillow will require a loud vocal assist from the home audience before he can overcome the giant. It could turn out to be the most thunderous audience response since Mary Martin last asked for a vote of confidence in fairies.

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halfway out of the existence I had known best. Real life was no longer a mere transition from one story world to another. I looked at and saw flesh-and-blood people of whom I'd never before been aware. I looked at, and fell in love with, an assistant teacher at the art school I attended on Saturday mornings. I was waking, but it wasn't a tingling awakening; it was a sort of drifting. There was something in me that worried me, because I had never read or heard about it—a slowness to react, a drowsiness of the spirit. When other people were hurt, they cried immediately. When I was hurt, I cried a good deal later, and half the time only because I thought it the thing to do. I thought that I might be incapable of feeling, especially when I looked around at my relatives and saw how different they were. My sister Dorothy and Mother were volatile and excitable, and clearly revelled in scenes. My father couldn't read anything emotional aloud without choking up with laughter or tears; wiping his eyes, he would say, "I'm sorry, I know it's a weakness." Yes, I thought, he was weak, but perhaps that was the way to be.

I was jealous of my privacy, but I was inconsistent about it. I wanted desperately to be noticed and equally desperately to be let alone. This wasn't a new state, to be sure. Some years before, there had been the affair of the Teddy bear. Probably I wouldn't have been so wacky about him if we'd been permitted to keep live pets, but my parents thought dogs and cats were not good for children—Mother was convinced that cats carry typhoid germs—and they were sure children were bad for dogs and cats. Mad about animals, I lavished emotion on other people's pets, until I saw the bear in a shopwindow. I was no tot in search of a cuddly companion—I must have been eleven—and the bear was a miniature Steiff model, about five inches long, but I went crazy with love and longing. I saved up my allowance. I earned money running errands and cutting grass. Finally I got the bear, and I carried it everywhere for years. In those pre-Freud days, nobody worried about such things, though I drew pictures of its face on my arithmetic papers and songbooks, and made clothes for it, and built it a house. Even now, it's a struggle to call the bear "it," and not "him." One day I took it to school. Such small bears were a novelty, and the other children in my class made a fuss about it and vied for the privilege of keeping it in their desks for allotted spaces of time. Inevitably, the teacher

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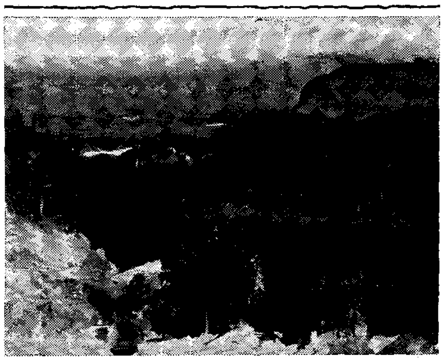

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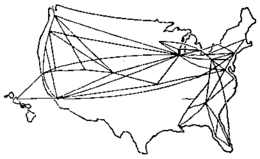

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noticed the disturbance. She investigated, discovered the bear, and confiscated it—an act that triggered off one of the most humiliating experiences I can remember. I burst into tears—in the sixth grade, mind you, and over a Teddy bear. But that was not the worst of it. To demonstrate that I didn't really care and was unwounded, I also laughed. The effect was appalling. Laughter mixed with the weeping came out in a series of whoops that wouldn't stop. The other children stared, and so did the teacher, while I gasped and whooped and sobbed until my breath failed. In the ensuing pause, the teacher said quietly that she would give me my bear after school. I got the bear back as the teacher had promised, and nobody ever dared to tease me about the incident or even mention it again, but I still shrivel when I think of it.

SO, at fifteen, I admired and envied my sister Dot, who was very much the other way and would never shrink from scenes. When she felt like it, she threw things. Even when she threw them at me, I admired her swift passion, as well as her aim. I was sadly aware that my own rebellions and quarrels were cold in comparison—thoughtful and sluggish. My attacks were planned and few. But these self-doubts were finally submerged. Dot was away at college, and her splendid tantrums no longer enlivened the day. The eldest of us, my brother Mannel, married at the close of the First World War—he had been in the Air Service—and Rose was training in psychiatry in Boston. Dauphine and I, the younger ones, now found the house spacious and calm.

I had been in high school more than a year when the shock came. We were going to move to Chicago, because my father and his partner thought their business would expand there. It was almost too outrageous to believe. Live in Chicago—that gritty, high-built town? My parents must have gone crazy, I thought, or were in the grip of some higher power than themselves, mysterious and malign. It was incredible that they should want to go. Taught by them, we thought St. Louis was the best city—with the possible exception of New Orleans, where Daddy had relatives, and Denver, where they'd gone on their honeymoon—in the States; that Fountain Avenue was the most charming part of St. Louis; that our friends in St. Louis were uniquely wonderful; and that St. Louis schools were the best to be found anywhere in the world. That my parents should voluntarily give

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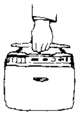

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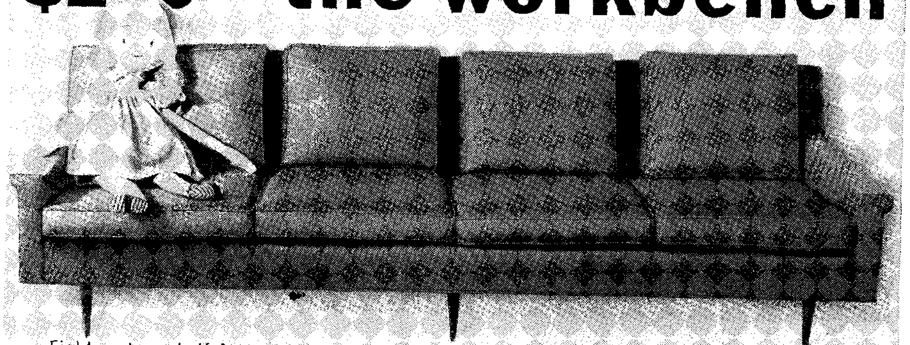

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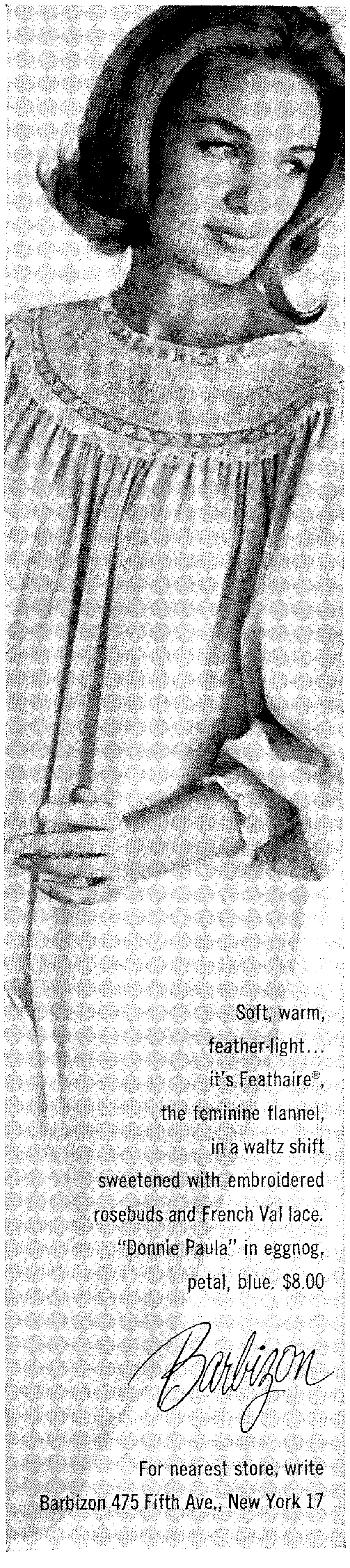
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up all this privilege was inconceivable, unless—as I suddenly thought, for the first time, *might* be possible—they were not, after all, the kindest, wisest people ever born.

With this horrid doubt gnawing my mind, I followed sulkily in Mother's path, through the upsets and nuisance of selling the house, packing, perching for a while in a hotel in St. Louis and then in another in Chicago. The North Side, where we were to spend many years, has a reputation for elegance, but for a long time my eyes saw only what I already knew I would see—awful Chicago. Even when my senses convinced me that the street where we lived was not as dark, not as hemmed in as I had expected, I *felt* dark and hemmed in. At that, it wasn't a pretty place. My father found an apartment on Lawrence Avenue and signed a lease without consulting my mother, and she was not pleased, though it wasn't really as squalid as she said it was. Later, we were to move several times, and each removal would find us in a pleasanter place, but I couldn't look into the future, and I thought we would be stuck forever, without escape, in that narrow red brick building with its curious strung-out arrangement of rooms hitched to each other like boxcars.

Dauphine and I enrolled in the nearest high school, the Nicholas Senn. It was Dauph's first term in high school, and she was pleased to be where she felt she belonged—among older people. She was always gregarious, and she immediately made a lot of friends. In short, she committed infidelity and liked Chicago, was glad we had come, wanted no escape, and made no bones about it. I dropped her flat. Slowly and reluctantly, I, too, made friends, but only a couple of them, and I hated Senn. It was too big. It wasn't Soldan High School, in St. Louis. Still, little by little, even I had to put out feelers, no matter how grudgingly. Lessons and weekly tests, lunch at the corner store with my new friends Betsy and Caroline, working on the school magazine—these activities dented me, but even they left the dark well inside me undisturbed. Every afternoon, I went back to Lawrence Avenue and put on my misery again, like a pair of comfortable old slippers. Perhaps that simile is not a good one, because slippered people stay at home, and soon I was itching to get out of the apartment again. I was considered old enough now to have a certain amount of freedom, so I spent most of my allowance on bus rides along the lake, all the way

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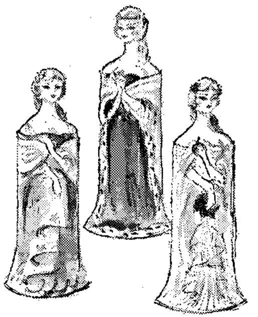
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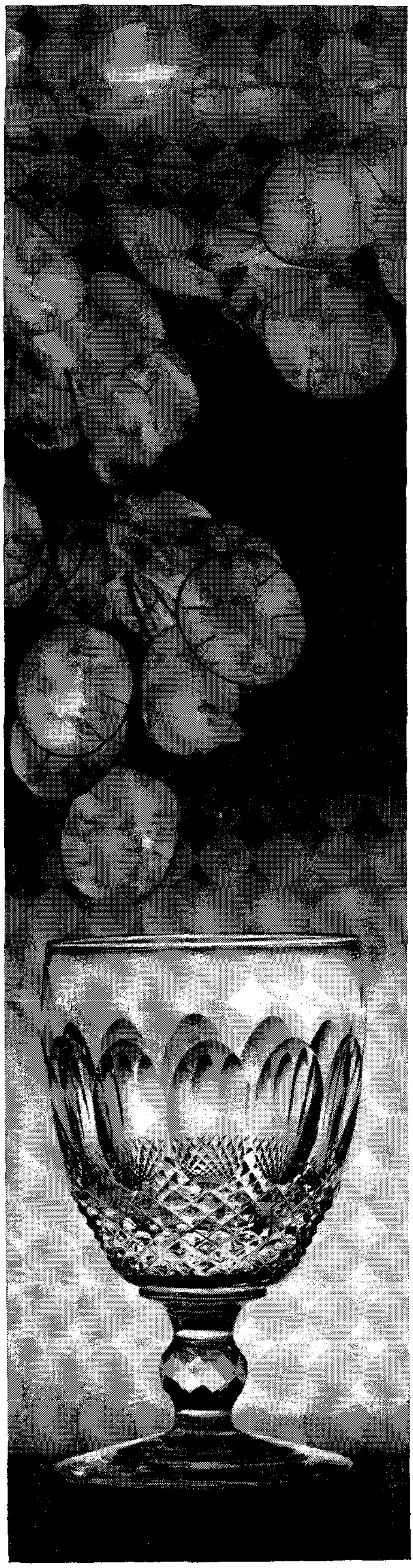

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down to the Field Museum and back. Even wrapped in my cloak of grief, I was aware of—for I remember it—the pattern of the city. First, the ride took me past relatively humble houses, a good many still retaining wooden porches of oddly rustic appearance. Then, as the bus approached the center of town, the surroundings swelled with splendor. The large residences of the rich were of varied styles, but they all imitated something in Europe: there were Bavarian castles, Queen Anne mansions, and Scottish fortresses side by side, having in common only their distance from the street and their surprisingly small gardens. Without a park to surround it, a mansion looked peculiar to me, but the millionaires apparently did not agree. They seemed to want to huddle together. I was indifferent.

Beyond this belt, the private houses grew less overwhelming, because fine new apartment houses and luxury hotels had taken over. This part of the Gold Coast left me as indifferent as the other. Here my eyes were fixed on the opposite side of the road, where, most of the time, I could look out over Lake Michigan, and sometimes down at the beach. Even I could not claim that there was something like it, but better, in St. Louis. Even I could not imagine anything better to do at dusk than bowl along by Lake Michigan in the front seat of the top of a double-decker bus. The wind from that great sea was never quite like ordinary air. It had a delicious foreign smell. But the most enchanting thing about the lake was that you couldn't see to the other side.

"How happy are they that till the land, did they but know it," wrote the Dorset poet William Barnes. How happy was I on that bus, did I but know it! Brooding over my sorrows (and, when I thought of them, the lesser troubles of Byron and Shelley and Keats), borne forward like the figurehead on a ship's prow through waves of gusty wind, I was busily preparing myself for new regrets, oncoming losses. When I got home afterward, Lawrence Avenue would be that much less bearable, with its close air, and with the dining-room table, under a circular hanging lamp, cleared and ready for homework.

I HAVE forgotten exactly why I ran away on the day I did. No doubt Mother said something that brought all my sorrows to a head—but what? It could have been anything. During that time, she and I sparred a good deal, and even when we weren't bickering she often indicated impatience by sigh-

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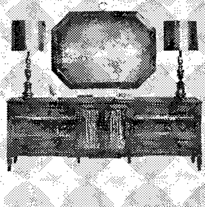

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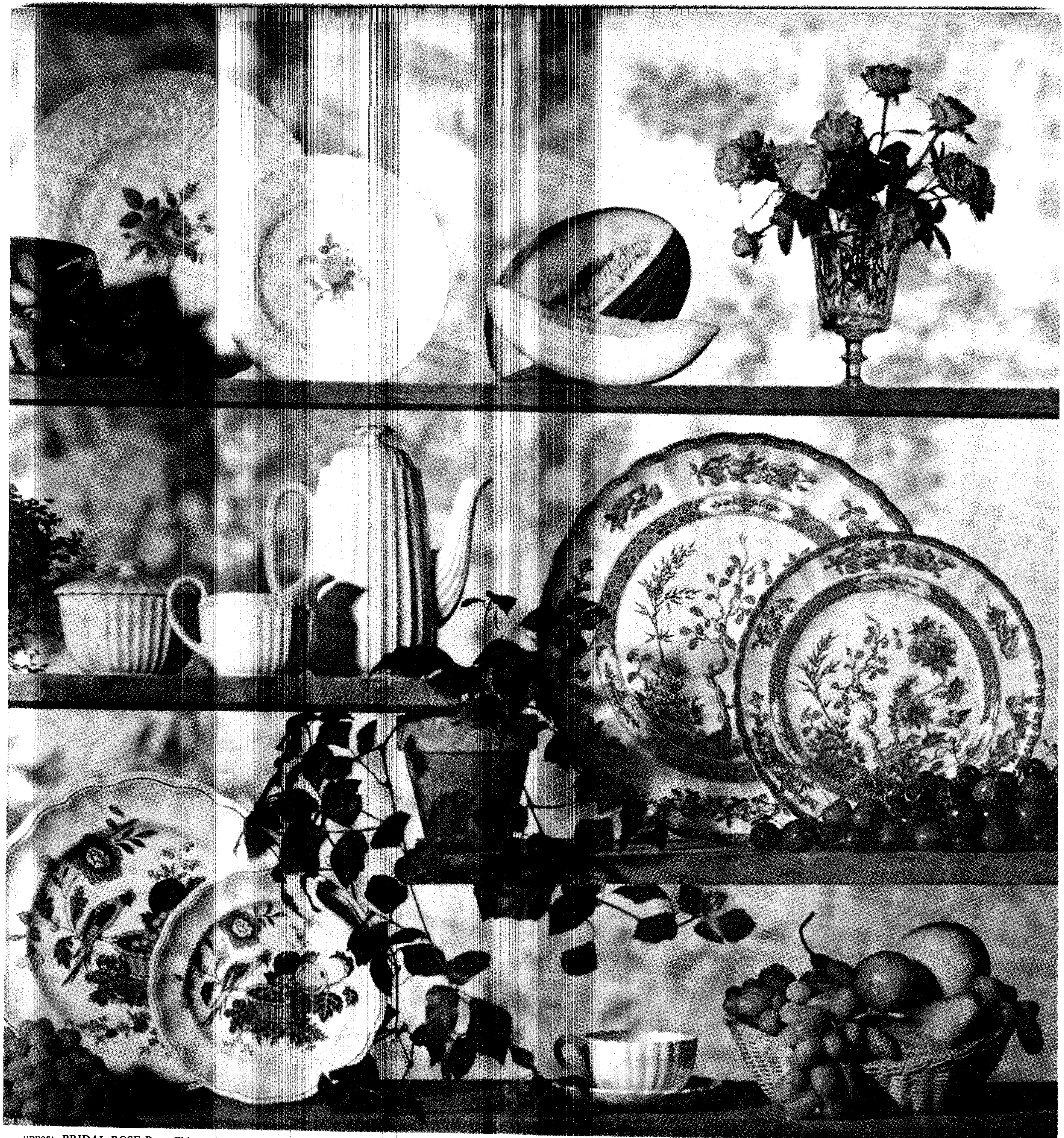

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ing. She had a very eloquent sigh, and I hated it. I preferred it when she slammed doors, but she didn't often do that to me, reserving the gesture for the older children and my father. Perhaps she didn't say anything that day; perhaps she only sighed once too often. At any rate, *something* was the last straw, and I decided to run away.

True to my nature, I laid plans slowly and thoughtfully. It was Friday, before school. I emptied my money box of its few savings and put them into my pocket. At school, in history class, I approached Betsy Cummings. "Didn't you ask me if I could come home with you for the night sometime?" I said. "I could tonight, if you like."

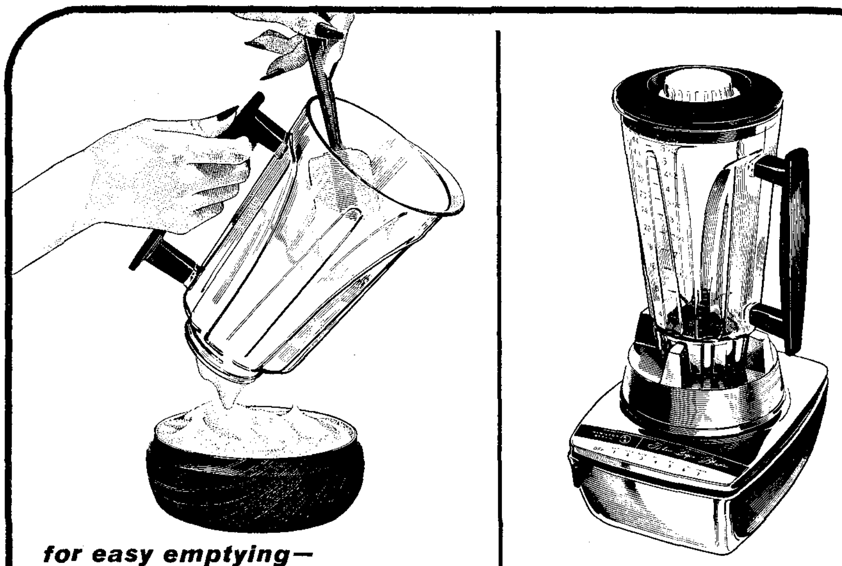
Betsy said she was delighted, and if she was also surprised she didn't show it. That afternoon, I walked home with her in the direction away from Lawrence Avenue. Betsy lived on a street that led downhill to the lake front, in one of the apartment houses near the edge of Rogers Park. The houses there were new, which gave them a cachet. Betsy impressed me by having her own key. She unlocked her apartment door and led me into a living room furnished with a shiny new sofa and chairs, and curtains made of crisp flowered stuff. It looked very pretty to me; it wasn't home.

"Mama doesn't come home until about six," Betsy said. "She works. She manages something downtown. Let's put your things in my room—but where are your things?"

I'd thought that out. I said, "I had my bag all packed, and then I walked out of the house and left it."

Betsy said she was always doing things like that herself, and it didn't matter; she could lend me a nightgown, and I could brush my teeth with a finger. We went into the kitchen and made fudge. While it cooked and we dropped bits of it into cold water to see if it was ready, she explained her family life. Her father did not seem to be a part of the daily routine, and I didn't quite understand whether he was dead or just missing. He and her mother may have been divorced; if that was the case, Betsy would naturally have ignored the subject, because most people didn't talk about divorce. I didn't ask awkward questions, because I appreciated that it was hard enough on Betsy as it was, with her mother working. Working mothers were pretty *outré* in our circle.

Mrs. Cummings came home at six—a tall, deep-bosomed woman with carefully marcelled hair and the motherly



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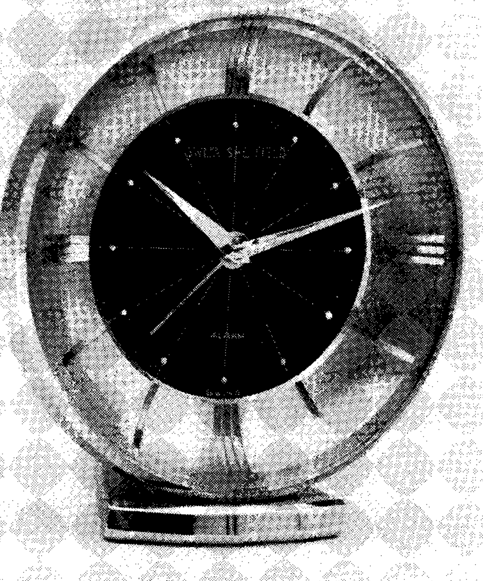

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manner characteristic of many career women. She was so wholesome I found it hard to like her. She went straight to the kitchen and put on a starched, ruffled apron, and told us to do our homework while she cooked supper. "It's no use your saying you have the whole weekend," she said merrily. "I know all about that. I'm not going to spend my Sunday afternoon driving Betsy to her books."

After supper, something rather surprising happened. Mrs. Cummings actually suggested to Betsy that she call up Howard, a fellow-student at Senn, and ask him over for cake and ice cream and to play the Victrola. It didn't startle me when Betsy welcomed the idea, because we all knew she was sweet on Howard. It was Mrs. Cummings' suggesting it that seemed so queer. My mother would never have done a thing like that. For one thing, she thought I was too young to fool around with boys, and, for another, she had a horror of appearing to chase young men for her daughters. She had always impressed on us carefully that we must never telephone boys; we must wait and let them telephone us. I asked myself if Mrs. Cummings could be quite *nice*. All through the evening, during which Howard politely danced with Betsy and me alternately, to the music of records like "Margie," and Mrs. Cummings beamed on the young people and brought in refreshments, I thought about her amazing behavior. Truly it was a variegated world I was stepping into, and Chicago mores were shockingly different from those of St. Louis. What ever must Howard be thinking? How shameful for poor Betsy!

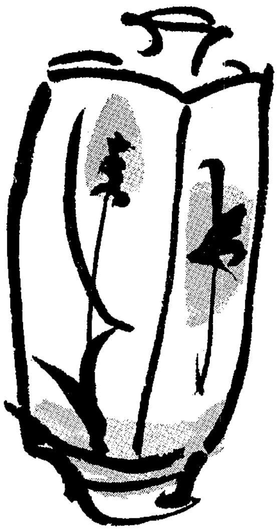
After Howard had gone, and before we went to bed, there was some desultory talk about plans for the next day. Betsy and Mrs. Cummings expected me to stay for lunch at least, but I would not consent. I couldn't tell them why—that I intended to take a bus downtown, get a job and a room, and settle in for the next phase of freedom, which included plans to join a circus in the South. Instead, I told them politely that my mother wouldn't permit it, because she needed me at home.

"Surely she wouldn't make you work on Saturday," said Mrs. Cummings. "I thought you girls might like to go to a movie in the afternoon."

"I'm awfully sorry, but you see how it is," I replied.

EARLY next morning, before Mrs. Cummings woke up, Betsy and I tiptoed out of the apartment and went

HAMADA



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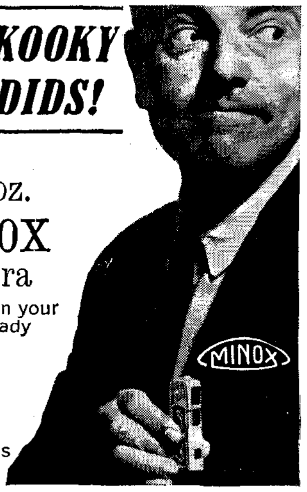

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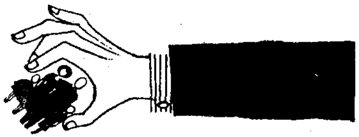

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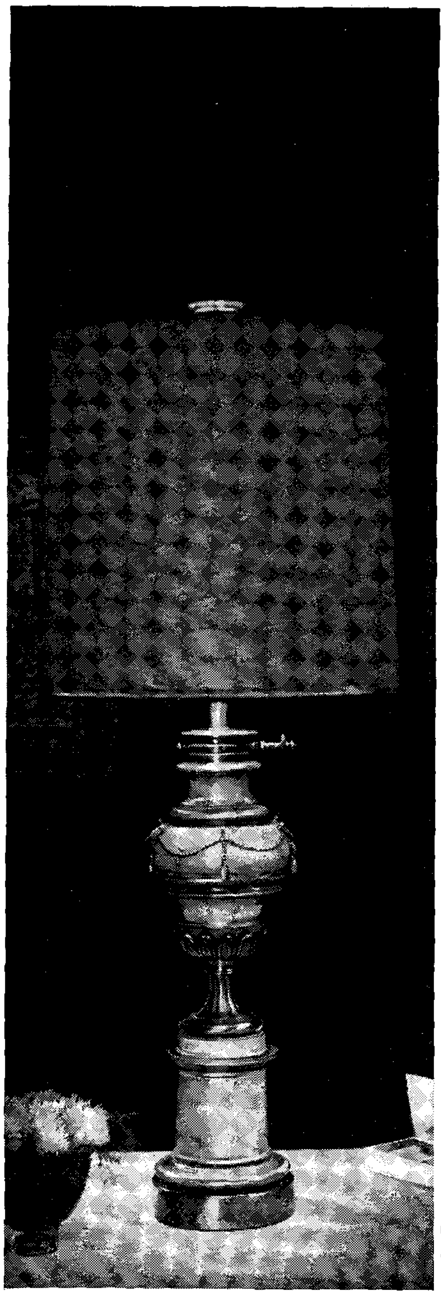

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down to the beach to go swimming. Salmon sunrise clouds still streaked the sky as we swam out into the lake. Everything was unfamiliar to me, and suddenly a miracle took place. Not only the lake, with its waves creaming up the sand, but Chicago itself became beautiful. Even after we had come out of the water and were jogging back up the street to the apartment, Chicago was beautiful—fresh, vivid, and exciting.

I replied absently to Betsy's chatter as we dressed, keeping my eyes on the changing sky I could see through the window. It was a new sky; I felt as if I'd never seen it before. Breakfast was also new—the fried eggs tasted wonderful. Had I ever tried to *taste* fried eggs before that morning? Possibly not. My heart pounded with excitement, and then the telephone rang.

"We'd love to have her for the day," Mrs. Cummings was saying, and I realized it was my mother she was talking to. Mrs. Cummings' voice was calm and pleasant and showed no surprise; apparently Mother wasn't giving anything away. I listened. "You're quite sure?" said Mrs. Cummings. "I see. Yes, of course. Some other time, then. She's right here." She turned and called me, saying that my mother wanted to talk to me, and I went over and picked up the receiver and said, "Hello?"

Mother's voice, flat and heavy, did not waste time saying hello. "Well," she said, "I hope you're satisfied. You've had your wish. I've been worried sick all night. It was Dauphine who just thought of Betsy Cummings."

For the benefit of the Cummingses, I said pleasantly, "Yes?"

"Come home now," my mother commanded.

I said, "All right."

But this time I wasn't talking for the benefit of the Cummingses; there was no reason not to go home. Mother was right about that. I had escaped. I'd had my wish. —EMILY HAHN

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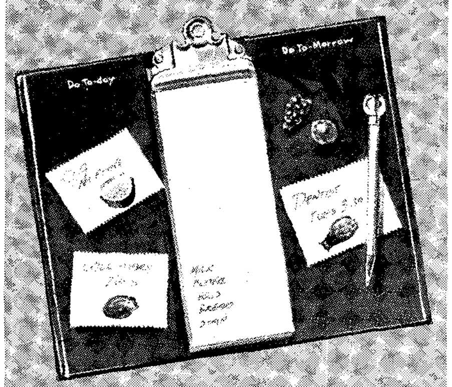

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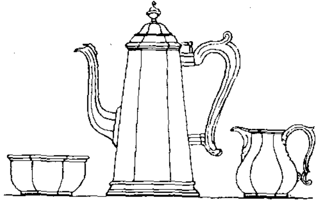

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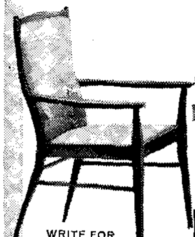

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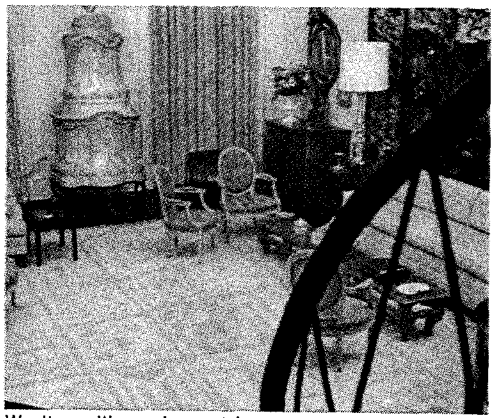
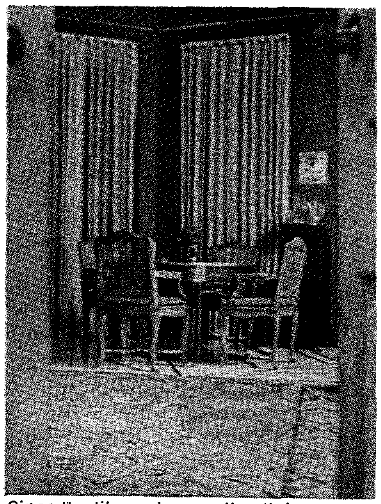


Wool's resiliency is most important here in the drawing room where Miss Kahane entertains a great deal.



Since the library houses the dining area, the carpet works overtime. But wool spot cleans easily.

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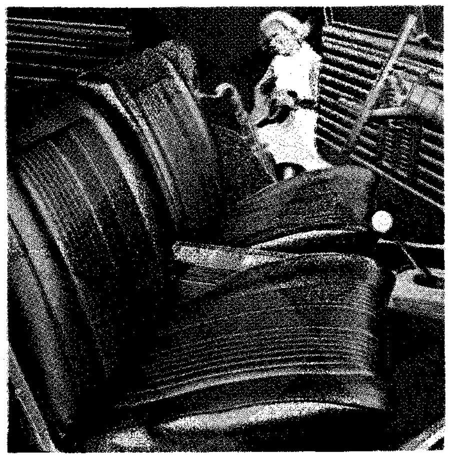
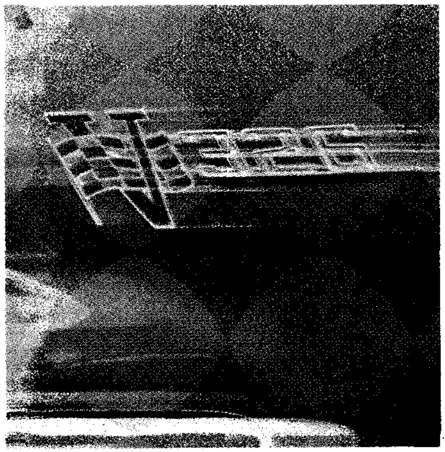

All Morrokide bucket seats and full carpeting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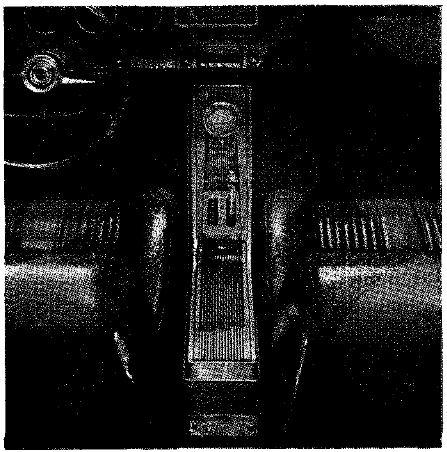
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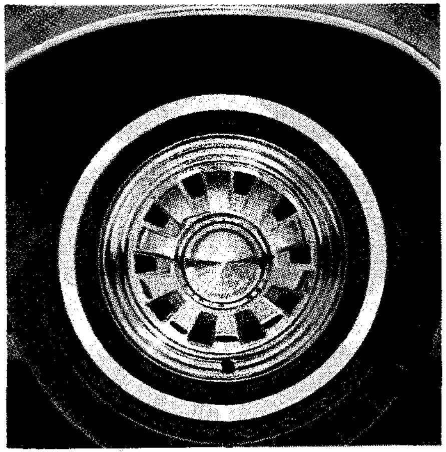
crisply distinctive grille treatment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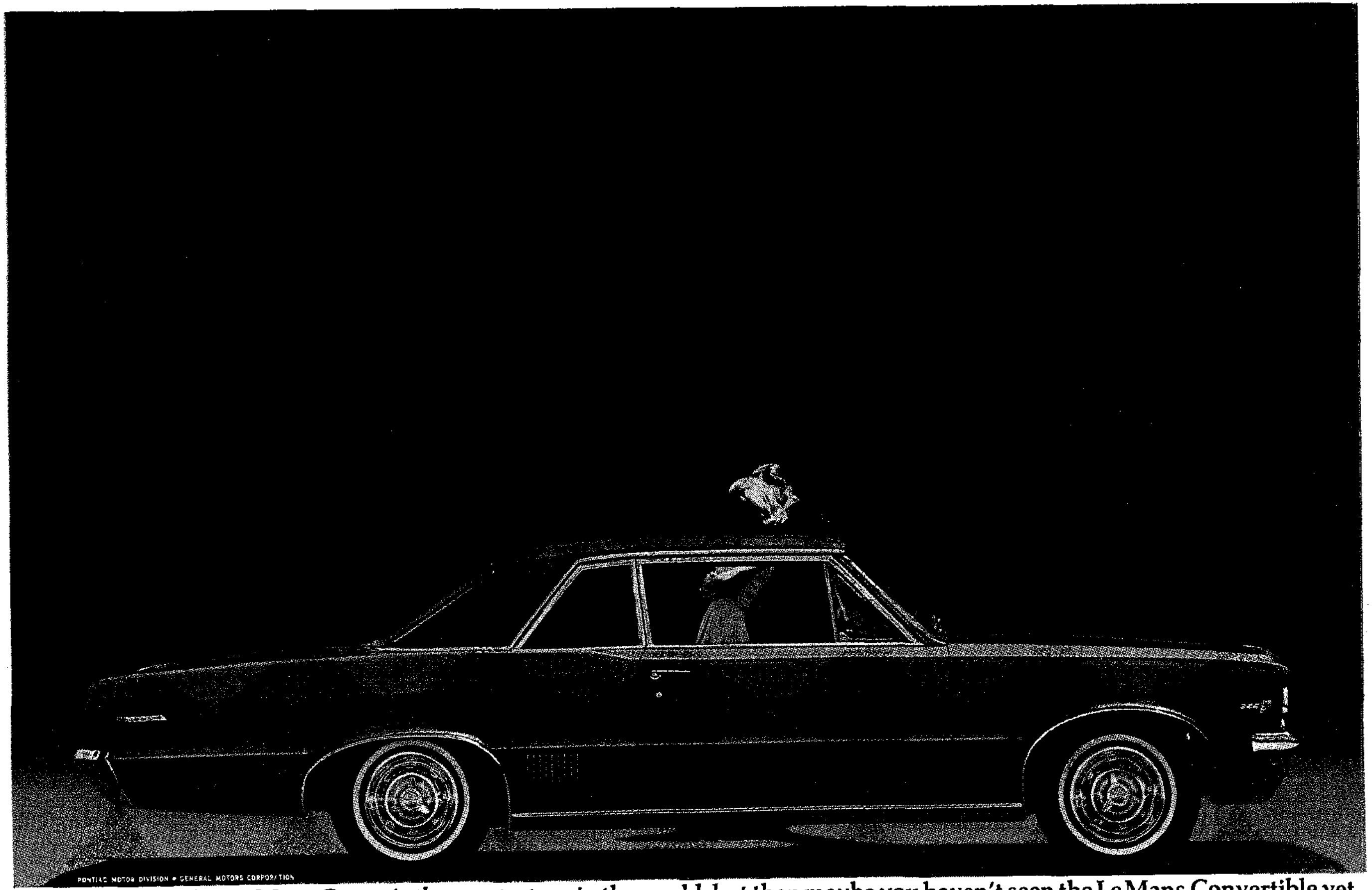
and taillights that show up only when you want them to.

*Optional at extra cost

THIS IS WHO MAKES THE LE MANS———PONTIAC


PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
You may think this Le Mans Coupe is the greatest car in the world, but then maybe you haven't seen the Le Mans Convertible yet.

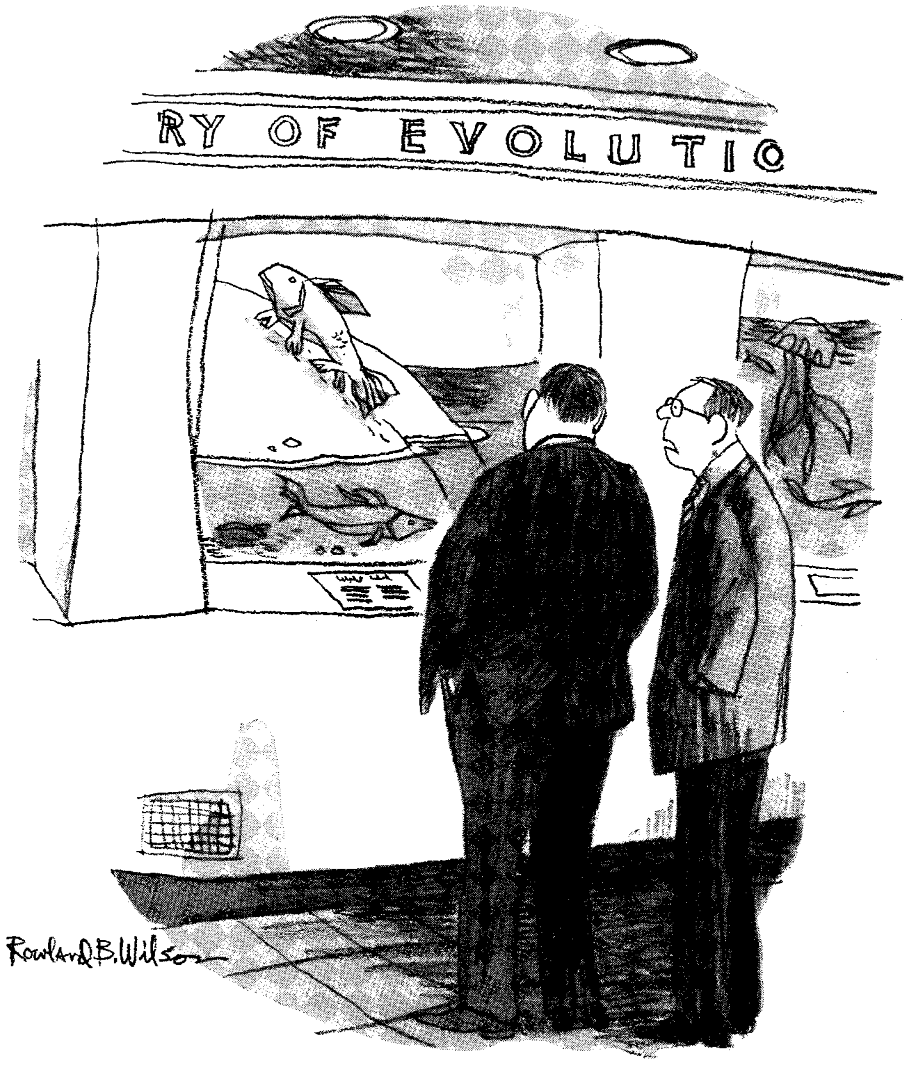
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

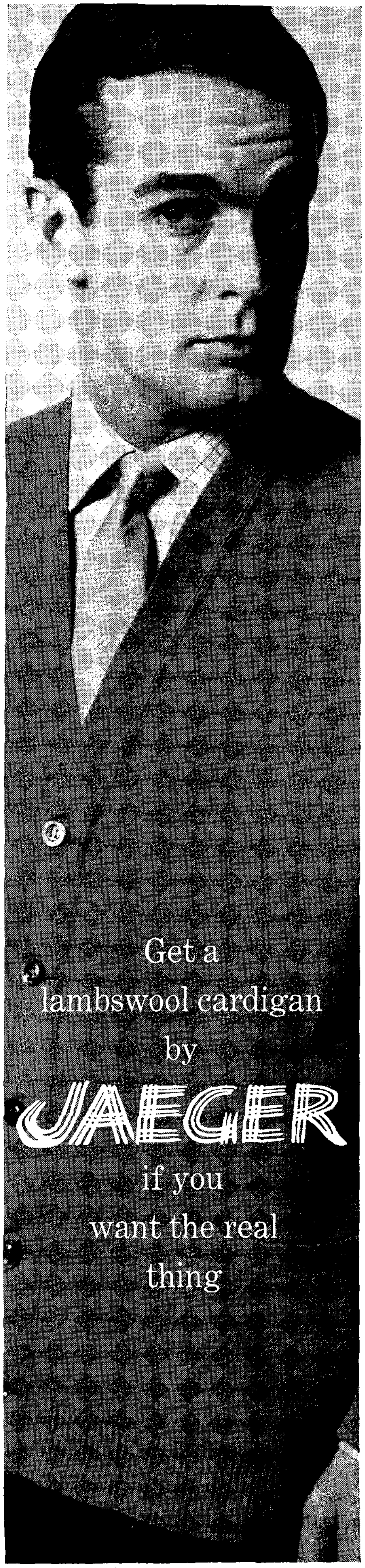
FOR some time now, ski jackets and sweaters and overblouses done in eccentric furs have been slaloming into the college shops and the boutiques, but—via ski tow, maybe?—more recently they've made an ascent to the alpine heights upon which our great custom furriers dwell, and *their* versions of these duds are on a heady scale. (Come to think of it, though, there *is* skunk at Hattie Carnegie and monkey fur at what was once termed "staid old Bendel," to give the lie to this last sweeping statement.) You would think, to hear some fashion experts go on, that every woman needed a complete wardrobe of furs for every passing mood, but many of *these* overblouse types have more than a single purpose. One of white mink, by the mighty Emeric Partos, of Bergdorf, could make room for a turtleneck sweater inside the wide neckline, and could go over dance dresses or formal dresses or just plain velveteen around-the-house slacks; it doesn't matter. (If only it *doesn't* go over a rhinestone bikini in a Palm Beach cabana.) The same can be said for a Bendel sweater of horizontally worked ranch mink. This looks as though it had to be pulled over the head, but there's an opening down the back fastened by concealed buttons. Its wide, deep roll collar can be turned up into a funnel. For anyone who wishes to plunge her all into one every-purpose fur coat, the consensus still holds (as it has for some time) that the three-quarter-length jacket, very casual, with notched revers and either single- or double-breasted, is the best plan—in mink or sable, preferably. The skins are usually worked round and round, and there are pockets placed low, between skins. These jackets are dandy with street-length skirts (unless the wearer is real stocky) and are terrific when there's plenty of length below them, whether this is provided by slacks or by skinny evening skirts. Opinion also holds that street-length coats haven't the right proportions for formal gowns, so the madcaps in the pearl-gray salons affected by some of our furriers have solved *that* problem by making floor-length evening coats with a strip, three or four skins wide, around the bottom that can be zipped off when you want a street-length coat for daytime. The zipped-off strip then becomes a stole. This is American science at its zenith. Reiss & Fabrizio loves the idea, so the three bottom rows of an R. & F. sable coat in which the skins are worked horizontally unzip in this way, and an R. & F. formal coat of white mink (the skins are again horizontal) comes apart at the hipline whenever the owner craves a jacket. Hattie Carnegie and other furriers are willing to attach that extra piece to almost anything, too.

Good skins of Somali are increasingly hard to find, for African leopards, I'm told, are apt—under nervous strain—to eat their young (some parents of teen-agers may think that leopards have the right idea), so though there are beautiful coats of Somali in all the front-rank shops, there may not be many equally satisfactory skins in reserve for duplications of these coats. Women who don't wish to venture into the $12,000 category, which is where really good Somali can land them, might better look at tawny jaguar and its emphatic black spots. This is only for tailored or sports outfits, and I find it particularly splendid when it's made into coats with piping and belts of black leather. Jean Hermè has done a beauty with savagely slashed piped lapels and a rope belt of black leather; Bendel has greatcoats that can be belted, but I prefer a Bendel coat with a wide V closing, wide lapels, a high waist, and a bit of flare at the hem. Other attributes are full-length cuffed sleeves, leather piping, and a youthful swagger.

I don't understand the current revival of stone marten, for it looks kind of streaky, in hues running from pearl gray to brown, but examples of it in sporting cuts are all over. I accept the revival of Russian squirrel here and there; Bendel uses it for a simple street-



"That's where man made his first mistake, wouldn't you say?"



Jaeger imports are in many fine stores in the USA. Enquiries to F. A. MacCluer Inc, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, NY; and in Canada to Wellington Walker Ltd, Prestcott, Ontario.

length coat with a round collar and double-breasted buttons. A newcomer to me is Russian otter, thick and hairy; I saw a coat of it in off-white at Hattie Carnegie, with a square of four gold buttons on the stomach and (a favorite trick at Carnegie this year) four narrow cone-shaped pockets jutting out at their tops. Dyeing spotted calf jet black and tailoring it like satin is a new stunt; Reiss & Fabrizio has done a swingy, tent-shaped coat of it with a turnover band collar that allows a scarf to be pulled through.

As always, we have an epidemic of fluffy furs, most of them very light in weight and in color, and born to be cuddlesome—every kind of fox and lynx. We also have every kind of white and near-white lamb, all the way from the familiar and gorgeous white Persian (the double-breasted Partos coat at Bergdorf is for *me*) to Reiss & Fabrizio's own Scandinavian, springy and curly and cloudy, with a hint of mottled gray and, on one coat, a charcoal spine down the back. Prices range wildly, but this last R. & F., street length, is a not overwhelming $1,100, plus tax. North-South-Anywhere tidbits, that's what all these are.

SO far, I've been indulging solely in generalizations, but I can wait no longer to get back to Partos and what he hath wrought for Bergdorf. The lines he has given his achievements are distinctively his own, even though he reaches back into the twenties for his truly low-slung back treatments; ranch minks in seven-eighths length may have back belts that actually descend below the coccyx. He keeps on with the low-waisted idea by devising a completely new line, starting with a narrow front panel that has a button on each side of it at its base, and proceeding to a blouson, at each side and around the back, over a three-inch flat band. The result can be a mink of seven-eighths length in the form of a narrow cape with a band collar (sort of an extra-long, bloused tunic effect). Or it can be a jacket of three-quarter length with a band cupping the buttocks, and in this case fisher, white Persian, white jasmine mink, or you-name-it can be the fur. Good for girls who are proud of their skinny hips and their long legs. In general, Partos sides with the other furriers of regal rank in admiration of tubular effects in street-length coats, which he further attenuates with narrow sleeves and a long single row of buttons or a double row of buttons placed very close together and extending nearly to the knees, or even

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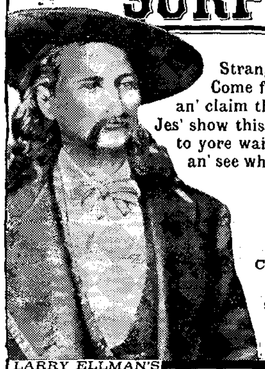

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(Advertisement)

Special Report from the Rover Motor Company:

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 ($7,000,000) and £90,000 ($252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles out of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

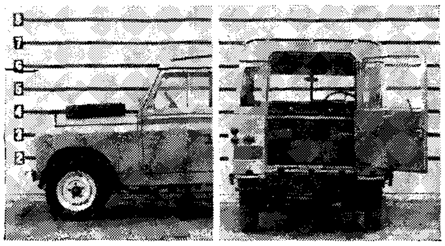
Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:

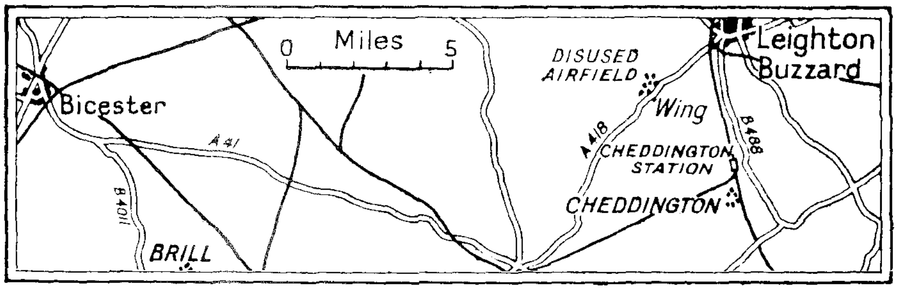


Left Profile Rear View

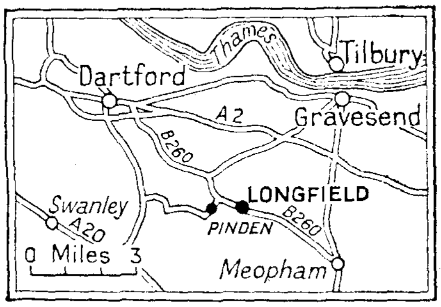
"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell, head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended... they must have got the wind up'."



Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedgelined road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the windscreen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual *commission* of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

(cont. on next page)

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(Advertisement)

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle *also* been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

We've sold Land-Rovers to all sorts of customers in over 160 countries, including the armed services of 26, the police forces of 37, veritable legions of country squires, desert chieftains, titled persons, oil and gold prospectors, light and heavy sportsmen; and to multitudes of nice families for skiing, beach buggying and other pleasant things. With this limitless range we often don't know precisely how a buyer intends to use his Land-Rover.

NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

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below. But he also has gone in for shoulders that are arched below the tips on coats of mink or Russian broadtail. When Partos isn't walking the straight and narrow with his coats, he can be bravura indeed, as in his "lasso" silhouette, the most exaggerated version of which comes full circle at the hem, or in his collarless Alaska seal, or in a real showoff job, all silver-fox skins mounted on black ciré and equipped with sleeves of the ciré, that can swing up over one shoulder, matador fashion. There are more moderate presentations for women of less stature, both literally and adventurously. And there are sheer antics, such as a full-length bathrobe of Shocking-pink terry cloth with a rope tie under its turnover collar and a lining of no less than white mink. The lining can be removed and be worn alone to the opera, so this robe serves more than one purpose for nighttime. (Gad, I'm practical this week!) Another formal evening treasure is a tube of white silk cloqué with a huge cape collar of white mink, plus a facing of the same mink. Emeric Partos, be mine!

Reiss & Fabrizio has fur overblouses that are not like anyone else's. A hipbone-length sweater of white mink is encircled by five zigzag bands of ranch mink; contrasting zigzag treatments in mink also adorn other sweaters, some with fat sausage collars that stand away from the neck. On several of them, cap sleeves jut out over the shoulders to remind us of St. Laurent; these can be supplemented by the omnipresent turtleneck sweaters. On others, there are sleeves of mink. Further triumphs are of Somali leopard, zipped down the front (invisible closings are a Must with this type of thing); black knit makes a sausage band around the necks of certain of them, and there are either no sleeves at all or sleeves of knit. R. & F. is top-hole in the fluffy, huddly, lightweight, and light-color department, too; witness a coat, made of the stomachs of Russian lynx, that weighs but three and a half pounds. The fur is white, with the faintest of charcoal spots and an amber streak now and again. Golden Mongolian kit fox (its pile is not as thick as the pile of the foxes we are used to) is a heavenly blend of pale golds and tans. The collar of one coat of it ascends into points beside the ears and overlaps in back—a pet device here for all kinds of fur. As for luxury furs of the more conventional categories, there's a very narrow cape of fisher with a portrait collar flaring up in back and with trumpet fullness fanning

avant garde

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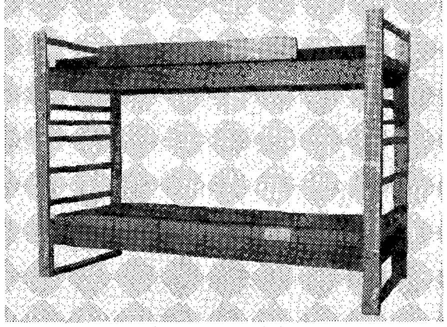

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out below the hips. (Your own hands supply the closing.) And there's ranch mink, the fur worked upside down to give it the look of extra depth; invisible buttons to fasten it lurk under the fly front, and its collar can rise high around the neck or subside into a roll. R. & F.'s favorite trench coat is shown in tourmaline mink, with a fold across the back. Gray Russian broadtail makes a coat that is concave below its high bust, and the notches on the revers are up near the shoulders—another elongating trick.

SPRY young (not staid old) Bendel has designs all its own to order, including contributions by the ebullient Donald Brooks. Doting uncles of sprightly nieces might like to know about Indian goat (fur with black and white speckles, so that it looks like barnyard feathers), which goes into the making of a hipbone jacket with long sleeves and a three-frog closing, or about white Indian lamb, demurely curly, in a choirboy sort of jacket, buttoned primly down the back, or about a double-breasted three-quarter reefer of the same fur, which is nice in mink, too, if uncles are really in their dotage. Brooks is responsible, too, for a full-length narrow cape of black monkey fur, and Tarquin has broken out with an overblouse do of it, snug around the hips, which is as far below as it goes, and fastened by snaps down the back. Among the sports sweaters of fur are some of fisher with sleeves and hipbands of heavily ribbed knit (hidden buttons or hooks fasten them up the front) and one of fine raccoon with a drawstring bottom and cuffs and collar of black knit. Fluffiness is the point of a greatcoat of guanaco (golden tan, with not a trace of white). All of these are under a thousand dollars, and a number of them are half that sum. While I am speaking of prices (I daren't, usually, when I get among the Autumn Hazes and the sables), one of the best buys in formal evening furs is here: a coat of black mink paws, swinging wide, with a collar that is a Bendel specialty—a two-inch band slanting inward, though not enough to graze the neck. It's $1,300, plus tax, for a *lot* of show. Bendel can still sail into the empyrean of price whenever mink is being passed around, but no matter how imperial things become, a really youthful look prevails, even (if this can be believed) in a coat of black Alaska seal, curving down the body, with an opera-impresario shawl collar of Russian sable. This used to be a conservative-old-dear combination,

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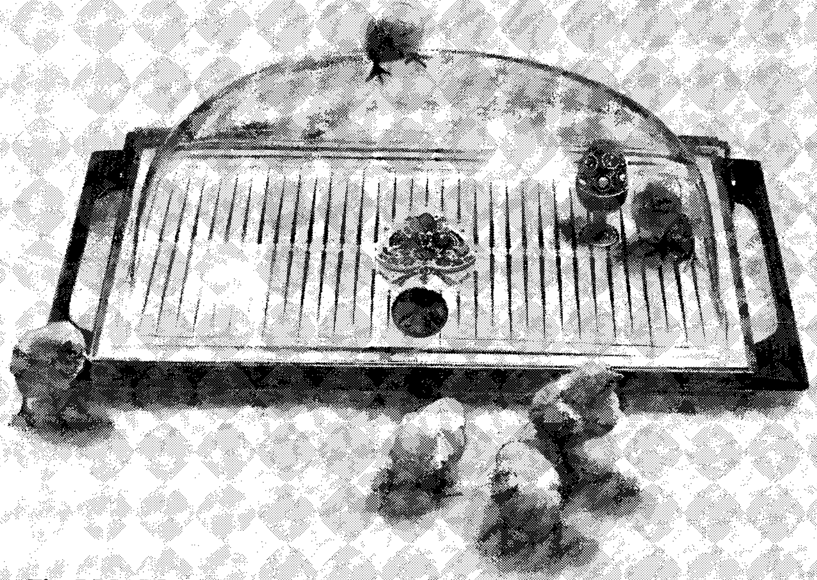

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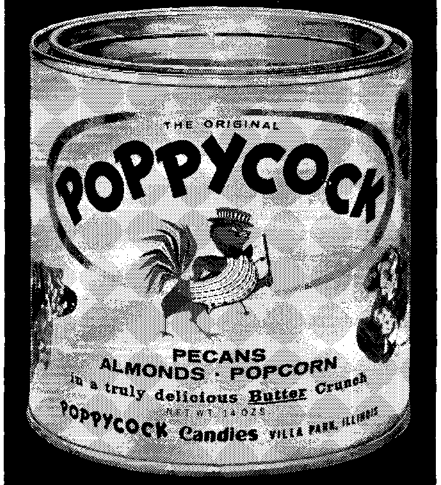
The most delicious mistake ever made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POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

It started out to be caramel corn with a few nuts in it—to sell for about eighty-seven cents a can. But something happened in the kitchen. We suspect that Mae, the cook, fell in love with the dairy man, because accidentally one day she slipped an extra couple of crocks of butter into the caramelizing pot. The popcorn just couldn't absorb it all. So to cover up her mistake, she shoveled in scoopful after scoopful of whole pecans and almonds. "Heavenly day, Mae" we said, "we can't afford to sell this gorgeous stuff for eighty-seven cents a can." She said "Oh Poppycock! Charge $2.00." And that's how our product came by its name, its price, and its delicious distinction. Poppycock is sold mostly in the fancier food and department stores.

but it isn't any more—not the way Bendel does it. Lightweight but bulky is the very pale Russian lynx in a coat with bell sleeves and a deep facing of the fur. Black mink with its stripes horizontal, and thoroughly minxy, makes a coat with below-elbow bell sleeves, a wide and collarless neck, and buttons all the way down the front; natural Brazilian river otter, sleek and brown, makes a coat that does double duty as a raincoat, with a high bust, a concave diaphragm, and a circular back, as well as a coat with a sharply pointed collar and a flare that begins beneath the deep armholes. I save for the last the white Indian broadtail (*not* for ingénues) with a moiré texture; the coat concerned is made narrow and simple, except for the elbow-length cape sleeves.

M. JACQUES, of Georges Kaplan, has never thought of even the most celebrated furs as being *sacrés*, so he uses a new mink dyed *bleu*, which he calls gray-flannel mink, for a coat dress or a coat, very narrow, with single-breasted buttons the whole way down the front. Next, he takes a day-length thing of black mink, the skins horizontal, and makes it jump through hoops: it can be buttoned down the back, or reversed and buttoned down the front; it can be belted in to give a blouson effect or worn straight, as a dress; and lo! the bottom skins can be unzipped, turning the whole thing into a three-quarter coat plus a stole. Another brilliant maneuver (for travellers and other restless souls) is shown in tourmaline mink, the skins vertical (for a change), with a deeply bloused back and a vertical slash below the collarless neckline. It looks one-piece, but the sleeves are mounted on an undervest, so the coat can become a sleeveless evening dress; add a turtleneck sweater, and you are dressed for the country. In the white-fur collection here is Iceland lamb, which has very long, thick hair, for three-quarter coats that can play many roles. Not at all versatile are belted mink overalls with long sleeves (a zipper goes down the back) or the big, circular-legged pajamas of sleek brown fur of the broadtail family. (This last is $880, plus tax.) Strictly for at-home, too, are long, slightly gathered skirts composed of eight-inch squares of lapin dyed in fourteen colors; turquoise, red, and purple are three of them ($395, plus tax). The same squares make a non-square sleeveless shift, just-below-knee length, to go over your leggy legs or over slacks. Less playful is a Russian sable in its natural

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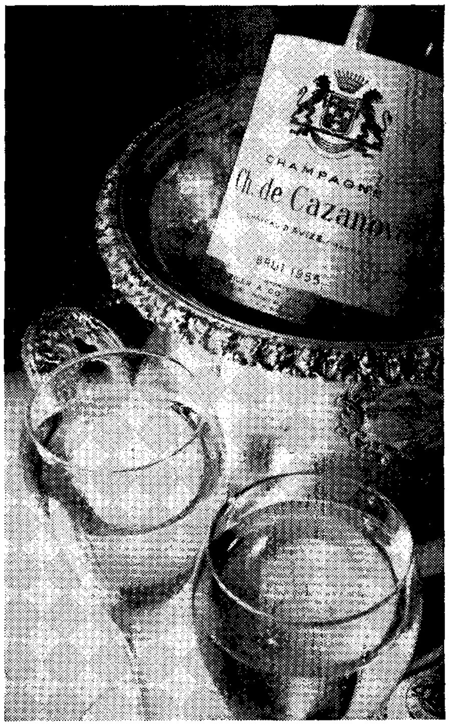

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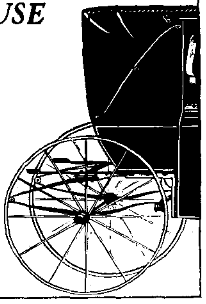

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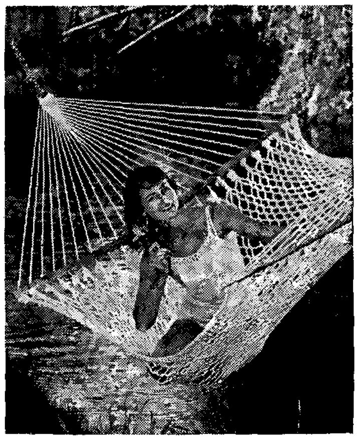
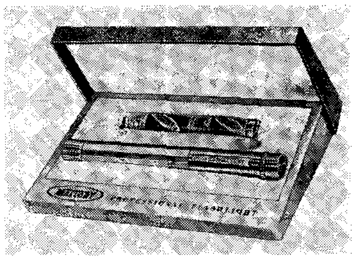


He never had it so good! Because when he owns one of these original Pawleys Island rope hammocks he's in for some of the easiest hours ever whiled away. These unusual hammocks have been handicrafted for generations by the coastal folk of Pawleys Island, S. C. Handwoven, top grade twill cordage; supporting ropage, tie rings extra strong. Aged oak stretchers stabilize generous width. Body size 54 in. x 82 in. 13 ft. over-all. Wide enough to lie in crosswise or lengthwise; big enough for a friend to join him! $27.50, exp. col.



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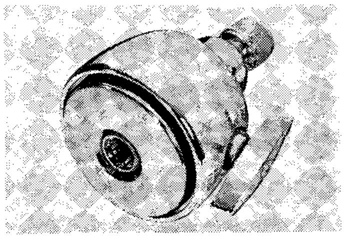

Country Club shower head in gold and chrome. Let's him "dial his shower" in pattern that pleases him most. Sharp needle, medium to coarse. Never clogs. No more dribbling or drowning; glorious end to problem of sorry showering! Easily self-installed. $16.95 ppd.

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Dept. NY, 84 Broad Street, N.W.
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tawny brown and done up in sporting fashion—a belted coat over a two-piece dress of brown calf. Another Jacques invention is a magnificent floor-length hooded cape coat of lynx bellies, white with vague gray splotches, that is lined with cream mohair. One more thing is a sweeping opera cape of black Alaska seal with a big portrait collar, and this I'd want for my own if it weren't that I don't like opera much. Elegance, dementia, and ingenuity are surely the watchwords at Kaplan.

SPEAKING of dementia, Hattie Carnegie's fur salon is adding little touches of lunatic fringe to its glorious handiwork. One implication of the fringe appears on a short parka of snow lynx, for the whitish edges look like tiers of fringe. A big round collar and elbow-length sleeves are part of this. Black skunk, Amurrican type, also creates that white-fringe effect with horizontal white stripes on a three-quarter sports jacket ($595 plus). But Carnegie is not all stunts; it still loves thick white Asian lamb, which looks almost quilted, for a slender coat with a wide belt across the front and those four cone-shaped pockets I was talking about earlier on. There's a sister coat in jaguar. Strict tailoring at its best graces a coat of Norwegian hair seal, charcoal to white in hue, with a wide belt; there's trench-coat detail in back. Slenderness, despite a fur lining, is achieved by a severe black Argentine broadtail with double-breasted buttons, high and wide lapels, and broad shoulders. No one would ever guess that its nutria scarf is matched by a nutria lining; *that's* how lissome it is. More slenderness is managed by a black Alaska seal with fat licorice buttons descending to the hem and a narrow belt of black patent leather. A Renoir charm pervades another black Alaska seal. In this instance, ranch mink goes around the neck and a foot down one side of the chest, then curves horizontally in both directions just over the bosom to imply a tiny bolero. Modern-quaint, that's what it is. Mink is also employed here in coats that are scaled down to petite, Carnegie-type women. One, shown in Autumn Haze (and that's the state it puts me in), is wrapped and collarless. An upstanding attached band accomplishes a collar effect in back before it comes down over the shoulders to wind up in sharp, jutting Vs on the front. Utter magnificence, formal length, is the end product of a column of white mink that's slit up to the hips at the sides. A set-in band, an inch

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wide, of the mink makes its Empire waist, which terminates in little bows at the side back.

JEAN HERMÈ, at 150 West 30th Street (retail, despite the address), likewise specializes in minks for small women. One coat I saw there is of Arcturus, the skins worked vertically. It has small lapels, and its bell sleeves are bracelet length. A charmer for *every* woman is his reversible coat—one side of sable dyed black, the other of brown Staron silk serge. This has been given an upward-jutting collar. Russian broadtail is accorded the simplest possible treatment in a slender seven-eighths-length coat with a V neckline and revers whose notches ride high; another coat of this fur has a collarless crossed-over neckline and a separate scarf of sable. Nutria gets its just due here in a slim coat with small but high lapels and a wide belt that slants from the waist to the sides, only to disappear, almost at once, under the back panel. This one is fine in mink, too, the man says, but I couldn't ask for anything more than the mink I *did* see—slim, with a highly unusual closing, which goes like this: two small padded rolls down the front just meet and are held together by a row of link buttons. Brazilian ocelot is the fur of a wide-swinging day-length cape with deep slits up the sides; for luxurious bulk, I'd investigate a coat of Russian kit fox—white and pale-yellow and lightly speckled gray tones.

AND who has stolen the stoles, I wonder. Nobody showed me any, aside from the ones that zip off the bottom of formal coats. Maybe I'll see some on my next prowl. —LOIS LONG

•

DEAR MR. F——:

Have you heard the musket fire from Concord Bridge?

The countryside is up in arms—not against buying tea with British duty stamps on it—but against all the buying patterns on which products, designs, styling, and marketing methods are based.
—*Letter from Business Week.*

Haven't heard a thing, but saw a fellow go by on a horse.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Ouray* (*Colo.*) *Herald*]

Jerald Perotti says that Sunday two Frenchmen with an interpreter inquired about what was going on, then left for awhile and came back this time with a female interpreter and bought tickets to see something of which they knew nothing.

COUNTRY JACKETS

The Cornwall, the ideal weekend outer jacket in exceptionally fine, heavy duty cotton poplin in handsome olive tan shade, with set-in pockets and fly front. Full Shetland wool black, olive and white plaid lining. Genuine moleskin collar. $65. One of a fine collection of outer jackets in poplin and corduroy from $40.

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impact...a privilege to see..."
N.Y. DAILY NEWS

"...A respectful, meticulous,
highly intelligent failure."
N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN

Report from Rome

"...eye filling and amusing
all the way...pulled
no verbal punches..."
NEW YORK POST

"...inert half hour...lacked
wit, understanding and
a point of view..."
N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN

Critic's choice...or yours?

Professional critics don't see eye to eye about television. Amateur critics don't either. But all have the chance to choose from a variety of programs that reflect the diversity of their tastes and interests. In November: history, archaeology, fantasy, musical comedy, drama, current affairs, music... and much more. Why not make your television viewing plans now?

Some programs of special interest

Go Down, Moses
Harriet Tubman's work with the Underground Railroad before the Civil War.
Friday, November 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Directions in Israel
Last in 5-part study of Israeli art and culture.
Sunday, November 3 (1-1:30 PM)

Quillow and the Giant
Puppets enact a musical adaptation of a Thurber fantasy.
Sunday, November 3 (6-7 PM)

Four Views of Caesar
Julius Caesar as seen by Plutarch, Shakespeare, Shaw, and himself.
Wednesday, November 6 (7:30-8 PM)

The Great War
A re-creation of the World War I era.
Sunday, November 10 (3-4 PM)

The Road to Berlin
Report on causes of the continuing crisis.
Sunday, November 10 (6-6:30 PM)

Calamity Jane
Carol Burnett in the musical comedy set in the Old West.
Tuesday, November 12 (9:30-11 PM)

The Patriots
Charlton Heston as Thomas Jefferson in the play by Sidney Kingsley.
Friday, November 15 (9:30-11 PM)

Greece: The Golden Age
An evocation by Lou Hazam of the glory that was Greece.
Tuesday, November 19 (9-10 PM)

That War in Korea
A *Project 20* study of "the strangest war ever fought by man."
Wednesday, November 20 (7:30-9 PM)

The Festival Frenzy
Excitement and pageantry—from bulls at Pamplona to starlets at Venice.
Wednesday, November 20 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 28 (10 AM-Noon)

Young People's Concert
Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, November 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

* * * *

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/NBC News Encore/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/ABC News Reports

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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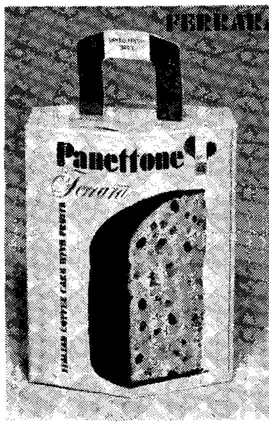

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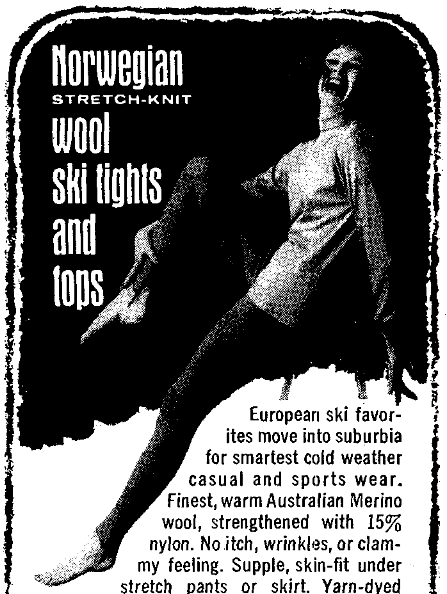
THE GIGGLE OF JUAN RAMÍREZ

I GUESS I will never know whether it was the voice of Juan Ramírez I heard over short wave from Havana last week. I tune in these broadcasts when I can, because I have friends who are Cuban refugees. On this occasion, I had just listened to "Sin Palabra," a song featuring Olga Guillot, when the announcer came on. Though my Spanish is forever in need of repair, I could make out most of his words. The soothing baritone lingered over details of the recording—a Puchito production—gossiped in an old-fashioned manner about Señora Guillot's career, and said in conclusion that she was "*una cantante de buena figura.*" After this, the announcer giggled. It was an iambic giggle—de-dá, de-dá—emitted in a voice an octave higher than before, and it vanished abruptly in a burst of static. The announcer then sternly chided *yanqui imperialismo* and praised the successful campaign undertaken by *el máximo lider* to uplift his beloved *guajiros*, his peasants. The voice, with its giggle partly drowned by static, sent a chill down my spine. Could it possibly be Juan?

If it was, it would help clear up an enigma that has been haunting me, on and off, for more than twenty years—since that forgotten year, 1942, when people worked patriotic overtime in plane factories, when newspapers called the Russians "our gallant Allies," and jukeboxes exhaled a ditty entitled "Rosie the Riveter." At that time, I had a job working at the German desk of a government short-wave-broadcasting agency set up on the seventh floor of a building in Rockefeller Center. Some time before, when Hitler took over, I had fled my native Germany, where I had been studying languages, especially English. Although technically an "enemy alien," I had been cleared by the F.B.I., and got the job with the help of a fellow-émigré, whom I shall call Helmut. Helmut already worked at the German desk. The reason the government was reduced to using refugees like us was that there was an acute shortage of bilingual people who were not subject to the draft (being "aliens," we were not, at least for a while), and who were at the same time politically untainted.

When I went to work, I found that the agency had managed to assemble a staff for the French, Italian, Swedish, German, and Spanish sections. The first three of these broadcast only during the day, but for some reason the



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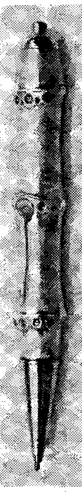

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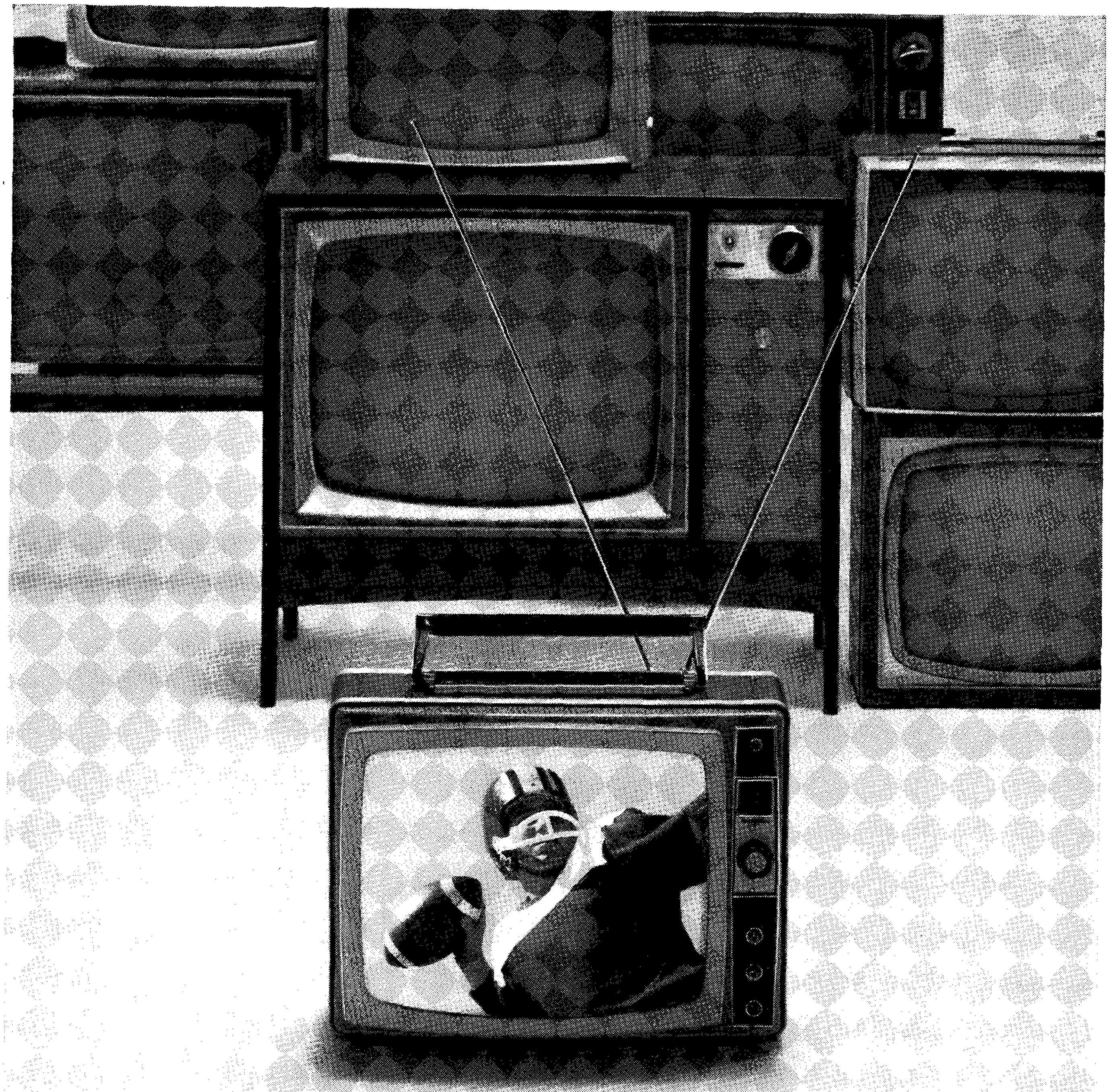

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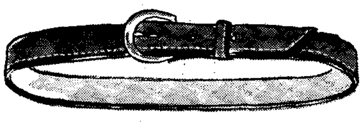
Westinghouse

German and Spanish desks were required to broadcast both day and night. Helmut was on the day staff. Being the youngest in the German section, I was assigned the lobster shift, from midnight until eight in the morning. During that time, I had to digest the news, which arrived constantly on ticker tape from Washington, and then prepare and read three fifteen-minute newscasts. The hours and the job weren't easy for me, lonely and uprooted as I was, but I was proud to contribute to what was called the "war effort" and I threw myself into the work. I indulged in colorful visions of people hiding in a half-destroyed cellar somewhere in Europe, huddled over a homemade short-wave set and drinking in my words—the Truth—coming from America.

Around three o'clock, after my first newscast, I took a break for lunch. Or was it dinner? Since I slept during the day and had my first bite at seven in the evening, I was never sure which meal was which. My "lunch" consisted of tasteless sandwiches and a container of coffee, tasting of paper. Then, one hot night in June, 1942, a tall, brown-haired man, with a dark mustache and skin the color of a faded lemon, appeared at the Spanish desk in our office. Flashing a very white smile, he introduced himself as Juan Ramírez y Betancourt. The next night and every night thereafter, he brought along a thermos of strong, oversweet coffee, which he invited me to share. I never gathered enough courage to ask him to go easy on the sugar, but drank the coffee happily. I was also happy to have some company during those long, humid summer nights. About two-thirty, Juan and I would walk through dim, deserted corridors into the tiny, air-conditioned office of our night engineer, Harry Dougherty, a burly, brooding former ship's radio operator. Both Juan and I did three nightly broadcasts "live" from Harry's office—tapes had not yet been introduced—but there any similarity between our jobs ended. While I gave straight newscasts—each one different, in order to keep up with the news—Juan played recordings of light Spanish music, told anecdotes about the performers, and, finally, added a brief three minutes of news, which he never bothered to alter after an early reading of the news ticker.

When I asked my friend Helmut about Juan's being allowed to play records, I was treated to a lecture on National Differences. "Many South Americans sympathize with the Axis, don't you know? Particularly in the



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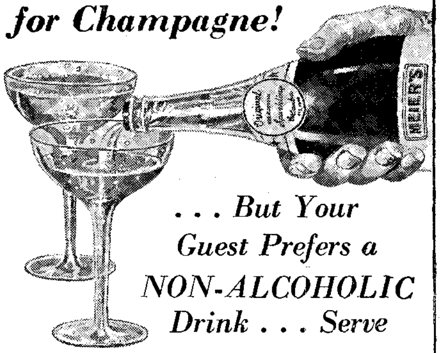

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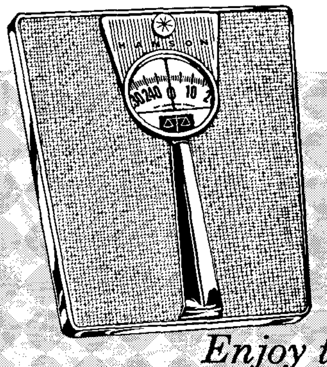

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(For news about more KLM vacation bargains, read on)

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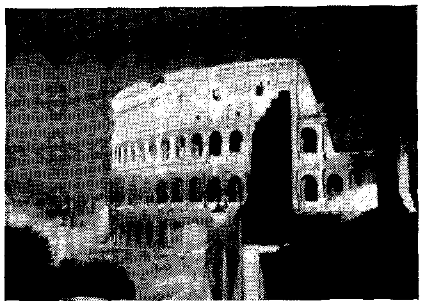
You can travel independently or with a guide. You can go by bus, train, plane or cruise ship. You can pay less than $5 a day in Europe—or as much as $43 a day for an air-sea tour that includes 21-day jet excursion fare from New York and 8 days of Mediterranean cruising.



The Colosseum in Rome—one of the cities you can visit on KLM's amazing new "21 days for $99" tour plan.

You'll find full details about these KLM tours in a new 24-page illustrated brochure, called "KLM Sun and Fun Vacations." For a free copy, clip coupon. Meantime, whet your appetite with these facts.

1. KLM's amazing new "21 days for $99" plan. This is *not* a group tour. You make up your own itinerary, set your *own* pace. Just look what KLM gives you for less than $5 a day:

a. *Accommodations in good hotels*—not the fanciest in Europe, but clean and utterly respectable.

b. *Continental breakfasts* every morning for 21 days.

c. *Sightseeing trip* in every city you visit.

NOTE: To qualify for this plan, you must leave the U.S. not later than March 31. So start planning now. First, pick five cities from this list:

> *Amsterdam, London, Edinburgh, Paris, Nice, Brussels, Rome, Milan, Florence, Venice, Zurich, Geneva, Athens, Munich, Berlin, Barcelona, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm.*

Now decide how many of your 21 days you want to spend in each city. Then see your travel agent and tell him you want KLM's "21 days for $99" plan. *He'll do the rest.*

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3. KLM's European Capitals in Season Tour—21 days, 9 cities for $850. Itinerary includes Amsterdam, London, Paris, Venice and Rome. You get 21-day jet excursion fare from New York; *first-class* hotels; most meals; *first-class* sleeper trains; guide; sightseeing—all for just $850 (or $40 a day).

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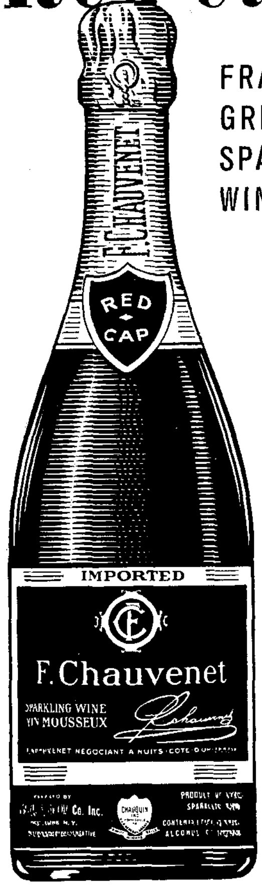

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Argentine, the Nazis command a big following. Besides"—Helmut paused, and I could imagine the Washington voice that had briefed him—"besides, Latin-Americans are a lighthearted, non-political people. They wouldn't tolerate fifteen minutes of straight news. That's why Washington picked Ramírez, an Argentinian who knows how to say it with native music. This, Richard, is Psychological Warfare!"

Juan was good company. It wasn't only his strong, sweet coffee. He was that improbable phenomenon, a happy character. All during the night, he would hum zarzuelas—the Spanish equivalent of Viennese operettas—interrupting himself to tell me some tame dirty jokes in his, to me, engaging foreign accent. Every now and then, he would stop to make a telephone call. Juan had two girl friends, whom he adroitly juggled. When it happened that he was talking to one of them on one phone and the other called on another phone—usually the one on the Swedish desk—I would talk to her, telling her that Juan had just stepped out. Soon I knew the personality of both girls—one of them was highly excitable—and I became adept, under Juan's direction, at practicing psychological warfare on them. This was a new experience. My strict upbringing should have made me ashamed of myself and of Juan, but I enjoyed both him and the telephone skirmishes. They made the long nights seem shorter.

Our alliance didn't last long. After a few weeks, Juan discovered that he could put his music and news on a wax record before his first broadcast. Harry, who had loathed Juan from the outset, cut the record for him rather early in the morning, around two o'clock, and then Juan left the office for a rendezvous with either one or the other of the girls. Harry told me he made the cutting for Juan only because in this way he would see less of him. I, of course, couldn't put my news on a record, because it changed with each broadcast.

After Juan began leaving early, Harry invited me to move in with him. He gave me a corner of his desk and treated me to occasional jiggers of whiskey. We listened to Juan's cuttings. It was not long before we became thoroughly familiar with the Ramírez technique of winning South America over to the Allies. After each musical number, Juan would give the title of the piece, the name of the company producing the record, and its serial number—he would spell out each digit of the serial number very slowly. This information, obviously, was for the benefit of any

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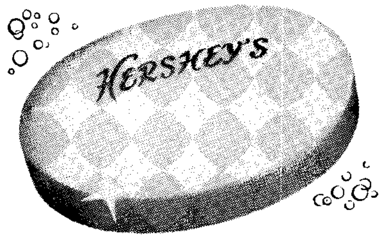

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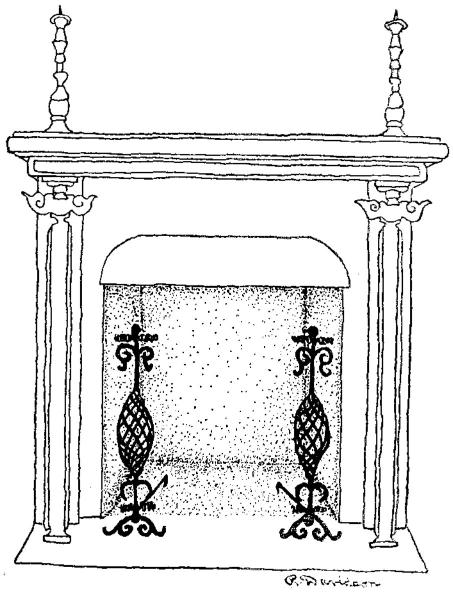
listener who might care to obtain a copy of the original record. Then, if such a record featured a female vocalist—Juan shied away from male singers as though they could transmit some illness over the air—he would add a little gossip about her and usually include a phrase like "*una cantante muy bonita.*" After this, Juan would giggle—compulsively. He emitted a short, iambic titter, eight notes higher than his usual baritone and not unlike the squeak a beginner produces when trying to play the clarinet.

Harry, I soon realized, hated this falsetto giggle as much as he did Juan himself. Once, Harry went so far as to erase the giggle from the wax. Strangely enough, we received no complaints from Juan's South American fans, who, so he assured us, were showering enthusiastic letters on him, which he was too modest to exhibit.

ONE night in August, I found Harry with a pencil in his hand and a frown on his dark Irish face. He was playing the last wax cutting he had made for Juan, returning the needle again and again to a spot where Juan identified a musical recording. Harry then gave a short nod and, picking up the original record, handed it to me. It was a 78-r.p.m. Cubaney product featuring Ester Borjas in the song "*Ya Que Te Vas.*"

"Listen carefully," Harry said. "Listen to the numbers as Don Juan speaks them. Then look at the ones printed on the original."

I did. The serial number Juan was broadcasting was not the same as that on the Cubaney record. I knew enough to make out numerals from *uno* to *diez.* Harry then put on the discs he had made the previous week. We compared them with the original singing or dance



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records, which Juan always left lying around in a heap on the floor. Only once did the numbers, enunciated so carefully by Juan, tally with those on the factory label. We had to stop at this point, because I had to make my third newscast. While I was telling my probably nonexistent underground listeners of the effect Allied bombers were having on certain industrial cities, I was trying to think why Juan would change those numbers. I spoke too fast, stuttered, and even mispronounced several words. Fortunately, Harry wasn't checking on me. He was busy pulling out Juan's wax cuttings and gathering up the original records. When my broadcast was over, I helped him to arrange them all in the right time sequence. We discovered that for about the first three weeks after the labor-saving wax cuts had been introduced, Juan had dutifully read off the numerals printed on the labels by such manufacturers as Panart, R.C.A., Cubaney. Then, in early July, it started. Juan began following a zigzag course: sometimes the numbers would match, sometimes they would not. Harry and I worked out two columns. In the left we jotted down the numbers printed on the labels, in the right those spoken by Juan. This took us quite a long time. I was very tired, but too excited to care.

"Look at the columns of the last three as a sample, Harry," I said. "Juan read '*cuatro*' and '*dos*' each time. On the original labels there is neither a four nor a two."

"Before the '*cuatro*,' he made a pause," Harry went on, "and before that, he read '*siete*.' No seven on the labels. Did you catch that?"

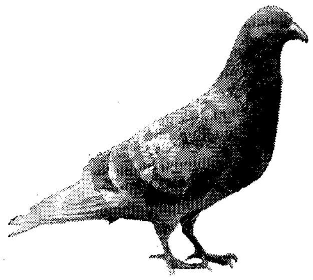
I admitted I had only caught it now. I couldn't speak for a moment or two, because something had struck at me like a stab of migraine. One part of my mind rejected it as silly; the other didn't care whether it seemed silly or not.

"Look at this one, Harry," I said finally. "You cut that wax on the sixth of July. After Juan pauses, the number he spells out is eleven . . . seven . . . four . . . two. He is calling someone's attention to the eleventh of July, 1942."

"But he should make it like this." On a pad Harry scribbled: "7/11/42."

"In Europe, we write it the other way around," I said. "First the day, then the month, then the year. South Americans are more like Europeans. They write dates the way I learned it in school. Give me a drink, Harry."

Harry poured us a double Scotch and then he looked at me. I stared back. "Sometimes Juan seems to have nothing to convey," Harry finally continued, "and then he probably quotes every-



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thing right. What do you think those numbers mean which he reads off each time before he pauses?" When I shook my head, Harry said, "I'll give you my guess for what it's worth. Those numerals are a code for different ships. Some of them mean battleships, some destroyers, others tankers or Liberty ships. Together they form a convoy. No one is supposed to know when they leave because of enemy submarines. Our Don Juan is beaming the convoy make-up and the sailing dates to South America so some bastard can pass them on right away to the German Navy. It's too crazy." Harry slapped his big hand on the desk. "It's a grade-B movie. But I'm calling the F.B.I. anyhow. It will mean trouble for you—you poor, tired Enemy Alien."

"Call them as soon as you can," I said quickly. I saw myself looking for another job, but I felt elated to be "doing my duty." Since Harry looked glum, I added, "Life is a grade-B movie anyhow, Harry. I really believe it. Most people haven't enough phantasy to see it. When the S.S. started terrorizing my home town in Germany, and the leather-jacket boys smashed our windows, my father stared at the broken glass and kept saying, 'But it isn't possible—it can't be true. . . .' No, Harry, go ahead and phone them. But how in heaven's name did Juan get hold of those convoy dates? They are a top secret. Besides, Juan is much too lazy to go out in the daytime and do any sort of work."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Go home, Enemy Alien," he said. "The F.B.I. will figure something. They'll probably squeeze your brains, too, but don't worry. And promise me—not a word to Helmut. We don't want to involve him."

I nodded and, tired though I was, rushed out of the tiny office, out of the silent building, and onto the empty street. I sweated as I walked up Sixth Avenue, which seemed to yawn, green and dirty, under the first light of another steamy day. At my apartment, I scrambled some eggs, but I could hardly eat them, because of fatigue and excitement. Then I went to bed.

The F.B.I. never called on me. But two agents called on Harry at his apartment, and he told me about their visit. They were polite and soft-spoken, and they did not consider us silly. Harry had been right about those other numerals. They did mean ships. Anything else the agents said they were not permitted to reveal. So we never learned how Juan obtained his information about the convoys. We were never told what happened to him. He just didn't come

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back. A few nights later, a gray-haired Puerto Rican introduced himself as Agosto, the new member of the Spanish desk. No music any more, no singers, no pre-recordings—just the news.

I never heard of Juan again, and, unfortunately, as I went on to other jobs, I lost all trace of my first American friend, Harry Dougherty. Right now I wish I knew where to reach him. He could tune in with me on the late shortwave blast from Havana extolling *el máximo líder* and calling us *gusanos*—worms. He could listen with me to the music—Celia Cruz singing "Infelicidad"—to a soothing, low voice murmuring something about "*una cantante de muy buena figura*," and to a giggle, nearly swallowed by static, but still audible, reminiscent and haunting. But Harry has vanished beyond the horizon of my life, and I am left alone to wonder whether Juan has found another outlet for his talents and whether he is broadcasting the right names of productions, songs, and artists. He wasn't giving out any numbers that night—if it was Juan. But perhaps, as in the bygone days of the war, he has hidden some message somehow, somewhere, and I simply haven't discovered how to read it. —RICHARD PLANT

•

THOUGHTS ON LIVING IN A SHAKER HOUSE

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And everything is made just so,
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The household gods are epicene.

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A kind of grudging elegance
Informs each piece and artifact
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That never knew a child's abuse,
Household objects scarcely worn,
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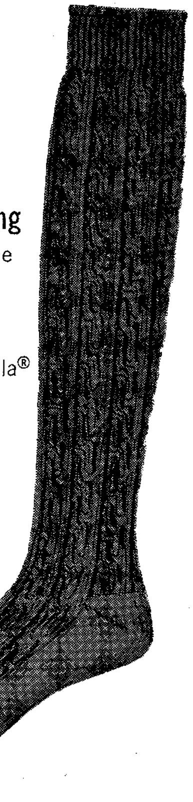
One thinks of busy little souls
Bent over little wooden bowls,
Like bees in well-conducted hives,
Living their close peculiar lives,

Too occupied with sin and chairs
For ordinary griefs and cares,
Too much intent upon a vision
To see the saving imprecision.

Our rueful sense of lives ill-spent
Is, in the end, impertinent,
And does not in the least impair
The beauty of a Shaker chair.

—JANET MALCOLM



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Thank you kindly. Bolind of Boulder 3, Colo. 80301. Merry Christmas!

THE RACE TRACK

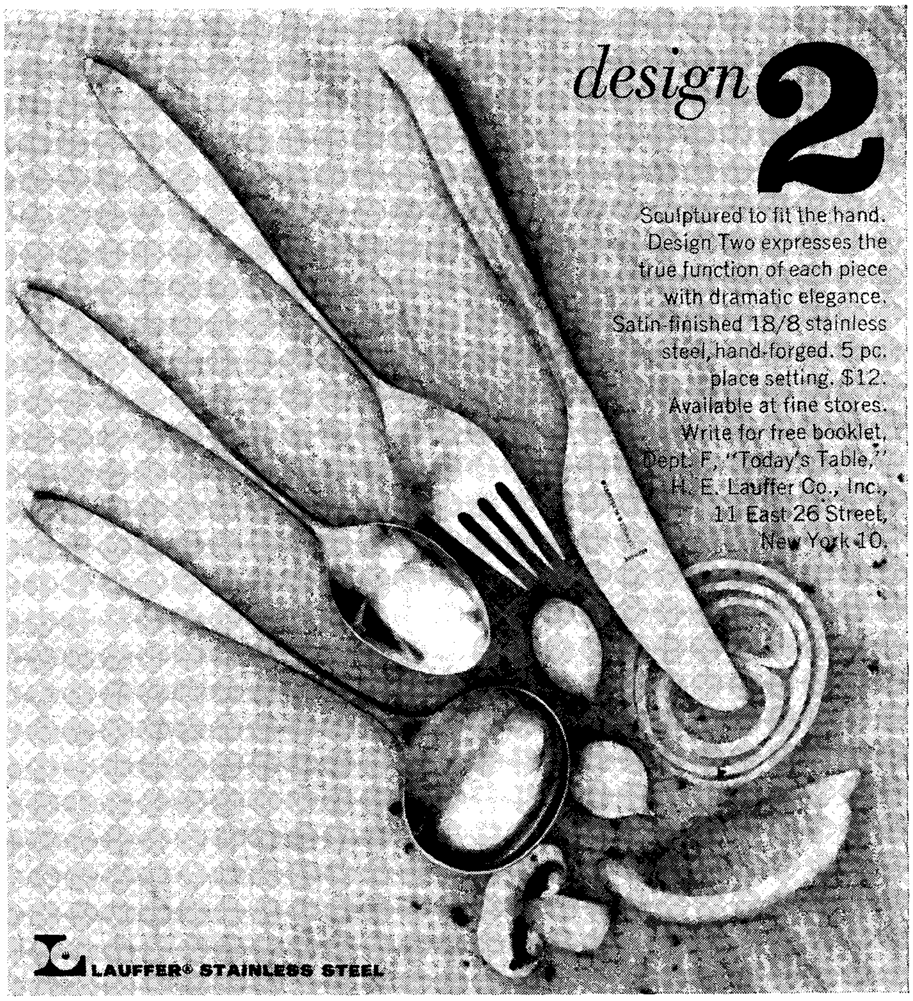
Fast Girls

MAURICE FREED

ONE might say, without stretching the point too much, that last Saturday was Ladies' Day at the races, with surprises in place of trading stamps. At Aqueduct, a three-year-old filly with the inappropriate name of Goofed won the Ladies Handicap, and another, called Leopard Look, who hadn't been in the money all year, brought off the longest winning price of the local season—$127.70—after a gallop over the turf course, while at Garden State Park, in Jersey, later in the afternoon, the heavily favored Tosmah finished eighth in the Gardenia, for two-year-old fillies, eight lengths behind the winner, Castle Forbes, from the Wheatley Stable. And at Bowie something named Loving Heart led home five of the sterner sex in the Elkridge Handicap.

Though none of the ten starters in the Ladies had ever gone its distance—a mile and a half—before, it was a lively affair to watch, Goofed coming up in the last furlong to win by a neck from Suiti, who nosed out Dupage Lady. Waltz Song, who had been second to Royal Patrice in the same race last year, when the distance was a mile and five-sixteenths, tired early, and Oil Royalty was outrun. As for Leopard Look, she made a photo finish of her race, winning by a head from Star Attraction.

THERE'S an old track saying, "They all get beat if you run them often enough." That's what happened to Tosmah. She was hard pressed to win the Frizette at Aqueduct last month, and had to be ridden out smartly to win the recent Gardenia Trial. As I saw the Gardenia itself, on television, she started off slowly, and after being rushed into the lead within a couple of furlongs she tired. Still, her record of seven firsts out of eight tries this season isn't too bad. The finish of the Gardenia, as you probably have heard, was the most thrilling and the closest ever, with Castle Forbes, Blue Norther, Miss Cavendish, and Petite Rouge passing the winning post heads and noses apart. Adams, who rode Miss Cavendish, lodged a claim of foul against Valenzuela, on Castle Forbes, and there was a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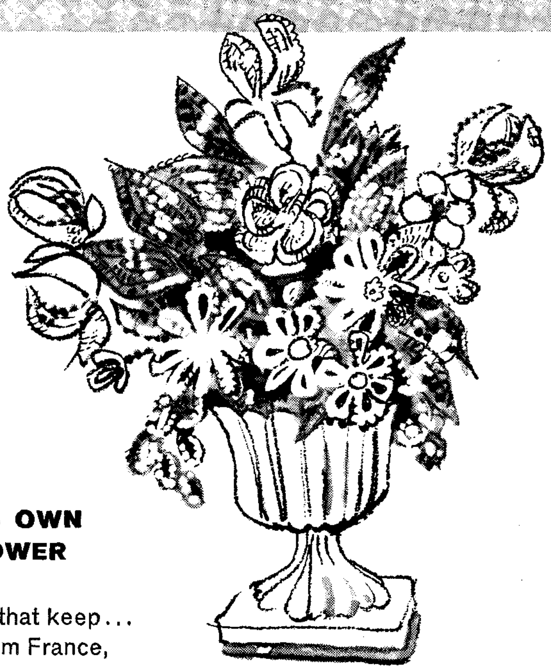
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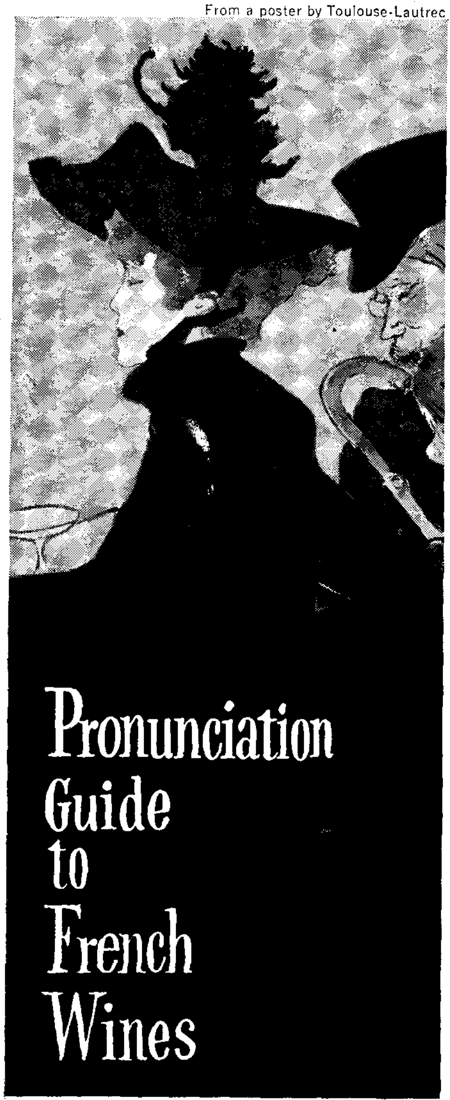
From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Montrachet	*Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent	*Prance Dar John*
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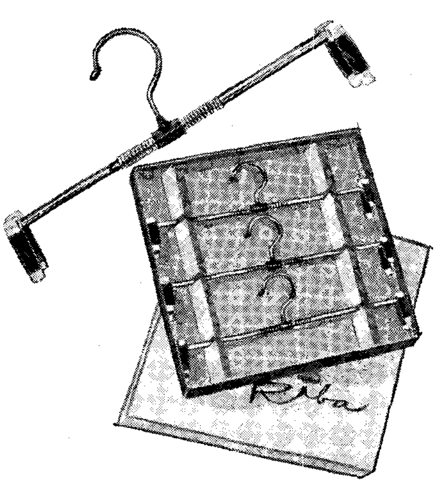
long wait before the stewards disallowed it. Castle Forbes deserves full marks, for she drew Post Position No. 15, and thus, as any handicapper can tell you, had to run farther than anybody else in the race, but she moved up so fast in the stretch that Valenzuela must have thought he was riding Kelso. The other Wheatley fillies—Beautiful Day, ridden by Shoemaker, and Bold Queen, ridden by Blum—were never in the picture. Blue Norther, who set most of the pace, made a good try, and so did Miss Cavendish and Petite Rouge.

STEEPLECHASING wound up its season on Long Island with a dandy show at Aqueduct last week. In fact, Friday's Temple Gwathmey Handicap, won by Amber Diver, was as fine a spectacle as those the old-timers love to talk about. Amber Diver carried 164 pounds, was closest to the fast early pace set by Kantikoy for two turns of the field, and then withstood the spirited challenges of The Sport and Tuscarora in the last quarter of the three miles. I'd say he was the year's top jumper. Though I am no aficionado of the hurdles, I can't remember two more brilliant efforts than those turned in by Fort Riley and Exhibit A in a couple of jumping races on Thursday. Fort Riley, ridden by Evan Jackson, who trains him, beat Task Force, the favorite, by a head, and Exhibit A won his race by twenty lengths. If we had a few performances like those and like the Gwathmey every year, steeplechasing would have a lot more friends.

NOT altogether unexpected, but certainly welcome to the owners and trainers of the horses entered for the Man o' War Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend, is the news that Kelso won't go for it. As you may or may not know, the management has barred horses from running on the turf course if they are wearing shoes with what horsemen call toes. These toes look like cleats, and give a runner a better grip on the ground. They also play hob with the grass, which is why they are barred. Well, Kelso has always worn shoes with toes, and his stable simply won't change to smooth ones. So he's gone down to Laurel, where he can wear any shoes he likes, to finish his training for the Washington, D.C., International there on Veterans' Day. Needless to say, there'll be a lot of runners for the Man o' War, and I wouldn't venture a guess as to who will win it.

—AUDAX MINOR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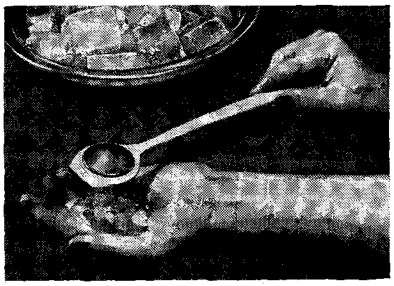
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Requiem

BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S "War Requiem" has been almost universally hailed as one of the greatest works of its kind produced in our century. Its theme—the pity and futility of war—is a noble one. The poetry of Wilfred Owen, which intersperses the verses of the traditional Latin Missa pro Defunctis, is very moving indeed, and the consciousness that Owen himself was killed in action, at twenty-four, and only a week before the armistice that closed the First World War, gives it an extra note of pathos. The composer's dedication of the work to four friends who died in the more recent World War attests his deep sincerity in writing it. Furthermore, the composer's device of contrasting the Mass with more modern and immediate poetic expression is an extremely dramatic one, for as Owen's heart-rending lines alternate with the age-old Latin, they seem at times to mock it and at others to lend it extra pertinence and nobility. Add to this the huge format of the composition—employing a full orchestra, a chamber orchestra, a mixed chorus, a boys' choir, and three vocal soloists—and it becomes clear that the effect is bound to be stirring.

In listening to its New York première, by the Boston Symphony and additional forces, under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf, in Philharmonic Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, I felt this effect, particularly in the insistent rhythms of the Carl Orff-like "Dies Irae," in the tenor solo "Move him into the sun," in the later tenor solo that begins the "Agnus Dei," and especially in the closing episode, in which two enemy soldiers confront each other in death. Yet I was aware throughout the work of the fact that I was being moved more by the ideas presented to my conscious mind than by the music itself. It was as if I were looking at some deft illustrations purporting to convey, but not actually conveying, the subject of a profound book. The "War Requiem" is a very literary work, and, to my mind, the Britten music embellishes the literature without taking over that literature's function. To some extent, this is the

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fault of Britten's general musical style, which has always been theatrical and contrived, making great use of sound for sound's sake and of effect for effect's sake—and which remains theatrical and contrived even in this, probably his most deeply felt work. I do not mean to imply that those who are profoundly impressed by the "War Requiem" are in any way being cheated. As I have said, they have before them a great subject dramatically presented, some interesting musical scoring, some verses of exalted quality, and the grandeur of the Mass, and these things are impressive enough. But Britten's music does not assume priority among them, as, say, Mozart's and Beethoven's music does in *their* Masses. Perhaps I can make myself clearer by saying that if the "War Requiem" were stripped of its words and its associations, the musical remnant would not cause any great ripple of excitement. You may argue that this is beside the point, since it is not so stripped, and you will, of course, be right. But I can still answer that what you find moving about this work is, nearly all of it, extra-musical.

The performance the other night was, I am sure, as fine as one could wish for. Mr. Leinsdorf conducted the work clearly and with an air of solemnity. The soloists—Phyllis Curtin, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Tom Krause—all sang magnificently, as did the Chorus Pro Musica of Boston and the Columbus Boychoir. Among the soloists, Miss Curtin had the most difficult assignment, and not only did she carry it out like the highly intelligent artist she is but she sang with what appeared to be a new opulence of voice. Mr. Krause, a Finnish baritone, was making his début here. He is a splendid vocalist, and one hopes to hear more of him.

THE New York City Opera's new English production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which I went to hear on Thursday night, is a stunner. Not that everything in it is entirely to my taste. The translation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin (who have produced an almost perfect "Figaro"), is occasionally somewhat inelegant and trite in its rhyming for so lofty a drama, though it is always eminently singable. The stage production, by William Ball, flouts tradition—sometimes happily and sometimes, I thought, rather fussily. Don Giovanni himself was dressed in Napoleonic costume (which is all right), and murdered the Commendatore with a dagger instead of a sword (which is all wrong). Later, in the ballroom

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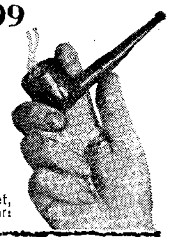

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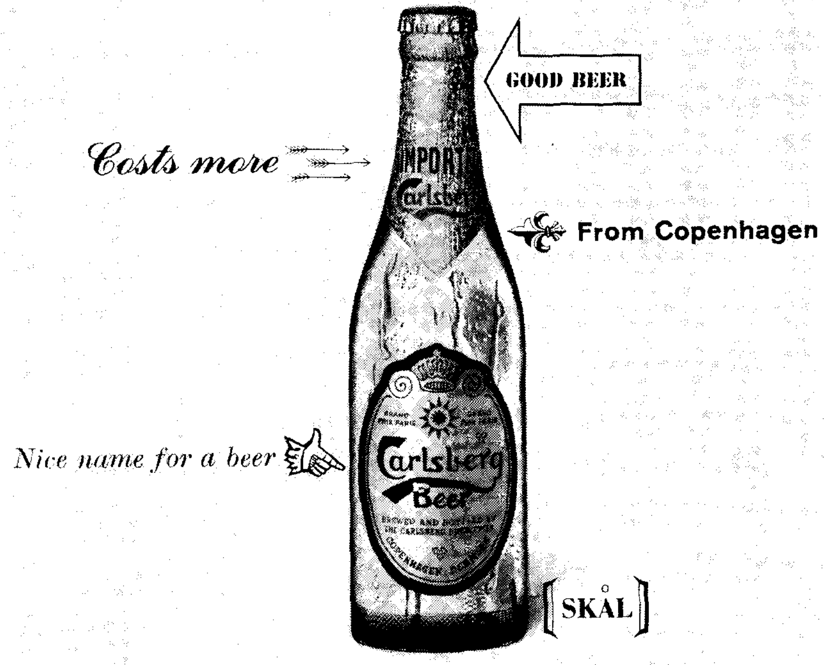
scene, he did not defend himself against his attackers (again, he had no sword) but left that job to his minions, while he stood, sneering, behind them. The trouble with these bits of stage business is that they diminish the stature of Don Giovanni, who is certainly no thug but, whatever else he may be, a great and courageous gentleman, whose proper weapon is the rapier. Moreover, I don't see the advantage of having the Commendatore's statue trundle onto the stage complete with pedestal, as if it were a ferryboat, in the last scene. One of the most fearsome aspects of the dead Commendatore is that he is represented by a *walking* statue, whose stone footsteps Leporello actually hears, as well as a statue that knocks on doors and shakes hands with evildoers.

These, however, are minor matters, in view of the magnificence of the music and the crisp rendition of it by the conductor, Julius Rudel; the admirable orchestra; and a cast of handsome and able singers. Norman Treigle, in the title role, looked perhaps a shade too young for the seducer of *that* many women, but his singing was both strong and subtle. Beverly Bower was about as fine a Donna Anna as you are likely to come across anywhere. Arlene Saunders was an unusually pretty Donna Elvira, and, barring a few high notes in her final big aria (which came out a little thin), sang superbly. One takes Judith Raskin's Zerlina almost for granted nowadays, since she has so often demonstrated her perfect artistry in Mozart. Donald Gramm was as funny as most Leporellos, and a more scrupulous singer than many. John McCollum, making his operatic début here (he is well known in oratorio) as Don Ottavio, sang "Il mio tesoro" with remarkable breath control. His first-act aria was, unfortunately, cut, as were a number of other items in the score. William Metcalf made a first-rate Masetto, and Ara Berberian a noble Commendatore. In listening to the performance, I was reminded again of the old quip, credited (probably apocryphally) to the late Giulio Gatti-Casazza: "Opera in English? Heavens, no! The audience might find out what it is about." Even for those who had repeatedly studied their librettos and had attended many performances, this one came alive in a special way. One *did* understand what the opera was about, from one instant to the next, and that added no end both to the enjoyment of the drama and to the understanding of the miraculous aptness of every phrase of Mozart's music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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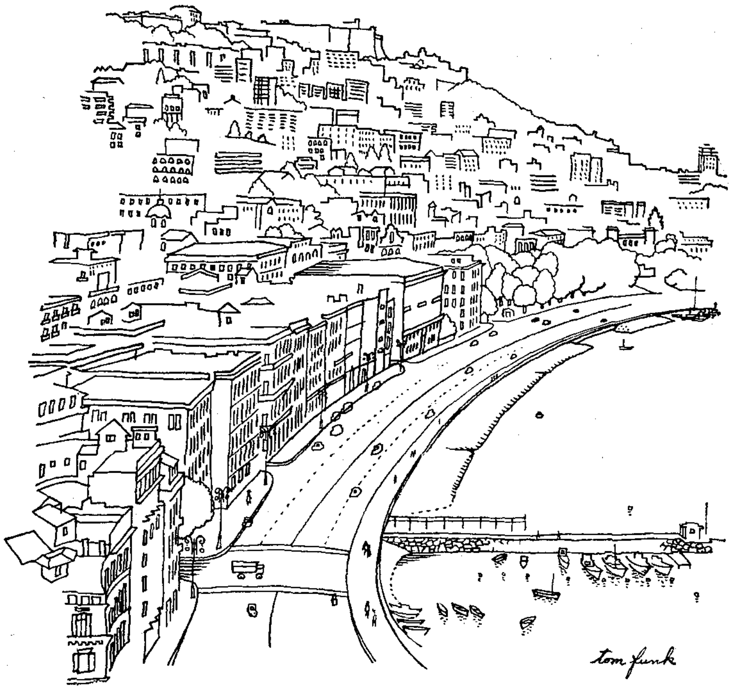
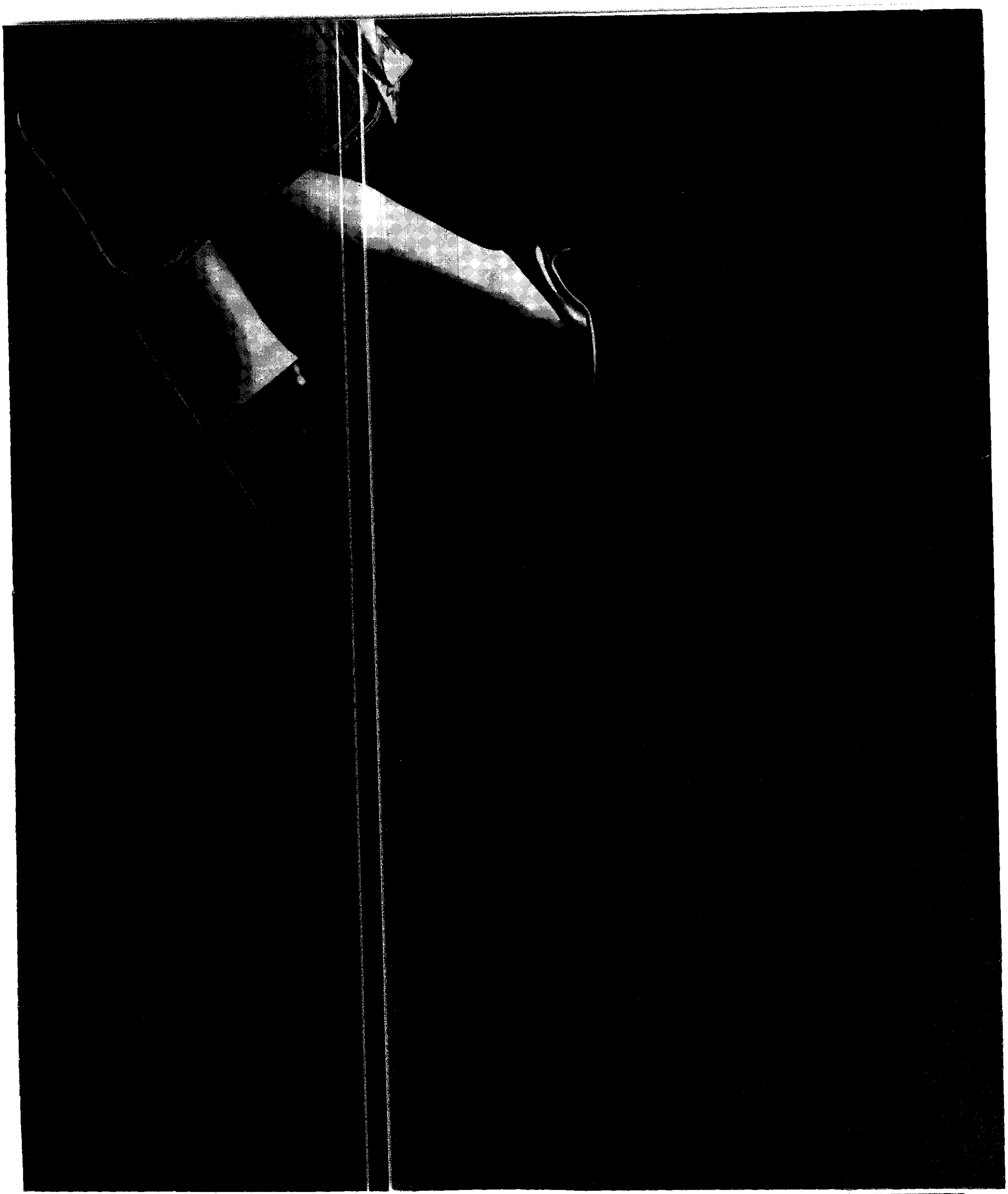


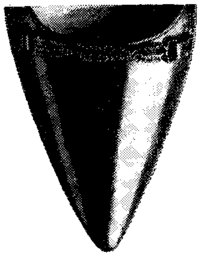
VISITING Italy two or three years ago, we entered the country—my wife and I—by way of the Little Saint Bernard Pass, in the Savoy Alps. We were travelling by car, and since the descent from the pass is generally steep and winding, our pace was fairly cautious and slow. Our first stop was at Aosta, once a border outpost of the Praetorian Guard, and from there we headed down the peninsula, following a meandering course that, after many other stops to visit medieval hill towns—some on the standard tourist routes and others quite remote—brought us ultimately to Rome. It was a leisurely way of renewing our acquaintance with the country, and this was accentuated by the fact that we seemed to be progressing from the times of Imperial Rome, through the Middle Ages, to the present.

On a recent visit, it was different. Aiming for southern Italy, we went there direct, by boat to Naples—not so abrupt a plunge as if we had arrived by plane, perhaps, but still a rather decisive transition, especially since the city differed considerably from what we had expected. To be sure, this difference turned out to be an advantage in some ways. For one thing, we had been prepared to be chivied by beggars, cheated by taxi-drivers, and overcharged by stores, hotels, and restaurants. Instead, the attitude we met with was curiously noncommittal—not welcoming, particularly (on the streets, the Neapolitans show less consideration than one usually encounters in Italy, pushing their way right through anybody who happens to get in their path), but not one of brigandage, either, amiable or otherwise. I was impressed by the earnestness with which our taxi-driver, bringing us and our baggage up to our hotel from the boat, explained how it was that the surcharge on luggage made the bill so high. Then, too, though there were a few beggars about, they were not especially obstreperous; I have been hit harder by panhandlers in New York many times. The majority of the beggars in Naples, actually, are little boys—very dirty and very imploring—and they have a way of thrusting their lower lip out, as they extend one half-curled-up fist, in the most pitiable fashion imaginable. There was one, in particular—a chunky little kid with raggedy blond hair and a small, solemn face—whom we got to be quite friendly with. He patrolled the Via Partenope, a broad, pleasant waterside avenue that skirts the southern arm of the bay and that must have afforded him reasonably good pickings, for it is lined with de-luxe hotels and restaurants and splendid apartment houses. Since we often wandered over there from the far less fashionable area of our own hotel to get a touch of *haut ton*—and, incidentally, a really good Martini—we ran into our beggar boy fairly frequently. He couldn't have been more than eight years old, but he was clearly a man of the world already, for after a few days he entered into a kind of tacit understanding with us whereby he would nick us only on our first meeting of the day and, if there were any others, later on, would greet us with a small, noncommittal smile and pass right on. It made us feel a bit like long-time residents—always a nice feeling to have in a foreign city.

Again, there were people who went out of their way to be kind to us, among them a man in the Spacca Napoli, a slum quarter not far from the center of town. "They're all thieves in that region," my wife had been warned. "Hold on to your handbag tightly if you go walking there." Yet this man ran after us for half a block to restore a pair of gloves she had dropped from that very same handbag. There were other such encounters, perhaps the most notable of which was with an elderly, rather wispy gentleman, with gray hair worn long and a stately manner, who came to our assistance at a tricky intersection on the Piazza del Plebiscito, not far from the Teatro San Carlo—Naples' opera house—where we had stopped to look at announcements of forthcoming productions. One was of "Tosca," and, having heard us mention it, he overtook us to put in a gentle bid—in perfect English—for a program of some pieces by contemporary Italian composers that was also to be put on there, and from this it developed that he was one of the violinists in the San Carlo orchestra. Holding back a snarl of cars with disdainful elegance, he shepherded us to the other side of the crossing, where he smoothly terminated our brief acquaintance by saying, "We do 'Tosca' very well, I must admit. But personally I'm a bit bored with it. Do try some of our moderns, too. That shop there, by the way, is the best place for leather goods in Naples." Then, after bowing to my wife and raising his hat to both of us, he strolled urbanely on. (Despite his advice, we settled for "Tosca," since I had always wanted to hear a really melodramatic opera performed in Italy. It turned out to be, as promised, an excellent production, and we found the opera house itself a tiny jewel of a place. I say "tiny" a bit ill-advisedly, since the San Carlo is actually one of the largest theatres in Europe, but its white-and-gold, tiered interior is so perfectly proportioned that it gives just the opposite impression.)

THESE, though, were isolated incidents, and in general the pace of the city seemed fast, noisy, and grimly preoccupied. There are few real cafés, in the usual sense of the word, and the great majority of the so-called bars are in reality snack bars—tableless and chairless places where the customers drink their coffee or an apéritif and eat





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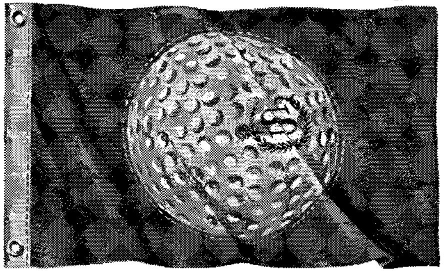
their *gelati* standing up. One feels that the Neapolitans just haven't time to do otherwise. (Gertrude Stein's remark that New York has "no place to sit down" could be applied with even greater cogency to Naples.) The waterfront, far from being a bright ring of gay, garlanded restaurants, is for the most part a gray welter of speeding trucks, streetcar tracks, and huge concrete warehouses and piers. It is true, of course, that few big cities are really welcoming to the casual visitor; like Rome, Genoa, London, Milan, and New York, Naples is too busy with her own affairs for that. But Naples is more self-centered than most—or so I was told by a friend who has been living there for some time—because it has long suffered from a severe inferiority complex concerning Rome, somewhat like Chicago's concerning New York. As the Second World War demonstrated, there are only three truly precious cities in Western Europe, in the sense that people everywhere feel they must be spared, no matter what, and these are Rome, Paris, and Venice. Bystanders reacted to the bombing of London principally by praising the pluck of the British in withstanding the attacks; Naples, Milan, and Genoa were also bombed, and so were Rouen and Le Havre—not to mention the German cities—and the attacks were justified, generally, as unfortunate but necessary acts of war. The whole world rose in horror, however, at the mere thought that the golden three—Rome, Paris, and Venice—might be damaged, and Naples, I'm told, still hasn't quite got over its bitterness at the discovery that it was considered expendable, while Rome wasn't.

Naples, too, at first approach, is likely to strike the visitor as a singularly confusing city. And in some respects it seemed to me that, in addition to its feeling of frustration, Naples might even be a little confused itself. One reason for this could be its history, which is uncommonly complicated, a fact that is illustrated, in convenient capsule fashion, by a series of statues—set in niches along the façade of the Palazzo Reale, down near the harbor—of eight of the sovereigns who ruled Naples between 1130 and 1878. Of heroic size and done in white marble, they represent, reading from left to right, Count Roger of Normandy, Frederick II of Swabia, Charles I of Anjou, Alfonso of Aragon, Charles V of Austria, Charles III of Bourbon, Joachim Murat, and, finally, Victor Emmanuel II of Savoy. Mussolini, who came along later, is not in-

nassau



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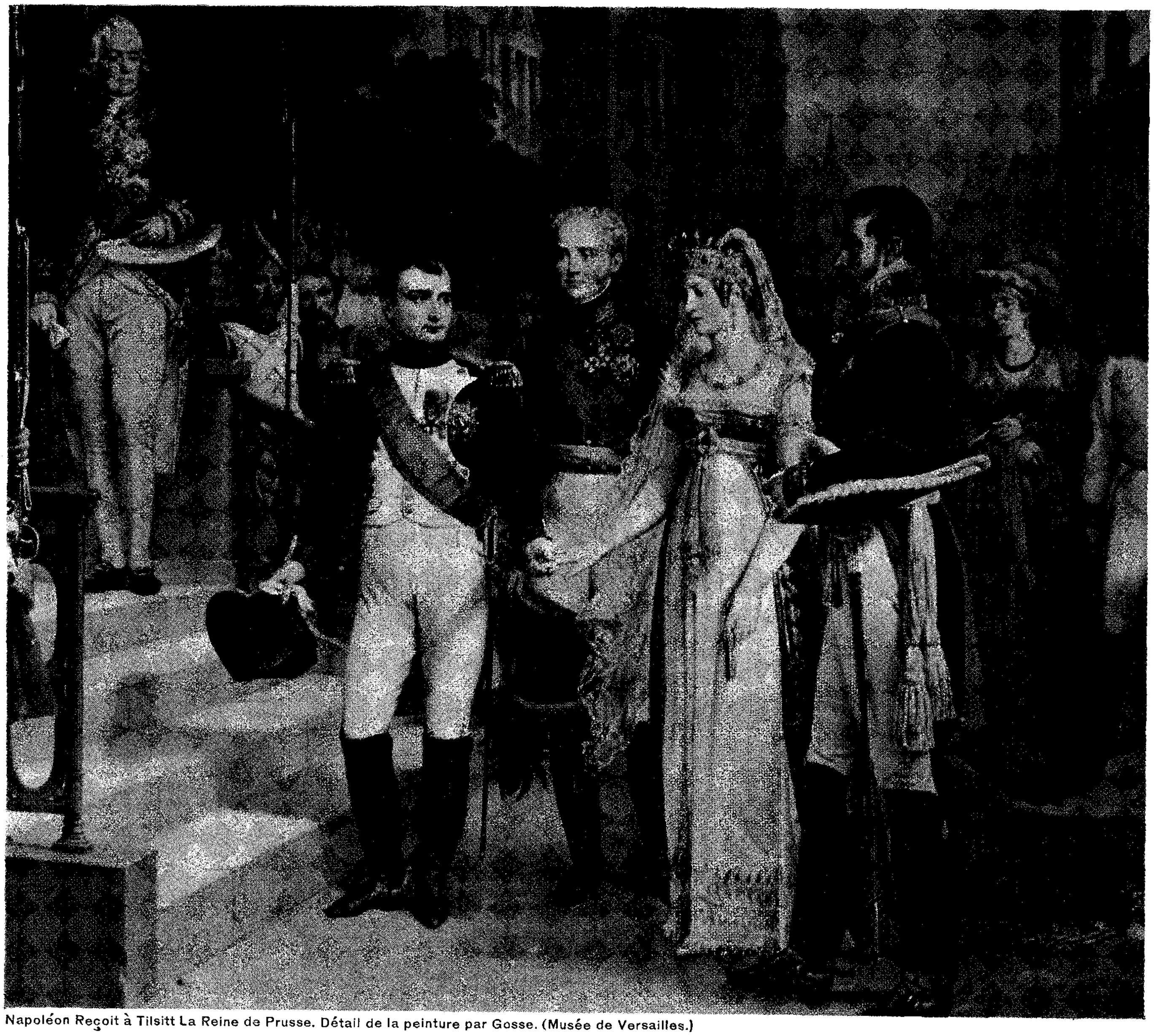

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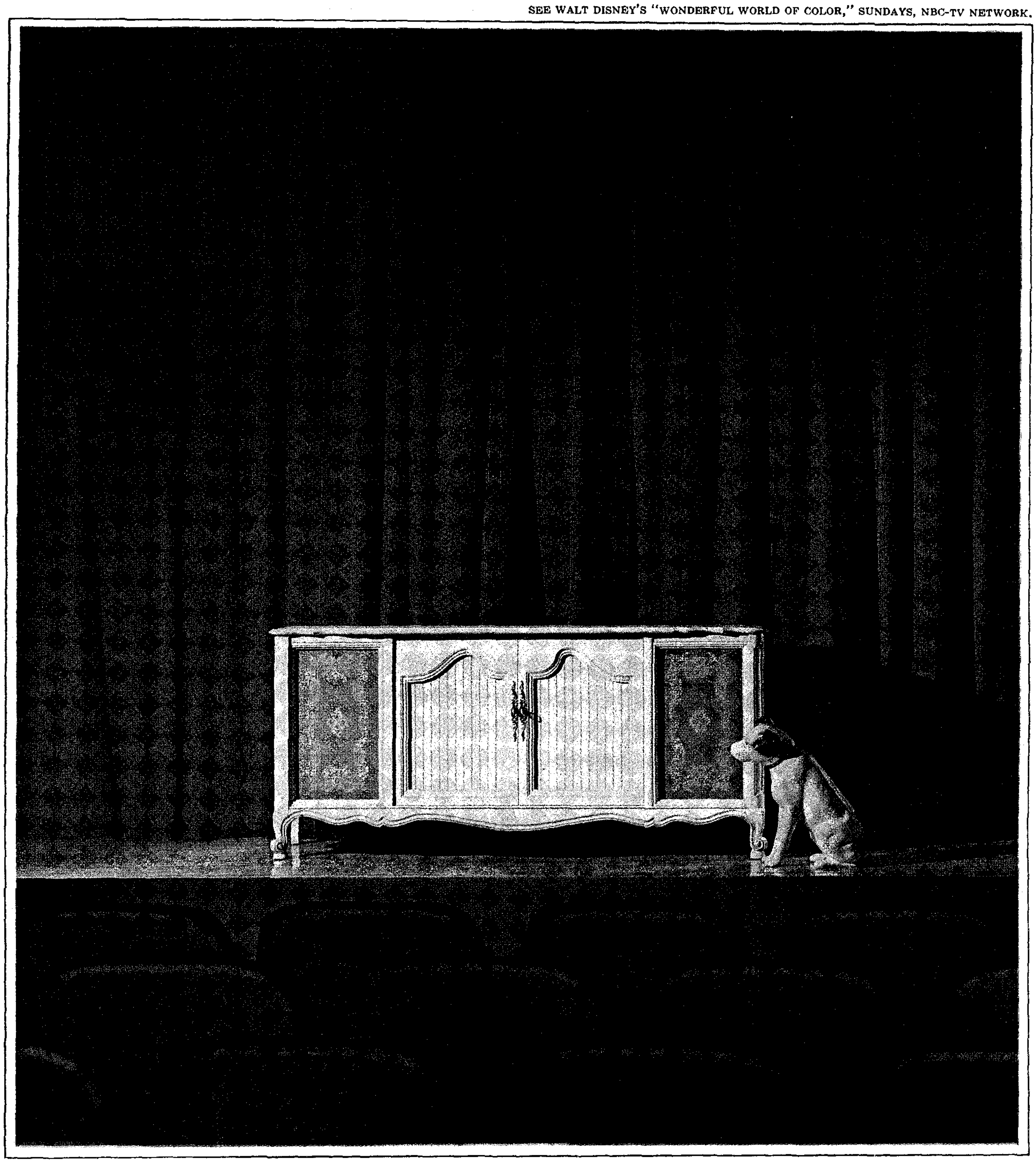

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cluded, nor are any of the Greeks and the Romans, who came earlier. When one reflects that these eight men were not simply rulers but also (except for Murat, who was a stand-in for Napoleon) the heads of separate *dynasties*, which, one after another, in just slightly more than seven centuries, rose to power, declined, and were superseded, one gets some idea of the tangled nature of Naples' background.

Naples is a fairly mixed-up town in other respects as well. One of its streets, for instance, has been officially known for nearly a hundred years as the Via Roma (it was the *decumana superior*, or, as one might say, the High Street, in Roman times, and it is still the city's main north-south thoroughfare), but the Neapolitans doggedly persist in calling it the Via Toledo, as it was originally named, after the Spanish viceroy who commissioned it, around 1540—Don Pedro de Toledo. Other streets change their names in truly breathtaking fashion as they go along, among them the Via Pietra Scura (the *decumana inferior*, or Low Road, of Roman times), which within less than a mile becomes the Via dei Capitelli, and then the Via Mariano Semmola, and, finally, the Via San Biagio dei Librai, while the Via Roma (or Toledo) itself becomes, in turn, the Via Enrico Pessina, the Strada Santa Teresa degli Scalzi, and, at last, grandly, the Corso Amedeo di Savoia Duca di Aosta, as it heads out toward an upland suburban region called Capodimonte.

Capodimonte (meaning "top of the mountain") is known principally for its big and beautifully landscaped public park and for the Palazzo Reale, which sits in its midst. This, of course, is not the Palazzo Reale I mentioned earlier as displaying the row of statues in its façade. That one fronts on the Piazza Trieste e Trento—or, as it is popularly, and with characteristic confusion, known, the Piazza San Ferdinando—and was built in the sixteen-hundreds. The Capodimonte one was begun a century later, by Charles of Bourbon, when the region surrounding it was largely rural, and his intention was to make it the most sumptuous hunting lodge in all Europe—which, in view of its size and pretentiousness, it may well have been. There are, I was told, not just two but five Palazzi Reali in Naples, each built by one or another of the city's former dynastic rulers. But it didn't seem worthwhile tracking down the three others; things were complicated enough as it was.

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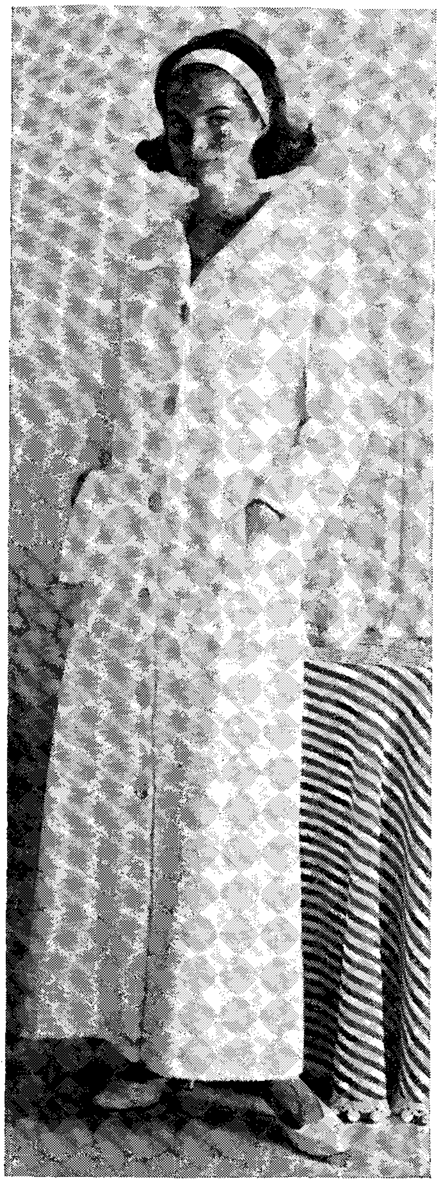

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now a national museum, given over to paintings—a large collection of them, which is perhaps a bit too catholic and flamboyant, but which nevertheless possesses a few real highlights, among them the serene "Virgin with Cat," by Giulio Romano; the Sodoma "Resurrection;" two fine Goya portraits, one of Charles IV of Spain and the other of Maria Louisa of Parma; and, of course, the magnificent group of Titians, including the famous portrait of Philip II of Spain. (The Capodimonte National Museum, to confound things further, must not be confused with another National Museum, part way down the Via Roma toward the city, which houses mostly sculpture, and, apart from some mosaics, friezes, and other relics brought there some time ago from Pompeii, struck me as a chill, gloomy, and disappointing affair.)

AT *the time we were in* Naples, the downtown Palazzo Reale, which nowadays is used as an art museum and library, was having an exhibition of paintings by "Caravaggio e Caravaggeschi," or Caravaggio and his school. There were only a scant half-dozen real Caravaggios in the show, and the rest of the selection was rather random, but, for all its shortcomings, I found the exhibit interesting as an act of expiation—however wry and belated. For it was in Naples, in 1609, when he was in his early forties, that Caravaggio, that wild, brawling, strangely talented Renaissance painter, was fatally wounded, presumably by professional assassins, who may not have been hired by jealous local artists to do the job but certainly could have been. This climax of an unusually stormy life had a prolonged buildup, which began around 1587, when Caravaggio, having killed a man—and, unfortunately, a man with influential connections—in a street fight in Rome, had to abandon a promising career and get out of the city fast. He turned up next on Malta, at the invitation of the Grand Master of the Knights there. But after the briefest of stays on the island—he had time to do little more than a quick portrait of the Grand Master himself—Caravaggio, whose choice of opponents seems always to have been indiscreet, had the incredibly bad judgment to offend his patron, and again had to run for it. I have been at some pains to hunt out the name of the Grand Master; it was Alof de Vignacourt, and Caravaggio's portrait of him is in the Louvre. In any case, although the exact nature of Caravaggio's offense is unknown, it was apparently mortal. De

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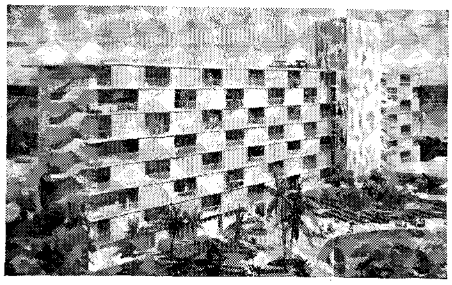

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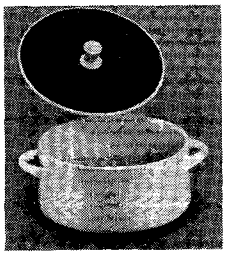

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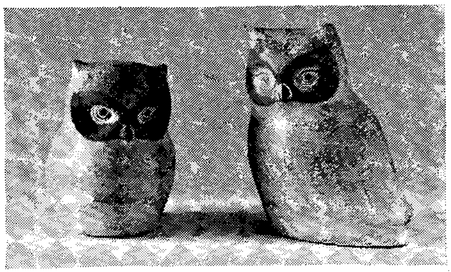

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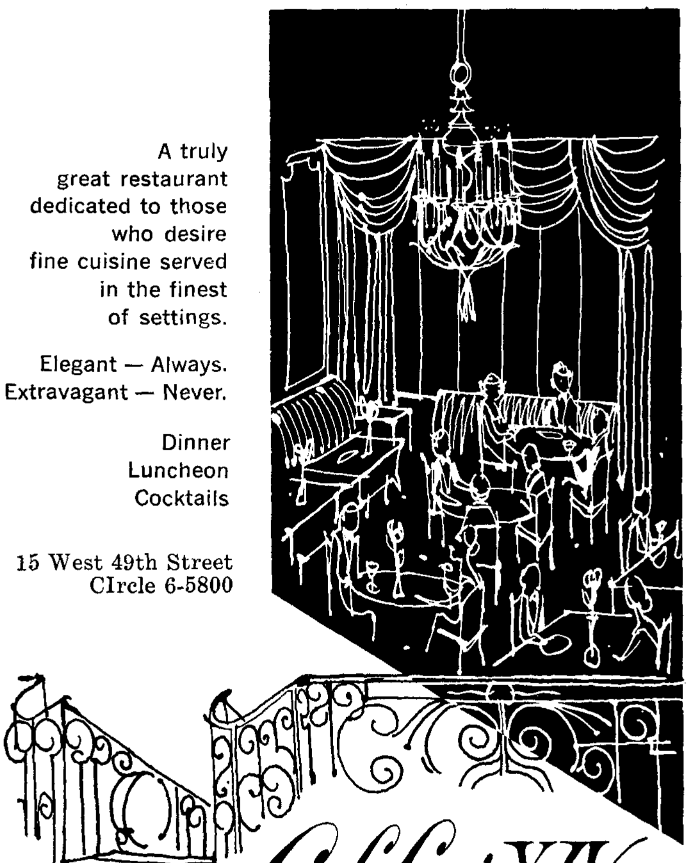
Vignacourt was a nobleman, and therefore, under the Renaissance code of honor, it would have been unthinkable for him to cross swords with a mere artist. Instead, he chose what was, in the context of the times, the honorable course and set a trio of paid assassins on Caravaggio's trail. For some reason, possibly connected with the faulty communications of the period, it took them a long while to catch up with their quarry—if, indeed, they ever did. Caravaggio wandered to Messina, in Sicily, and stayed there long enough to do a couple of paintings for churches, and then, in 1607 or 1608, once more in bad odor, he went up to Naples, where, again, there was no lack of commissions—at first, anyway—and where he spent the remaining year or two of his life under what now seem peculiarly contradictory circumstances. For although he was popular and influential enough to found what almost amounted to a Neapolitan school, attracting such contemporary artists as Caracciolo and Stanzioni—the "Caravaggeschi" of our exhibition, who are little known now but who all strove for the baroque effects of chiaroscuro and billowing forms that he had made his own—he was confronted constantly by the bitter enmity of the native artists, who had by that time banded together in a coterie known as the Cabal of the Artists. Their prime purpose was to fight off competition from northern rivals, and they were determined about their inhospitable business, and tough enough to hire assassins themselves—or even, if need be, to do the killing on their own. After Caravaggio's death, they wounded an assistant of the Bolognese painter Guido Reni in an attack, forcing Reni to forfeit a big church commission, and they hounded poor, gentle old Domenichino so persistently that he was unable to finish a similar project he had undertaken. Just how overt the Cabal's enmity toward Caravaggio was cannot be established—the whole story of his last, climactic years is, of necessity, more than a little murky—but the consensus seems to be that, either because the Cabal did not reach full strength in his lifetime or because he was too intimidating a figure, it did not seriously molest him. Whatever his troubles may have been, he must have concluded as time went on that his luck was holding on both fronts—that he had also outrun the enmity of the Grand Master. Perhaps he had, but here the consensus seems to be that he had not. Assuming this theory to be correct, one may feel that the Grand Master's assassins were a trifle



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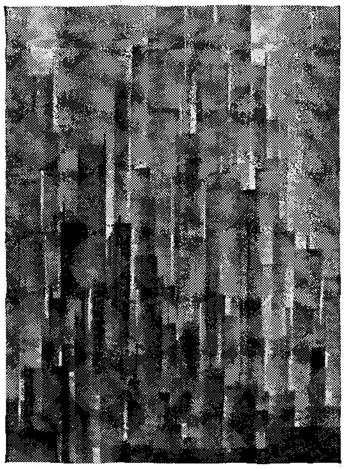
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slow about their work—slow enough, indeed, to suggest that they were being paid by the day, instead of on a piecework basis—but one cannot deny that they were persistent. Again, the facts are meagre, but it seems established that Caravaggio was set upon late one night on the streets of Naples by three men, without apparent cause, and that although he succeeded in fighting them off and escaping, the wounds he received were mortal. He was found a few days later, dead, on the beach at Port' Ercole, a seaside town on a peninsula a few miles north and west of Rome, and how he got there is still anybody's guess.

I'M afraid I rather "tore at" Naples too much at the start. Its big-city noise and bustle both baffled me and challenged me, and I worked too hard at the job of getting to know it. It wasn't until I realized that Naples is actually quite small that I was able to slow down a little. I am speaking now only of the center of the city, and not of the huge suburbs that ring the hills around the bay—from mostly residential Posilipo, on the southwest, to the heavily industrialized communities on the east. This central part of Naples—its oldest part, and so the one most attractive to the casual visitor—lies cupped in a rough half circle between the hills and the harbor, and occupies scarcely two square miles. Taking this into consideration, together with the fact that it is also a place of the most sudden and dramatic contrasts—palaces alternating with tenements and slums, and narrow alleys lying just off main avenues—I soon realized that for me, at least, the best way to see Naples was to tackle it at random and, as much as possible, on foot.

It's all right to start out with a definite destination, of course. That only adds to your feeling of triumph when, led off by a tempting vista to one side or the other of your plotted course, you discover something far more wonderful, and less guidebooked, instead. For instance, I set out one day to explore a section of the waterfront called the Porta di Massa, which I found to be a rather dreary, dusty region, of only desultory activity. It had plainly undergone considerable bombing in the war, for there were large rubble-strewn patches still to be cleared, and I decided that it had probably been considered too far out from the main port area to be worth much in the way of repairs or reconstruction. I walked on, but I was obviously getting nowhere, and I was about to turn back when I noticed, a couple of blocks away, what I took to

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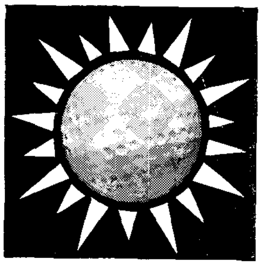

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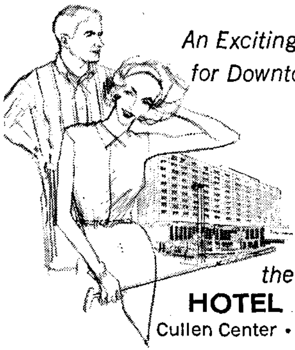
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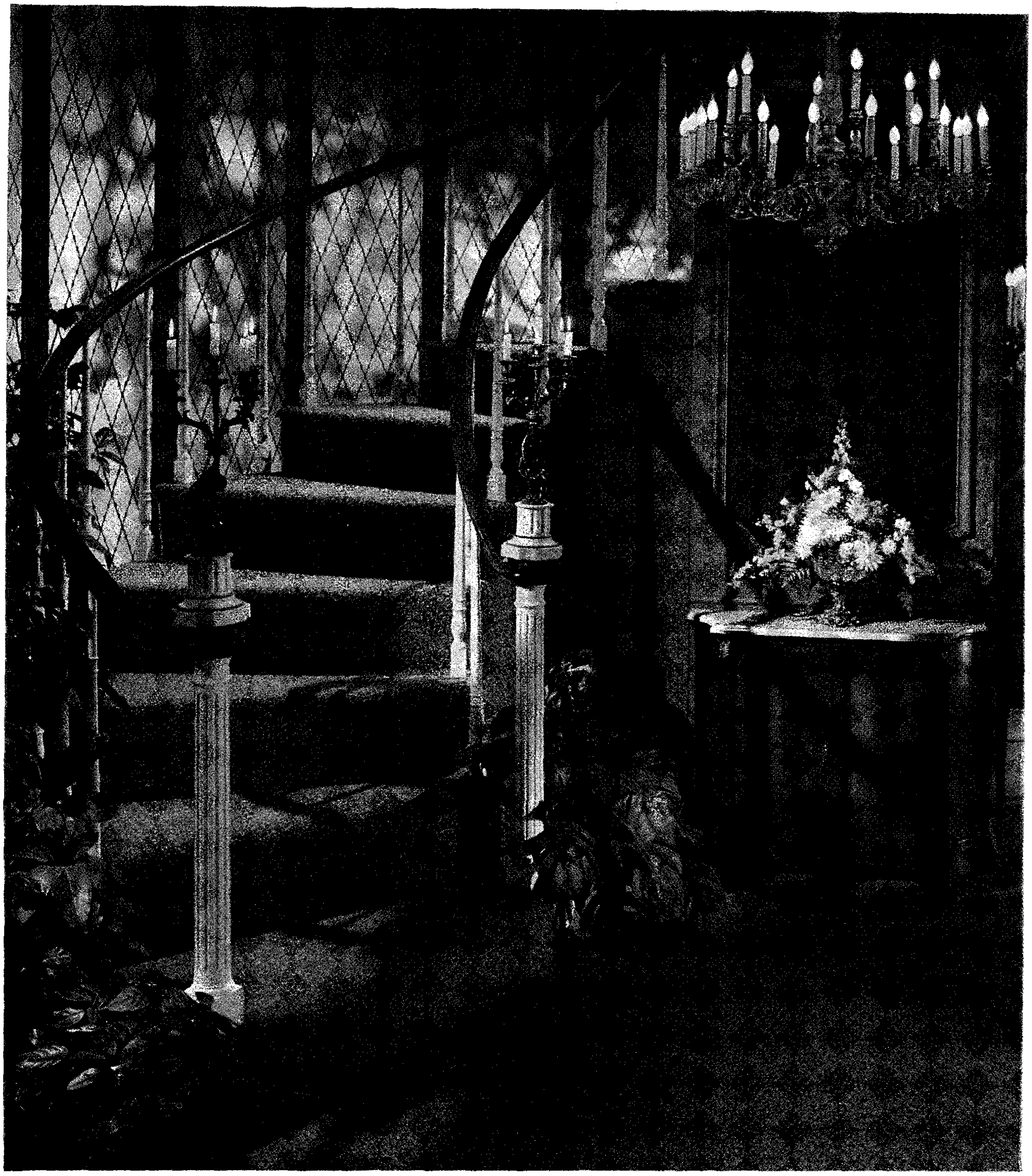

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be the dome or cupola of a small church—glistening with the green and gold of majolica tile laid on in a neatly crisscrossing diamond pattern—rising improbably from the very middle of a cluster of tenements half bomb-blasted, half of them precariously inhabited, among which, it seemed from where I stood, no church could possibly find room for itself. I went to investigate. The building with the cupola turned out to be a church, all right, and it appeared that on the whole it had benefited from the bombing, for the tenements that, I could see, had once literally encrusted it (the only example, by the way, that I have ever encountered of houses built wall to wall right around a church) had both protected and concealed it, and now, with the surrounding structures peeled away like the husk of some nut or fruit, the little church, or a good part of it—the apse and one part of the nave, and, of course, that delightful cupola—at last stood revealed, for the first time in perhaps a century or more, and totally undamaged.

I circled around looking for the entrance to the church, and presently came on it, tucked in obscurely behind some tenement walls. Once inside, I found the interior as gemlike as the dome. The general influence was baroque, verging on the rococo (I learned later that the church was built in 1554, as the private chapel of a family of seafarers), and if a further observation, to the effect that the narrow, aisleless interior was decorated entirely in patterned panels of varicolored marble, mainly featuring maritime motifs, sounds awful, I'll add hastily that it was all done with the greatest restraint and good taste imaginable, even down to the little communion bench before the altar. (I keep using the word "little," I notice, in connection with a lot of early buildings and their furnishings. They were actually, of course, man-sized, but the fact is that men in medieval and Renaissance times were as a rule considerably smaller in stature than they are today, and I find myself wondering if this may not account for the slight difference in scale that helps give so many of the smaller Renaissance structures their peculiar piquancy and charm.) Not to make a mystery of my waterfront discovery, the church in question bears the name Santa Maria di Porto Salvo, and it stands just off the Via Guglielmo Marconi.

And there were other "finds" of this kind. We started out one day to visit some of the shops along the Via Roma, hoping, as I recall it, to find a place

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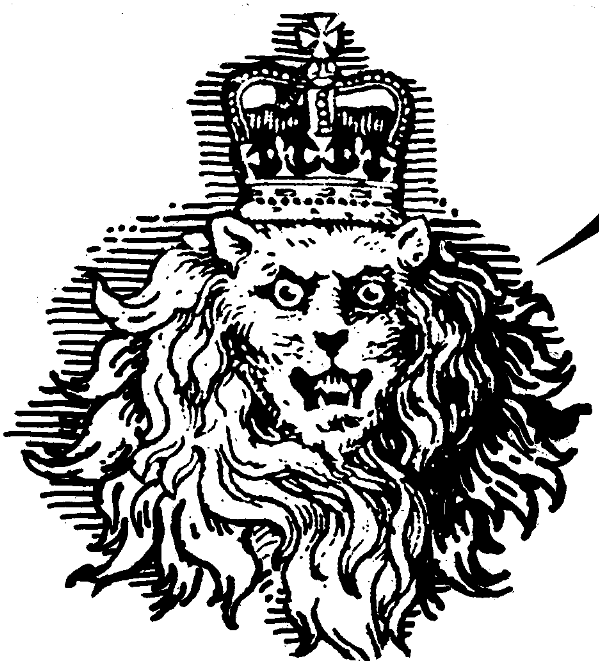

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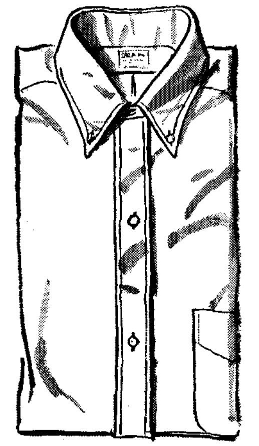

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where we might buy one of the wonderfully ornate, copper-lidded warming trays of the sort used by the *garzoni* of the Neapolitan *pizzerie* to deliver pizzas in. (In Naples, pizzas are put up "to go," like ham on rye or hot pastrami in New York.) We returned to our hotel empty-handed, though, for while we were still on our way to the Via Roma, I became entrapped by the bland, Romanesque, gray-faced Church of Sant' Anna dei Lombardi, seen glancingly down a side street. Turning, we followed this street until it opened into the Piazza di Monteoliveto, and there we came face to face with the church. The exterior of the building, with its smooth, simple, and somehow grandmotherly façade, almost bare of ornament except for a couple of narrow spandrels on either side of its plain portal (but with all its elements proportioned exactly right), entranced me. The interior turned out to be simple, too—spare and almost bare of decoration but, curiously, rich in funerary architecture. In the very vestibule is the handsome early-seventeenth-century tomb of the church's Lombard architect, Domenico Fontana, and just beyond are two side chapels—in white marble and of about the same period—that are also worth noticing, as is the tomb of Maria of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand I, still farther on. The lady is shown reclining atop her catafalque in conventional fashion, but there is a certain serenity in the treatment of this representation that distinguishes it.

The Church of Sant' Anna dei Lombardi is fortunate in having a good-sized piazza before it, instead of being crowded in among an assortment of other buildings. Another church that enjoys this advantage is the Duomo itself, just off the Via Tribunale, where it fronts on a kind of *larghetto*, or *piazzetta*, allowing one to back away a bit and get a decent look at its façade—an impressive affair, certainly, both in size and in its proportions. Indeed, its design struck me as being rather noble, for it has three nicely proportioned pointed Gothic arches framing the central portals, well-placed windows above, and a huge, battlemented campanile a little to the rear—all done in a kind of muted version of the Pisan style, with alternating layers of gray and white stone. The interior represents a bit of a medley, progressing from a flat-roofed nave with Gothic vaulted aisles, past a couple of baroque apsidal chapels, to a fluted, gilded, and domed apse that is close to rococo—a commingling of influences that here turns out to be a fairly happy

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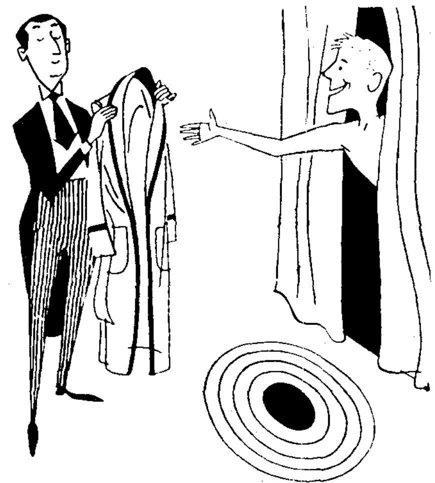

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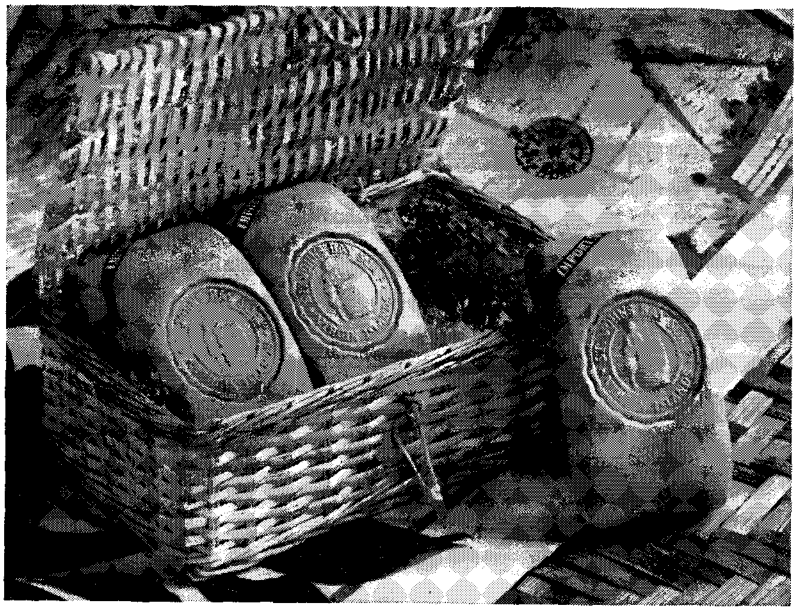
one. The diversity of styles represented, or suggested, is hardly surprising, in view of the history of the building, which was begun in the Gothic style under Charles I of Anjou at the end of the thirteenth century, finished half a century later, and rebuilt after an earthquake in the fourteen-hundreds. Many of the violent contrasts one notices in southern Italy, I'm beginning to feel, may reflect not only the violence of its political history but its natural upheavals as well.

Getting into another church, the Church of Santa Chiara, reminded me somewhat of my experience with the little church among the crumbling tenements down by the waterfront. For although Santa Chiara is fully as big as the Duomo, it lies smack in the middle of the Spacca Napoli quarter, and again I had to circle around—with only occasional glimpses of its high campanile to guide me as I wound my way through a maze of alleys—until, at last, I came upon the entrance, half hidden at one corner of a small, busy, irregularly shaped square called the Piazza del Gesù Nuovo. Because in the congested area it was impossible to get anything like a comprehensive view of the church's exterior, it wasn't until I entered the building that I realized how huge it really is—and there its hugeness is emphasized by an aisleless and very high-roofed nave and a spacious grassed cloister at one side. The cloister I found to be charming, but the church itself—whose dominant interior aspect, like Sant' Anna's, is of tombs and other funerary sculpture—seemed to me a little overbearing. The piazza it fronts on, I might add, furnishes an example of the kind of mixed-upness that Naples quite unabashedly offers. Directly across from Santa Chiara, an essentially Gothic building, is a church—Gesù Nuovo—that is structurally not a church at all, having once been a part of the palace of Roberto Sanseverino, a fifteenth-century nobleman. Except for a pedimented doorway, let in later, its façade, a heavy expanse of embossed stone blocks laid up in regular layers, is characteristic of the exterior presented by any great man's Neapolitan town house of that time. And, as if further contrast were needed, standing in the middle of the piazza, between these two edifices, is an almost frantically rococo stone column, Napoleonic in period, twined with vines, crockets, and other embellishments, and ending in a flare of twisting white marble that gives it a remarkable resemblance to one of those custardy whipped-ice-cream con-



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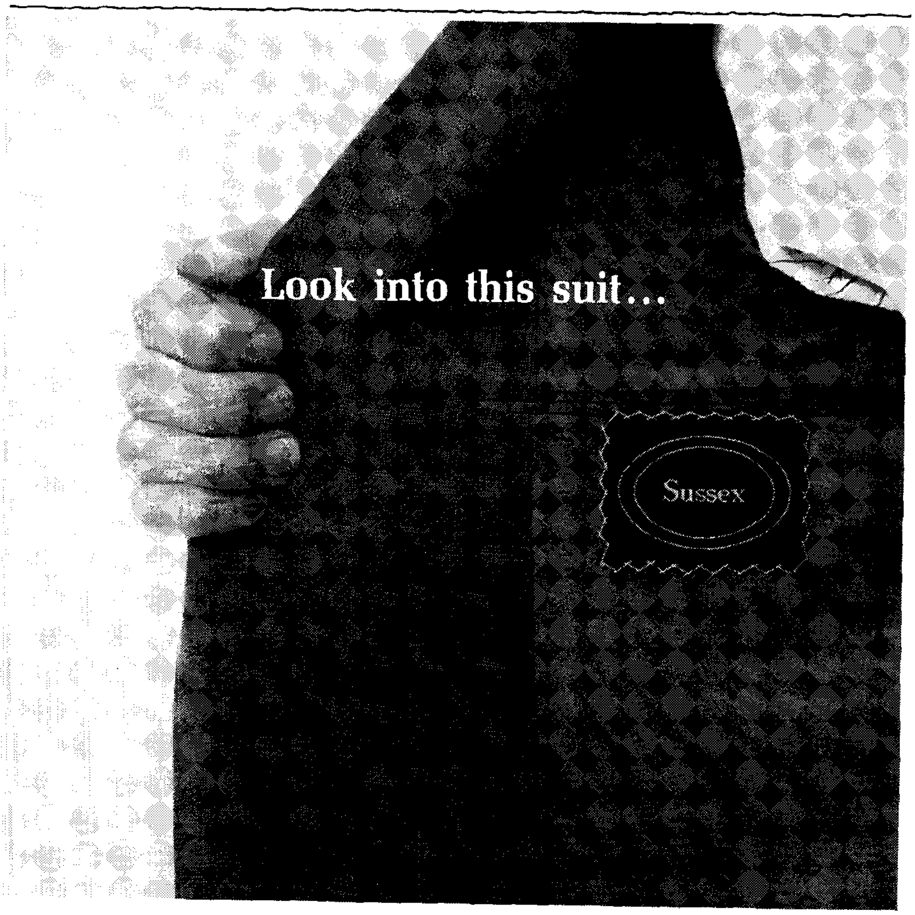

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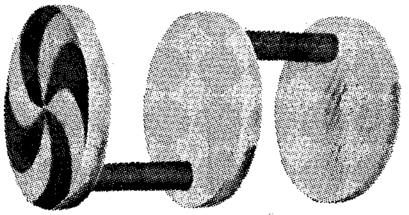
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coctions one sees being sold along American highways in aseptic-looking glassed-in stands under the name of Dary-Wip or something equally dreadful.

There is definitely no lack of churches in downtown Naples. I counted no fewer than a hundred and two marked out on a not especially detailed small map I had—a plethora by almost any standards. Most are closed, some even with their portals walled up, to judge from a random sampling I made, and since almost all are of the same period—the late Renaissance—and quite small, I concluded that there must have been a vogue among wealthy Neapolitans in those days for building private chapels to enhance their prestige, as upper-class Romans did in roughly the same epoch, or, for the matter of that, as rich Bolognese, in earlier times, built towers.

NOT all our "finds" were of churches, and some of the others were, in their way, even more dramatic. We were walking one day on the Partenope, savoring the fashionable life, when we noticed a steep lane leading up a slope from the roadway, and, on impulse, we decided to follow the lane. It went on up in a series of exact zigzags—Z piled on Z, one after another, until the climb began to seem endless. We were far above the highest roofs of the Partenope now, and as our view out over the bay widened, our immediate surroundings grew more desolate. We debouched at the top of the lane onto a scraggly small piazza—enclosed by an abandoned chapel, a few fragments of ancient fortifications, and a handful of sad-looking cottages—and then, having crossed it, we plunged on into a street (what else was there to do?) leading down from its other side. Straighter and less steep than the lane coming up, it brought us almost immediately into a slum so savagely poor as to be nearly beyond description.

The slum, I learned later, is well known in Naples by the name of the Bassi, or bottom—the lower depths. The term also applies to a peculiar kind of tenement dwelling found there: single, ground-floor rooms, apparently once occupied by small shops, that have been converted into lodgings—heatless, waterless, and windowless, and unventilated except for one glass-paned door, opening directly on the street. Such habitations mean, for one thing, that life is public in the Bassi, indoors as well as out. Given the size of the average Neapolitan family, they mean, too, that conditions in them are almost unimaginably crowded. (Those

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we peered furtively into commonly contained a huge bed, with a table and a chair or two jammed in at its foot and a cookstove and cabinet of sorts wedged in at the rear—plus, inevitably, a religious color print on one of the walls, with a tiny votive light burning beneath it.) The rooms were so crowded that most of the operations necessary to normal existence, from doing the washing to preparing the food for a meal, had to be performed in the open, and consequently the streets we followed on down the slope were swarming with both adults and children—the children screaming, squalling, laughing, yelling, fighting, scrambling, scampering, at times almost cascading through the narrow alleys; the adults screaming and yelling, too (they had to, to be heard above the din), and mending, sewing, cleaning fish, scraping potatoes, gossiping, bargaining. The whole place stank, of course—of fish, overpoweringly, if one passed near a fish store, and otherwise of leaking drains, decaying vegetables and fruit, and garbage generally. Yet it had an air of primitive vitality that at other times in my life—though not now—would have delighted me.

We emerged from the quarter as abruptly as we had entered it, to find ourselves on a back street called the Via Generale Parisi, where life was calm, quiet, and decorous. At least, we could see that it would be so at most times, but, as it happened, the street at that moment was mildly abustle with preparations for a funeral procession. In fact, the cortege was just getting under way, giving us our first glimpse of a Neapolitan hearse. These horse-drawn vehicles (we later saw several others) are awesome enough even when the deceased has achieved no worldly status, but this funeral, clearly, was for someone who had been an important personage, and the hearse was correspondingly impressive—domed, urned, plumed, and polished, with a catafalque through whose glass sides, framed in carved ebony, the coffin within could be conveniently seen. It had been a "good" day, we decided, as we walked back to our hotel—a day in which a series of events or experiences, disparate in themselves, had combined to form a consistent and continuously absorbing atmosphere.

We had another good day like that one Sunday shortly before leaving Naples, when we took the creaky old funicular that serves the Vomero, one of the residential suburbs on the hills back of the city, with the idea of invading the massive Castel Sant' Elmo, which overlooks the harbor and its shores from

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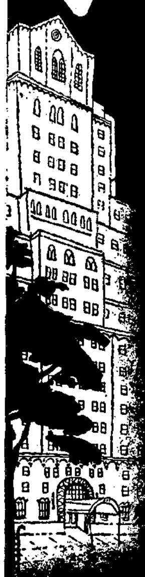

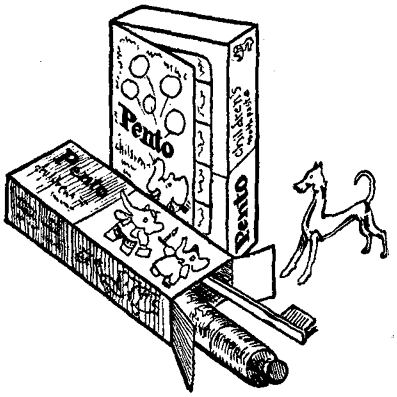

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the very top of a mountain. We didn't succeed, primarily because it developed that the castle was a military installation and so was closed to visitors. But even if it had been open to us, we wouldn't have had much time or energy left to give to it, for the funicular set us down a good distance from it, in a section of quiet, deceptively curving residential streets, and for a while we wandered about at loose ends, trying to orient ourselves. This made us hungry, and since restaurants seemed as rare as castles in that placid, homebody neighborhood, I stopped a young couple walking toward us, hand in hand, to ask directions. Oh, yes, there were restaurants, the young man said, and started to tell us how to find one. Then he stopped and looked at the girl, and she nodded. He turned, and, still walking hand in hand, they led the way—a block or two in this direction and a couple of blocks in that—to the restaurant, where they left us and went on toward wherever they had been going. We managed to get a table, although the restaurant was fairly crowded—almost exclusively with family parties, which puzzled us a little until we realized that this was the feast day of St. Joseph, and Joseph, husband of Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a family man if ever there was one. So what better day could a man and wife choose to eat out, for a change, with the children?

While we didn't get into the castle, we did eventually find a little side way, called the Vicolo Porta Fermarielle, that winds past it, and past an ancient monastery below it, and that is lined, for the most part, with tidily walled suburban villas but opens out occasionally on slices of the Neapolitan panorama, and finally ends in a crumbling stone pergola with the best view over the city and its harbor that I have yet seen. The whole day was lazy, tranquil, and delightful—but somehow it was the sight of that young couple walking hand in hand down the quiet street ahead of us that set the tone for it all.

—Robert M. Coates

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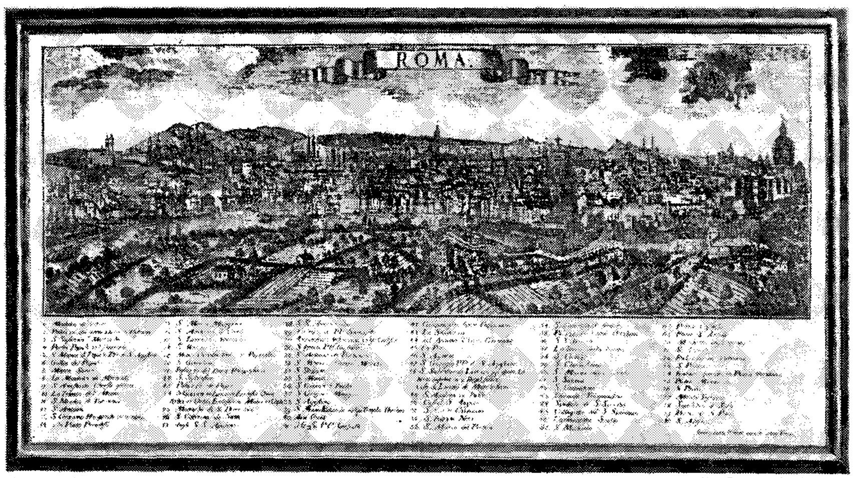
IT'S no doubt parochial of me to be astonished by the wit and charm of "Knife in the Water," but since it's a Polish film and since one has learned to expect a Longfellow-like sobriety from the far side of the Iron Curtain ("Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave's a likely goal"), its brisk, fresh, harsh playfulness comes as a most welcome disappointment. Roman Polanski, the young man who wrote and directed the picture, has been intelligently modest in his ambitions; his story is no more than an anecdote, radically limited in respect to time, place, and circumstance, and within the anecdote he has made every word and every silence between words count. There are but three characters in this fierce charade—a journalist of about forty, athletic but beginning to show his age; the journalist's young, not very pretty, but extremely voluptuous wife; and a tow-haired university student. The journalist and his wife are driving to a lake, where they plan to spend the night aboard their sloop. (No doubt it's also parochial of me to be astonished by the expensive car and the *very* expensive boat that journalists in Poland appear able to afford. Capitalism must preserve its good name by getting journalists out of subways and into Jaguars and thirty-foot sailboats as quickly as possible.) The student, hitchhiking through the countryside, forces the journalist and his wife to give him a ride by dint of recklessly jumping in front of their car. After quarrelling with the boy, the journalist consents to take him as far as the lake. By then, enough of a relationship, uneasy and unacknowledged, has sprung up among the three to make it impossible for them to say goodbye. Like Frazer's Old King of the Wood, the journalist senses that the young man is a rival and must be vanquished in mortal combat; not at all like Frazer's Old King of the Wood, he is also rather drawn to the boy sexually. The couple invite the boy aboard the sloop, and off they go into the eerie stillness and emptiness of a vast water- and skyscape. The sloop is a checkerboard on which, over the next few hours, only a limited num-



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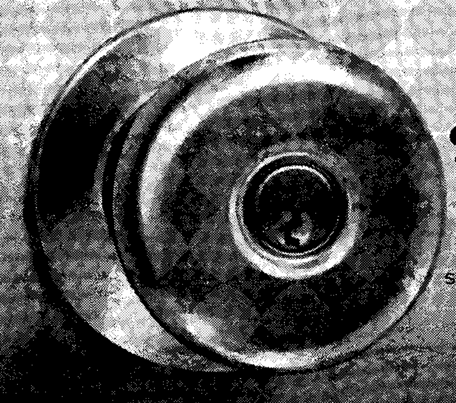

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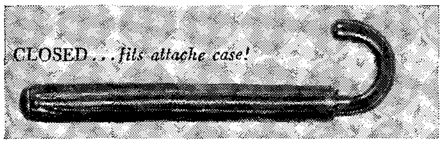

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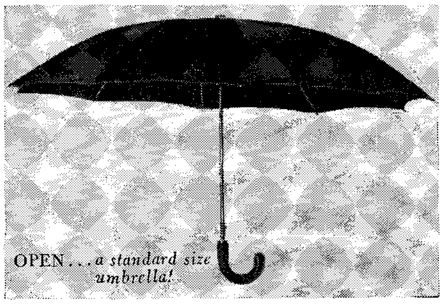

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ber of moves can be made, and our interest lies in the cleverness with which Mr. Polanski contrives to shift his principals from square to square in their only half-conscious rush toward catastrophe. His camera is extraordinarily artful; again and again, in the best early-Hitchcock fashion, he makes us smile by means of quiet, purely cinematic jokes. But I mustn't squander all my praise on Polanski. Also admirable are Leon Niemczyk, as the journalist; Jolanta Umecka, as his wife; and Zygmunt Malanowicz, as the student. Of the twenty-odd pictures shown in the course of our recent film festival at Lincoln Center, I got the impression that "Knife in the Water" had proved the most popular; it will be interesting to see whether it enjoys an equal success out in the world. I certainly hope so.

ANOTHER picture shown at Lincoln Center was "Muriel," written by Jean Cayrol and directed by Alain Resnais. The response at the Center was, as they say, mixed, with the boos notably outsounding the bravos. Thanks to the attention he gained with "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad," Resnais is in the unlucky position of having to continue his experiments with time and memory under the scrutiny of an increasingly impatient number of skeptics, and I'm afraid that in "Muriel" he may have played more tricks with his audience than even the most sympathetic of his champions will feel able to defend. A story not terribly complex in itself is chopped up into dozens of oddly shaped little jigsaw-puzzle pieces and tossed to the audience a piece at a time, with no clue to the number of pieces to come or to the appearance of the finished puzzle. Who is Muriel? Where is Muriel? What is the relationship between *this man and that woman?* Who in the world is this old chap keeping goats? Why goats? What do *they* stand for? A conundrum is a lovesome thing, God wot, but I reached the end of "Muriel" dazed and a trifle annoyed by all the stray pieces I hadn't found places for. I have to confess to an uneasy suspicion that I slept through much of this picture, but quite a few other people have confessed to the same crime, and I wonder whether we really slept or whether Resnais tricked us into thinking we were asleep. If he did, it's a curious knack for a conjurer to possess, and one he'd better practice not using.

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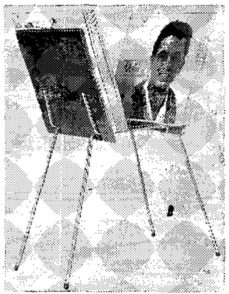

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play is a model of its kind and will be running long after all of us are gone; the movie isn't nearly as good and will do well to last out the decade. Though Richard L. Breen is given credit for the screenplay, everything I saw and heard struck me as ur-Kerr, flattened and soiled by mechanical reproduction. The stars are Debbie Reynolds and Barry Nelson, and the inept direction is by Mervyn LeRoy. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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b. Analyze what has been done. Food and other needed supplies were provided for the picnic. This is supply. Maintenance was performed on the family automobile. This is service. People and supplies were moved, and this move controlled, to the picnic ground. This is transportation. The injured member was removed to the proper medical facilities for care. This is evacuation and hospitalization. In the planning, all of these activities were brought together in a common action to support the particular operation—the picnic. Apply these processes to military operations and it is called logistical management.

•

After a cat has scattered a pile of papers over the floor, fielded three of your hair-curlers under the dresser, grabbed the end of a cord and run ten yards up the hall with it, unwinding most of the ball, pushed the lid off the butter dish, yanked a couple of tacks out of the scratching post, dipped a toy mouse in his drinking water and deposited it on the bed, and clawed a nylon stocking to shreds, he begins to feel bored, and wants you to think up another game for him.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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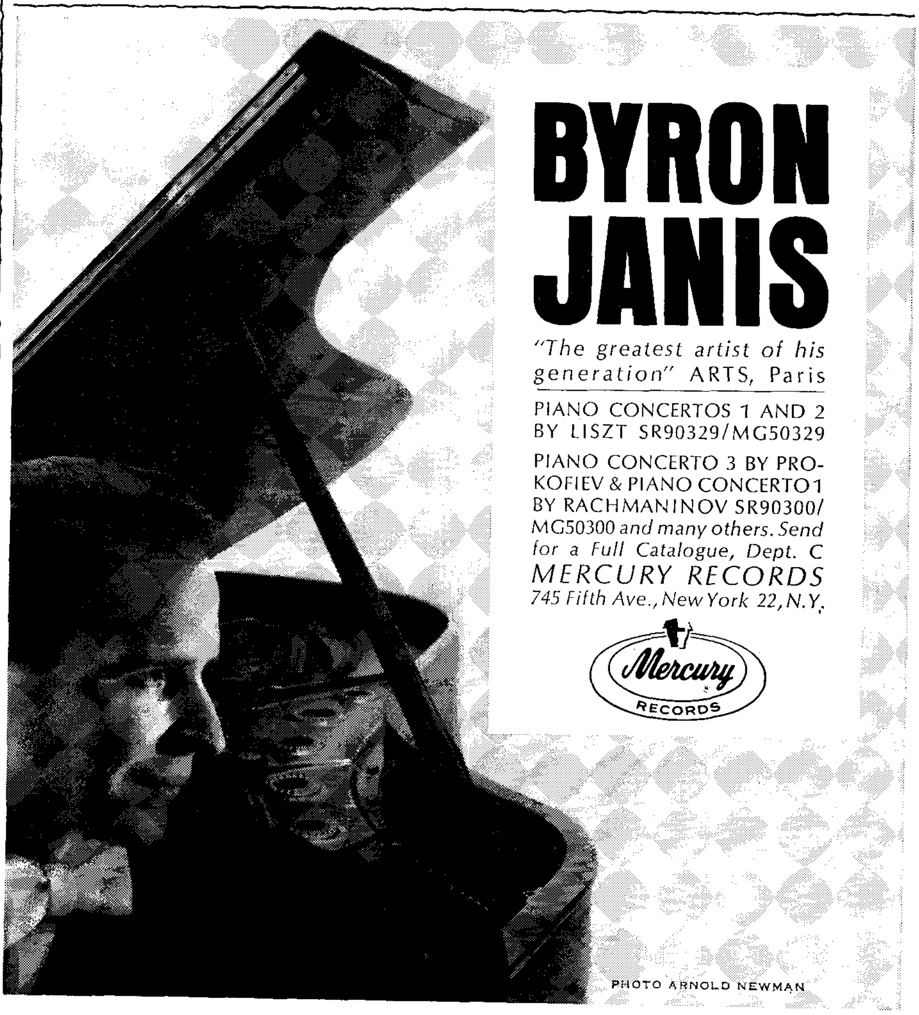

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LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 23

"LE DERNIER SAUVAGE," an *opéra bouffe* by Gian-Carlo Menotti, was given its official première this week at the Opéra-Comique. It was commissioned for the house by the Comique, now directed by the composer Georges Auric, as part of a renovation plan to bring modern blood and fresh musical sounds to the dust of its repertory and stage. The libretto, also written by Menotti, in a satiric vein, is elaborate and very funny, especially to Americans, the best equipped to appreciate the gaiety of its parody of themselves. It concerns Kitty, a willful young (coloratura) American girl, and her millionaire father, Scattergood, of Chicago, both on a visit to the Indian palace of a maharajah friend. Kitty is in hopes of capturing in the jungle an Abominable Snowman, about whom she can write a term paper for her anthropology course at Vassar, but the two fathers have a different plan. They want Kitty and the maharajah's son to marry in order to consolidate their Eastern and Western family fortunes, since Scattergood thinks the Democrats in Washington will ruin him by taxation, and the maharajah fears the loss of his wealth through peasant reforms. When Kitty insists on hunting her savage first, a substitute Snowman is rigged up by the fathers in the person of a handsome palace stableboy, Abdul, who will eventually receive a hundred thousand dollars—the fathers give him one dollar down to seal the bargain—if he successfully plays the savage and lets Kitty capture him, which she does in Scene 2. She brings him back in a leopard-skin loincloth and in a cage, declaring that she will take him to Chicago and give him to a museum. Though Abdul is shocked at the prospect of contact with the uncivilized West, that is where he is in Act II, and, aside from his and Kitty's love affair, everything is even worse than he feared. Against a smart backdrop of tilting skyscrapers (the only good décor in the show), she gives a studio cocktail party to introduce her friends to her savage, now nicely buttoned into a busi-

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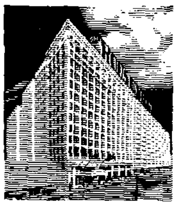

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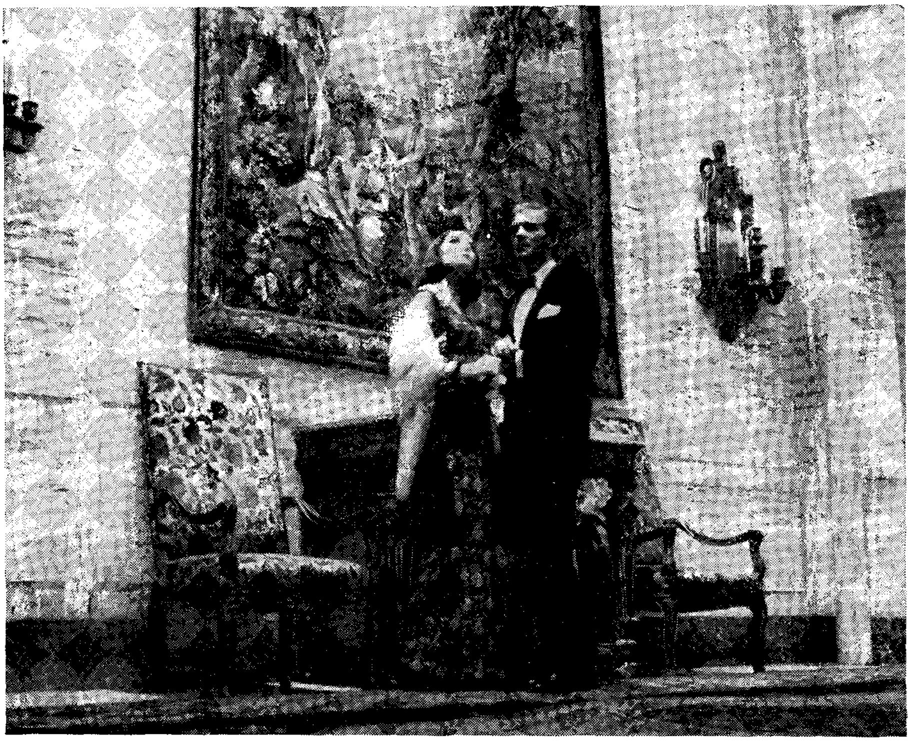
ness suit. In this highly comical scene, the parody of American life lies not just in the singing about it, as up to now, but in the appearance of its prototypes—the mobbing photographers with flash bulbs, the female reporters, the society ladies all wearing identical pale mink stoles, the beatnik poet poetizing about "*Moi, moi, moi,* me, myself, and I," the beatnik painter who pulls a string and flushes color onto his canvas, the tax man, the insurance man, the salesman with gimmicks to sell. Smashing his way out in horror, the savage flees, and in Act III lovelorn Kitty captures him once more, back in the same jungle. When the fathers try to press upon him the $99,999 in bills to prove to Kitty that he is a fake, the noble savage, happy as a lark in his cave-dwelling life, begs Kitty to share his primitive lot. She secretly and sensibly takes over the $99,999 bankroll, and as they embrace on their leopard-skin couch, the safari servants enter behind them, silently bringing in the television set and the refrigerator for their future life. Curtain.

On the whole, the première audience seemed to enjoy itself immensely—all except the critics. Being an *opéra bouffe,* "The Last Savage" will not have the popularity of "The Consul," with its visible and audible tragedy of the postwar displaced people whose very lives hung on a visa. Nor will it vie with "The Medium," with its hypnotic music and its charlatanism in respect to the hereafter. Both of these earlier works are basic, specific, uncostumed modern tragedies, drawn from the commonplaces of life that audiences understand and profoundly identify with. They are operas of small individuals' sufferings, and the Menotti music deeply orchestrates their modest human feelings. It would seem that his special, exceptional gift is to write brief, vivid Grand-Guignolesque plays with the *brio* of the great theatre man he is, and to set them to his emotional, melodic music.

Act I of "The Last Savage" could probably be shortened to advantage. In his parody spirit, Menotti has also included parody snatches of the opera masters. Thus, he brought in new hindsights on Rossini, made occasional open use of Puccini, produced sextets and septets, and often oddly interrupted the flow of his own creation with rich trumpet calls and musical flourishes, as if something new were coming, perhaps an aria, though none emerges until the last act, which contains beautiful musical writing. The Paris music critics have already used Menotti rather as their



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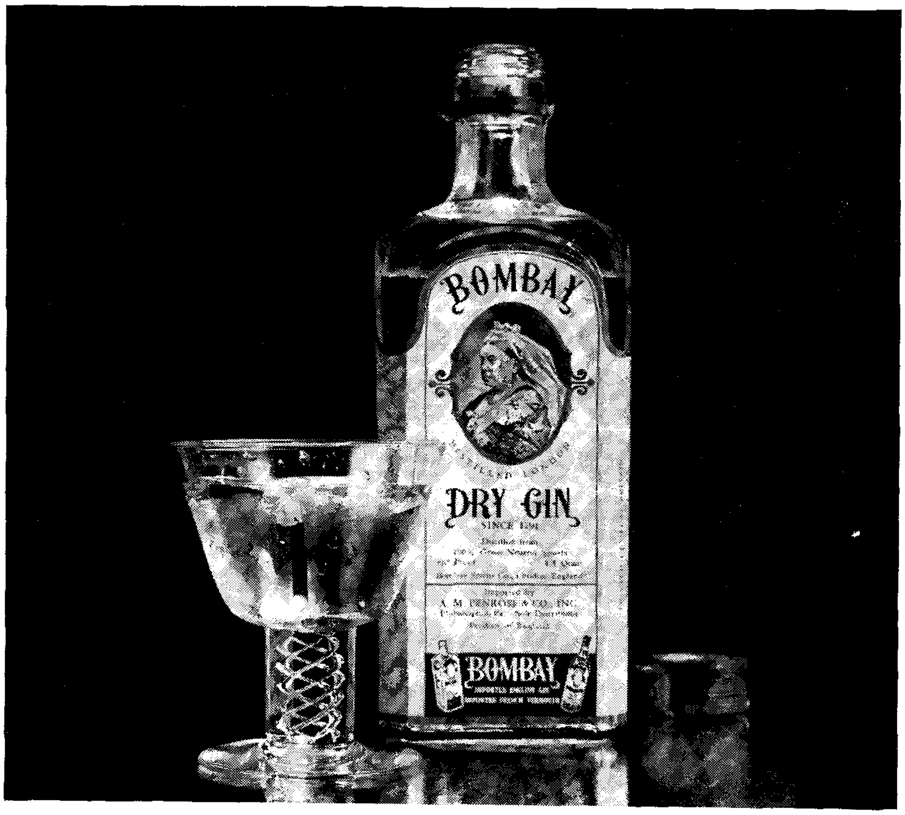

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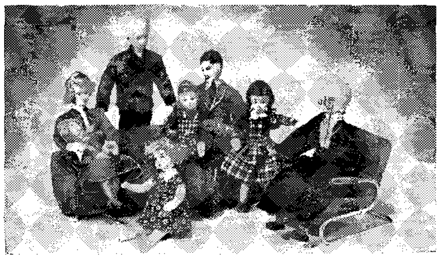

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whipping boy. In their reports on this week's Menotti opera, it is they who have been the savages.

EDITH PIAF died at seven o'clock in the morning in Paris, and a few hours later on that same recent Friday her friend Jean Cocteau, in his nearby country house at Milly-la-Forêt, suffered a final heart attack, provoked by the news of her demise, and himself died at one o'clock. Yet at noon his incisive, familiar voice, already quasi-posthumous, was heard on the national radio among the hastily collected *hommages* to Piaf's memory, saying, "She died as if consumed by the fire of her fame." This epitaph for her had, in fact, been premature, originally prepared and recorded by him a few months earlier, when, as had been frequent lately, she seemed to be perishing and was given up as lost. But on this precise Friday, by a melodramatic coincidence, her intended epitaph suddenly became apropos for them both, in a confusion of mortal destinies. "La Voix Humaine" and "La Machine Infernale," the titles of Cocteau's two best-known plays, seemed in unexpected referential conjunction on that Friday-noon broadcast.

In their opposite places in the French entertainment world, Piaf and Cocteau were known to millions, and in many cases to the same millions, both being legendary *monstres sacrés* for which the French public, from its intellectual summit to its sentimental depths, tends to share an appetite. In her last Paris triumph at the Olympia Music Hall, all that was left of Piaf was all that had ever counted—her immense, infallible voice, which rose to the roof, carrying its enormous, authentic outcry of banal phrases of anguish over lost loves, and poignant despair of happiness that would never arrive. Ravaged, ill, bundled in her customary modest black dress, her pallid little moon face set in its sad, nocturnal smile, she tottered—her thin legs supporting her in faltering obedience to her courage—across the stage to the microphone, to which she clung, and then her voice, that great remnant of her life, burst forth. Her rhythm was always like a beating pulse; she was the unassailable artist, raucously singing her *véridique* songs of truth about her own ancient class, the Paris poor. The misery of her youth became her repertoire. She was born on a sidewalk in Belleville, with two policemen acting as midwives; was brought up by her grandmother, who ran a brothel; and first sang on Montmartre street corners for sous.

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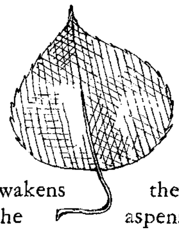

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In his elegant fashion, Cocteau was in a way the *agent provocateur* of that phenomenal revolutionary epoch of the creative mind just after the First World War, of which Paris was the geographic brain center, and which became the first—and still remains the only—style period of this century. He was a Protean, even a Procrustean, multiple-talented Frenchman, every so often cutting off the basic feet of one gift on which he was progressing toward more serious perfection so as to increase the headroom for another, which he then swelled to successful bursting with his genius for alternation, reinterpretation, and dimensional change. Essentially, he was always the same, dually composed of the brilliant lightning of his vision, in which he always clearly saw himself, and the minor thunder of his printed word, most resonant when it echoed only what he had felt in his own entity. As a precocious small boy, illicitly leaning in the early night from a window in his widowed mother's fashionable apartment near the old Théâtre du Vaudeville, he gazed down on the delicate, well-bred little mules in the private equipage that was fancifully used by and waiting for the fabulous actress Réjane, and his addiction to the theatre world began. Always in advance of the avant-garde and (though no musician himself) early tired of Debussy, Cocteau, with his infallible instinct for timing, was the organizer of Les Six, who as composers created a new, but

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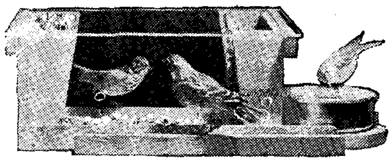

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less important, non-Debussyesque music, more useful for the Paris ballets that followed the Russian supremacies of Stravinsky and Diaghilev—to whom, in a historic liaison, he introduced Picasso as the dominant new discordant note in Paris painting. From his educated, legitimate inheritance of the Greek classics Cocteau created his own romantic bastardy, bringing the classical Greek personages down in impossible haste to the procreation of his stimulating personal mythology, which he used to people his plays and films, with their old truths and mysteries of misconduct—the Sphinx, Oedipus Rex, Antigone, Orpheus—and from there farther down to earth, among mere human beings and the old filial and parental errors of "Les Enfants Terribles" and "Les Parents Terribles." He began the fashion for the absurd in his creation of "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel," and enlarged the modern appreciation of death in the suicide-by-hanging of the *premier danseur* in the ballet "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort." The vogue for violence was early manifested in his film "Le Sang d'un Poète," disapproved of by the Church. Films were pristine material then. On them he left his elegant thumbprint. He illustrated some twenty-five books, mostly his own; his familiar profile drawing of a round-eyed, short-lipped Orpheus was so famous that in Cocteau's honor the French state engraved it on a twenty-centime stamp, as if it were his own portrait. His most serious volume of poetry, "Plain-Chant," should long outlive him. "Thomas l'Imposteur" was his earliest, most important novel; "La Difficulté d'Etre" was his richest autobiographical report. And in the realm of phantasmagorial reality in that strange 1930 Paris literary epoch of drug addiction, the text and frighteningly informative physiological drawings of his book "Opium," created in a disintoxication clinic where he did not sleep for twelve days, are of a rare literary as well as psychiatric importance. In this book he defined opium as "the sole vegetal substance which communicates the vegetal state; through opium we obtain an idea of that other speed known to plants." As a painter, he decorated two country Catholic chapels, one of them St. Blaise des Simples, a twelfth-century lepers' retreat in his village of Milly-la-Forêt, on whose walls he painted frescoes of herbs and simples formerly deemed helpful to the sick—the polydore fern and absinthe artemisia. He was buried in its churchyard. His beautiful hands, which he displayed

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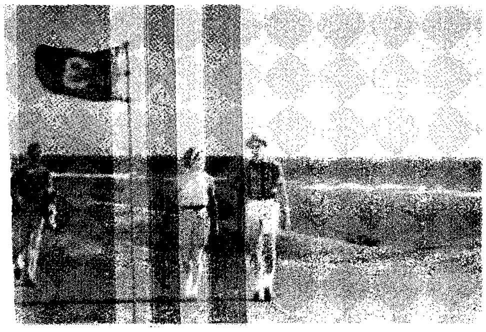

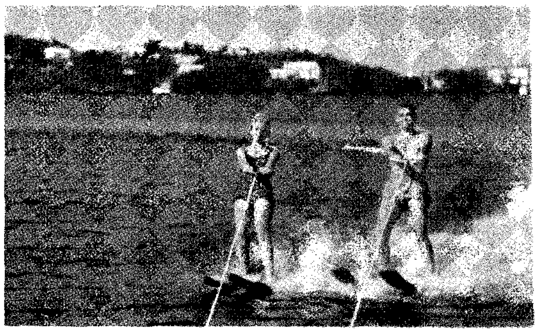

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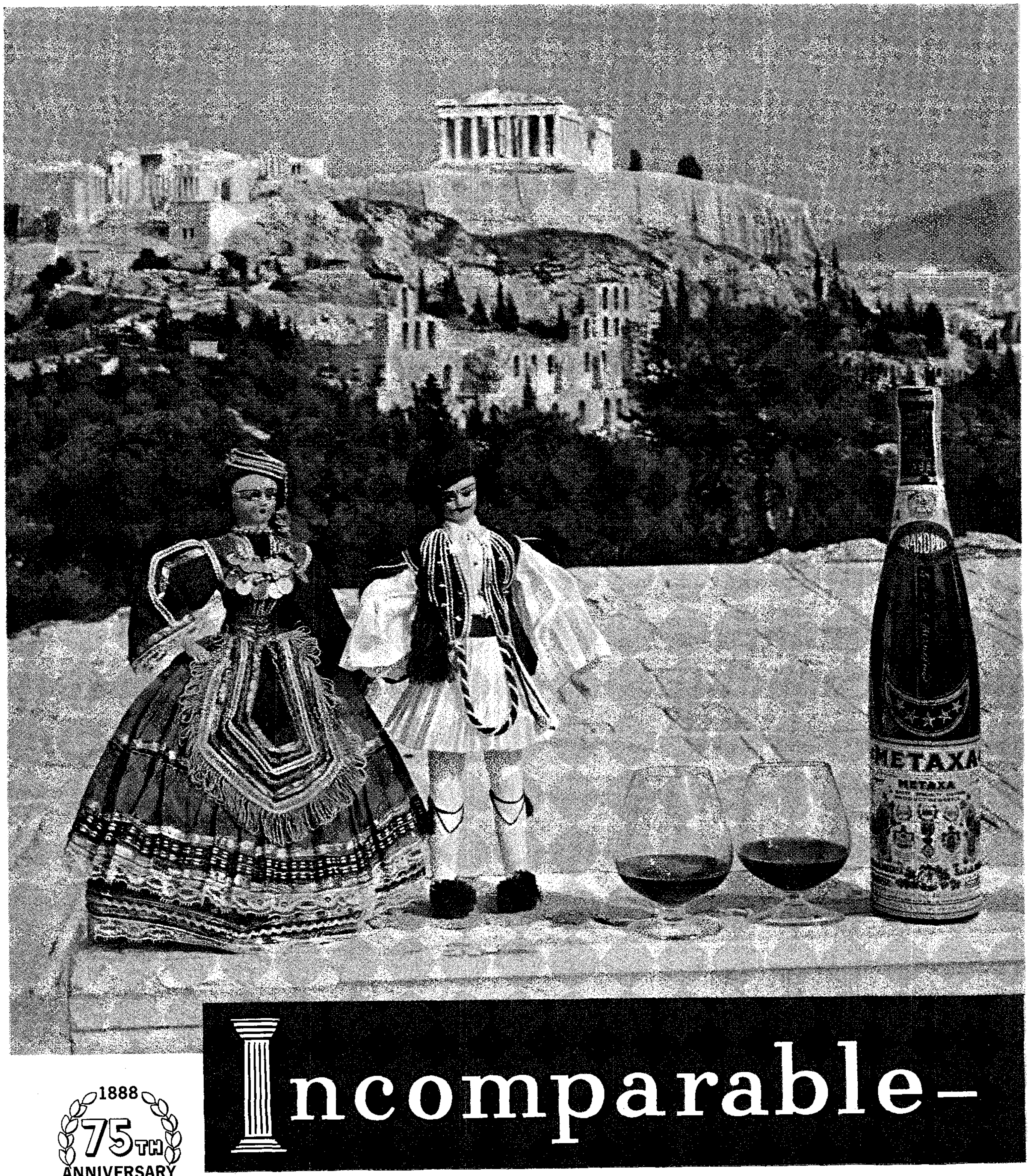

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in narcissistic admiration during life by wearing his cuffs rolled back to uncover the artistry of flesh and bone, were on view for the last time in the pictures taken of him on his deathbed.

IN BRIEF: After a summer as chill and wet as autumn, France has enjoyed an autumn as tender and warm as spring. There is bathing on the beach at Deauville. In Paris shops, there are fresh garden strawberries from Poitou, and white lilacs. On the Loire, the pear trees are in bloom. The sun arrived too late to aid the wine grapes; the year's wine will be weak in alcohol. . . . The regular autumn strikes for higher pay have started. This week, there was a twenty-four-hour railroad strike, including suburban trains. Next come strikes among bank and government office employees and airport technical personnel. . . . By a law just passed by Parliament for the protection of animals, cockfighting in France is forbidden, but bullfighting is allowed. By another law just passed, conscientious objectors, very rare here, will no longer do their eighteen months' military service in prison. They will do three years' military service, but at pacific tasks, such as possibly peeling potatoes for the mess. . . . In the overcrowding at the Sorbonne, where enrollment has just finished, five students are now allocated to each square metre of the lecture amphitheatres, where the students will stand, since they cannot sit. . . . In the auction last week at Cuverville, in Normandy, of the souvenirs remaining in the old home of André Gide, the top price—eleven thousand five hundred francs, or about twenty-three hundred dollars—was paid for Jacques Emile Blanche's portrait of him. It was purchased by a M. Bercovitsch, who possesses a private zoo in Etretat. M. Alain Schlumberger bought Gide's plain writing table, on which much of his genius was set down. His little school desk, which he used as a boy, was bought by a Paris antique dealer. The Bible presented at his wedding to Madeleine Rondeaux was also sold, for eleven hundred and fifty francs. It was a white marriage, as he told the world.

—GENÊT

•

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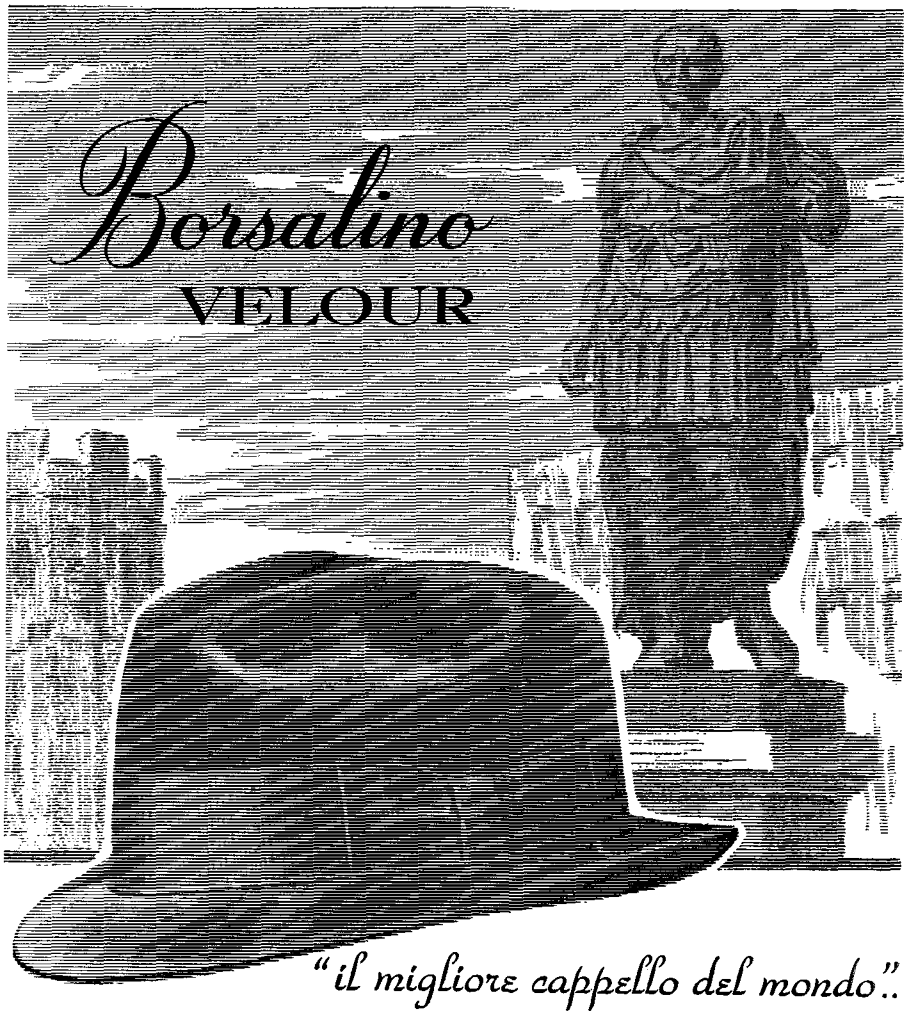

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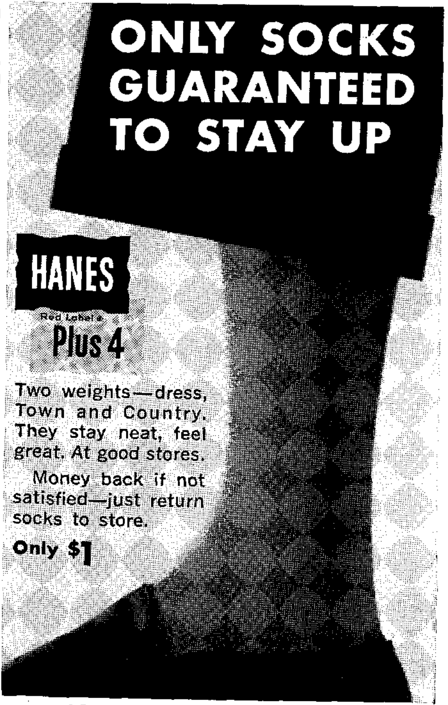

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BOOKS

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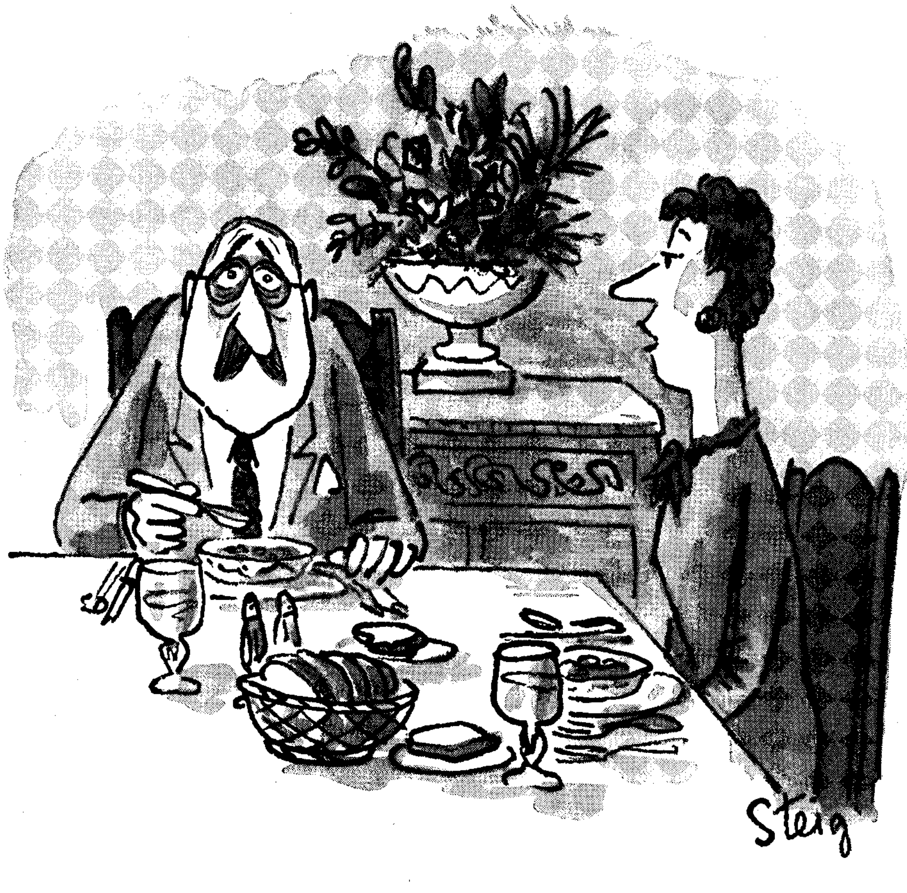
THE sizable number of novels written in the past ten or fifteen years about the relationships between urban Negroes and whites have tended to fall into two equally unsatisfying groups. The first, written by whites, and often using jazz as an excuse to explore the parasitical, surrealistic environment that tightly encircles it, has included artsy gushing (Chandler Brossard, John Clellon Holmes, Jack Kerouac), angry editorializing (Ross Russell), almost sleight-of-hand smoothness (Warren Miller), and plain labors of unawareness (Dorothy Baker). Despite their frequently ostentatious love and "understanding" of their subject, these books are unrevealing and unwittingly condescending, since inner workings of whatever kind are generally better seen into from below than from above. (Someday, someone will write an accurate novel about jazz, and it will probably be dismayingly dull, for in the main jazz musicians are home-loving, television-watching, newspaper-reading innocents who dislike night clubs, late hours, buses, and all the other discomforts their jobs force on them.) But the number of pseudo-hip novels is decreasing, while the second group of novels, written by Negroes, is at last beginning to swell. Until recently, these books have been amateurish or simply distended by emotion. (Fury and frustration are what pushed James Baldwin's "Another Country" so badly out of shape.) They, too, have been condescending, but in a pardonable, revelatory way, by virtue of the fly-on-the-boudoir-wall position that Negroes have been held to. However, "The Messenger" (Farrar, Straus), the first novel of a young Negro named Charles Wright, stands firmly on a middle ground untouched by its predecessors. That is, Wright mixed his anger and experience and insight and allowed them to cool and harden into the dispassionate omniscience essential to novelists. That done, he began to write, and in a plain, clear style that reflects this emotional and intellectual sureness.

"The Messenger," the book jacket of which leads one to think it may be in part autobiographical, deals simultaneously with Negroes versus whites and, far more important, with a Negro purely in relation to himself. People impinge on one another, Wright seems to say, but each of us has a secret center that remains untouched. The surface of the book is a human phantasmagoria that passes through the narrator's small fifth-floor walkup on West Forty-ninth Street, along the street below his window, through East Side bars and apartments, and through the offices and apartments his work as a messenger boy takes him to. This parade is described in funny, sharp, sad vignettes, some barely a page or two long. They concern wealthy drug addicts and sybarites; an aging white coquette who now and then drops in on Charles, the narrator; his Negro girl friend (their relationship, obliquely and beautifully handled, has long since gone dry, but they are still disagreeably and hopelessly entangled, like moose who have locked horns and fought to exhaustion); an extraordinary collection of homosexuals, ranging from "drag queens" to Ivy League boys; a prostitute and thief just out of jail; a divinity student; a desperately cool Army buddy; a couple of white academic friends; and stockbrokers. Here is half of a typical chapter:

> Mrs. Lee [the coquette] calls: "Charles, pet. Are you alive? Fine, fine. Listen, Charles, I have a most delightful idea. We'll round up a party and go to Jones Beach in a rented limousine. What mad fun we'll have. I bought a portable beach tent—yellow, green, and red. Oh, it's *too* much, pet. Cleo going down the Nile. Now, there will be Diego—you haven't met him, have you? What charm! Like taffy melting in the sun. He wants to be a cabinetmaker. Laura thinks he's adorable. She's coming. She has the most marvellous French bathing suit. A bikini. All red knit. A scream, Charles! I thought we'd ask Sade, too. Oh, sorry, pet. I forgot you were not on friendly terms. But I could ask that sweet little Jewish boy . . . what's his name. Oh, you know who I mean. And Lena. She's such fun. I hear she's out again—have you seen her? And what do you think of this, pet? I've got champagne for you. Just for you, darling."
>
> "Oh, Jesus," I moaned, on the verge of tears, and hung up.

At first, the color of these figures, who are never exploited or romanticized, is identified, but as the book goes on the colors blur and fade altogether, and this is right, for the narrator himself no longer cares. His fury at the



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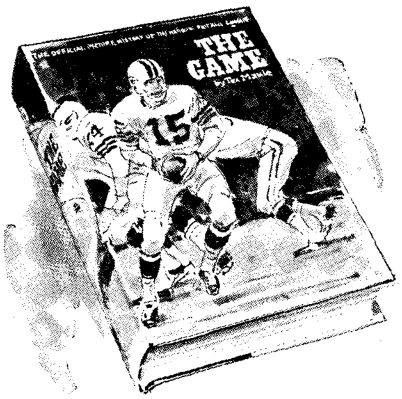

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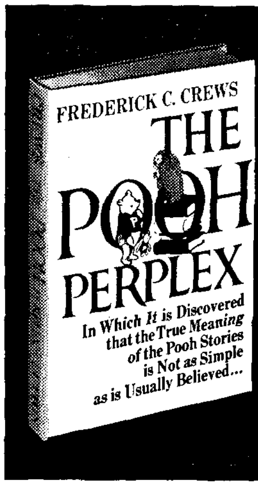
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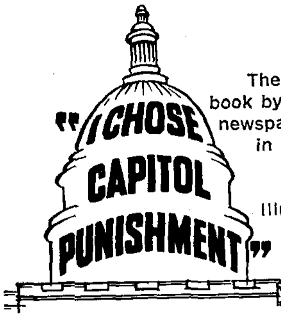

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white world has been capped by his belief that he at least equals it—that, indeed, he understands it better than it understands itself. He has become an ironic but generous observer, and all that now tortures him is why he, an intelligent would-be writer, should be trapped in a menial job and in a small, airless room in New York instead of doing what he knows he can do. This pain is the heart of the book, and the narrator examines it by telling us, in bits and pieces, of his earlier life: Born, light-colored, in a small Missouri town, he is orphaned at the age of four and raised by religious grandparents. In his teens, he wanders around the country, reads a great deal, and discovers that it is easy to be in demand in white artsy circles. He is in the Army during the Korean War. Eventually, in 1957, he migrates to New York. One horrifying scene helps make him what he is and helps make the book the achievement it is. The narrator has cut through the white district of his home town on his way from work in a bowling alley, and is picked up by the police for questioning:

> I was frightened, surrounded by four policemen. My heart thumped like crazy and my eyes darted from man to man and then at the wall behind the rolltop desk. A portrait of Lincoln, the American flag, and a nude, calendar girl decorated the cream-colored wall.
>
> Finally the policeman at the desk looked up. "What were you doing up there?"
>
> "I work at O'Malley's bowling alley and I like to take the long way home. It's very quiet and I like to walk."
>
> "Is that so?"
>
> "Yes, sir. I'm pretty fast too. I'm on the track team at school." . . .
>
> The policeman at the desk puckered up his lips and ran a pale, blue-veined hand through his close-cropped gray hair. "No knife, uh? Never been arrested? Like to take hikes . . . and you're on the track team. Is that right?"
>
> "Yes, sir," I said brightly in the moment of truth and salvation.
>
> "WELL, GODDAMMIT. START RUNNING AROUND THIS ROOM!"
>
> I began running. Head held high, arms arched at my waist, taking it slow and easy like a good trotting horse.
>
> "Faster," a policeman yelled.
>
> "He sure can go," another added.
>
> "By God, jest like a rabbit."
>
> "Faster, boy!" . . .
>
> I could hardly get my breath but I continued taking long strides. About half an hour later, my legs began to give. A pain throbbed in my leg muscles. . . . Strange, too; my feet felt as light as cotton.
>
> "Okay, boy," the policeman at the desk said, rising, "that's enough."
>
> I slumped against the desk exhausted and wiped my face with the back of my hand.
>
> "That was damn good," the close-cropped, gray-haired policeman said. He reached in his pocket and threw a nickel

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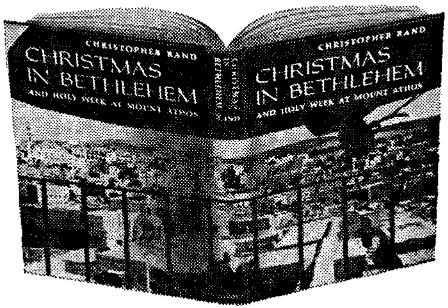

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on the floor. "That was a miteee fine show."

The nickel hit the floor dully, rolled, and fell on its tail as if on cue. I kept my eyes focussed on that nickel. (I still remember that nickel. An old-Indian-head nickel.)

Then I knelt down and picked up the nickel because that was the only thing to do.

"You sure can run fast," another policeman said, handing me my wallet.

"Never saw a nigger who couldn't," another policeman reflected.

"Yeah," the gray-haired policeman agreed. "But stay across the tracks. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," I replied firmly, quickly, and walked out of the Sedalia, Missouri, police station, trying not to think of anything.

But the author-narrator is not an embittered Negro; he is simply one of the countless loners who never belong to the group, the gang. He will always live figuratively by himself in small, airless rooms, but he will never again be the trapped person he presents here; "The Messenger" is proof.

"THE LEARNING TREE" (Harper & Row), by a successful Negro photographer named Gordon Parks, does not belong with Wright's book or the others, for it is a booming old-fashioned melodrama that happens to have a Negro instead of a white hero. The book is centered on the growing up in a small Kansas town in the twenties of Newt Winger, the youngest of seven children of poor parents. When the book deals with the Wingers' home life, it is quiet reminiscence, and one wishes that Parks had fanned his story out from this dignified center instead of arranging it in a series of violent happenings that eventually make the Wingers seem overblown gods and goddesses. At the end, the reader's head swirls with an accumulation of brutal murders, dismemberments, fist fights, automobile accidents, beatings, cyclones, and blood, blood, blood. The book, though, is a direct counterpart of Harper Lee's "To Kill a Mockingbird," so we now at least have a composite melodramatic portrait of life on both sides of the tracks in the sort of small Southern town that produced Charles Wright.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WANTING SEED, by Anthony Burgess (Norton). Mr. Burgess's novel of the future tells of a society in which homosexuality and infanticide are encouraged by the state, and

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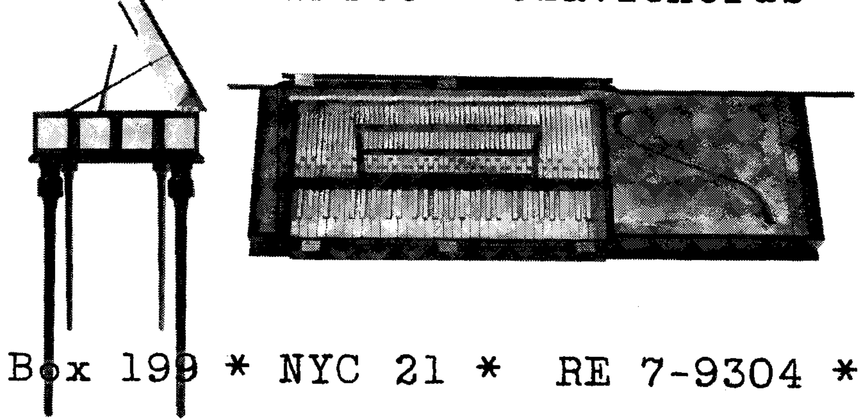

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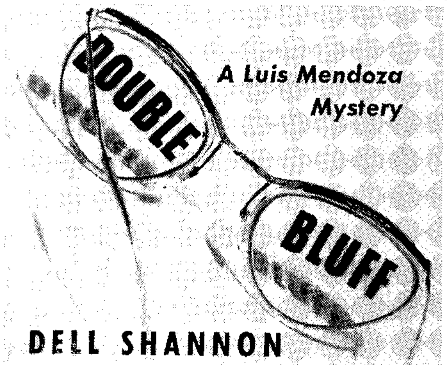

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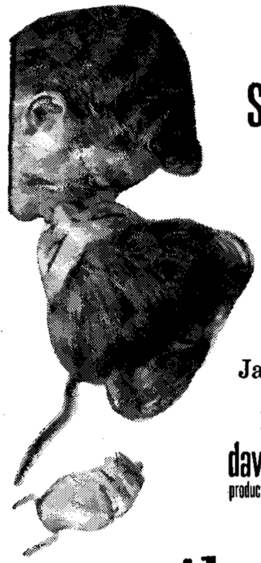

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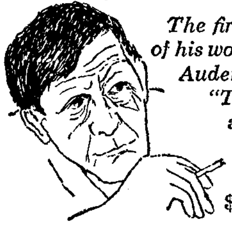

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cannibalism, though not exactly condoned, is practiced in private, and sometimes in public. Food riots are common, and space is so constricted that people live and sleep in rooms that could have been designed as traps or tombs. Overpopulation and a depleted earth have diminished the spirit of humanity, joy has been replaced by glee, those too sensitive to be brutalized have withdrawn into indifference, and even the struggle for survival is fitful, because the rewards of survival have become so meagre. This imaginary world, which now and then seems to be more a bad dream of the present than a nightmare of the future, is peopled by Mr. Burgess mainly with caricatures but also with a few almost real men and women, among them a man named Tristram Foxe. The writing falls too often into easy, jeering lines and cheaply bitter antics, but Mr. Burgess's natural talent is in view at all times, and one cannot help feeling that a writer who is able to create the wistful, hardy Tristram Foxe should not limit himself to threats and warnings. The scene is England, with a short and particularly horrid episode in the West of Ireland.

JUSEP TORRES CAMPALANS, by Max Aub, translated from the Spanish by Herbert Weinstock (Doubleday). With infinite inventiveness, Mr. Aub has added to the gallery of modern Spanish painters a companion of Picasso and Gris who, as it happens, never existed. He says that he discovered Jusep Torres Campalans in Mexico, where he had been living in obscurity ever since he left Paris at the outbreak of the First World War. Besides inventing all sorts of documents to lend verisimilitude to a perfectly plausible biography filled with anecdotes of the avant-garde of fifty years ago, Mr. Aub has invented a marvellous character. Torres Campalans is an unpleasant fellow, given to harsh remarks about his contemporaries and gnomic (possibly meaningless) dicta on art and life. Mr. Aub writes with reverence, as if he could not see that his hero is cold, stupid, and ignorant, and Torres Campalans' worm's-eye view of the great and his recollections of Paris at the turn of the century could not be better imagined. This parody biography is nothing as obvious as a spoof of modern painting; it is pure irony—a joke on mankind.

AN END TO COMEDY, by Robert Carson (Bobbs-Merrill). There is evi-

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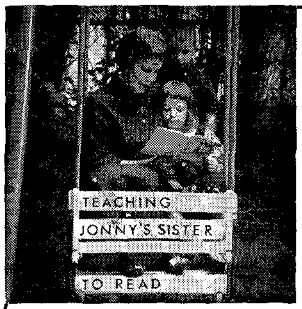

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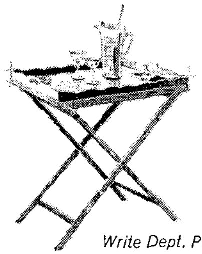
dence in Mr. Carson's work that he can write, but he contents himself here with a silly-billy account of ready-made characters filming a noisy movie in Spain.

GENERAL

THE EARLY YEARS OF ALEC WAUGH, by Alec Waugh (Farrar, Straus). Anyone who has ever dreamed of a free life of travel in far-off countries will be fascinated by Mr. Waugh's account of how he embarked on his lifelong voyage around the world, writing books and meeting people. If we are to judge by the qualities reflected in this autobiography, the requirements for such an existence are good temper, courage, curiosity, and the imagination to sense excitement everywhere. Mr. Waugh's talent might have been satisfied at home in London; it was his restless nature that turned him into a traveller, and his cast-iron nerve that allowed him to exchange the safe-and-sound foundation of ordinary life for the precarious happiness of a bird of passage—a very hard-working bird. This volume reviews his life from his birth in London, in 1898, to the moment, thirty-two years later, on a train bound from San Francisco to New York, when he realized that, as far as such a thing is possible, his fate was settled—that from then on he would always be a passenger, always in transit, and that, given the choice, he would never settle permanently anywhere. The writing has charm and humor, and there is a little message—Mr. Waugh has no regrets.

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY, by Michael Edwardes (Macmillan). Plassey, though hardly more than a skirmish, fully deserves the place it is here given in the excellent British Battles series. This was the battle in which a small British force under Colonel Robert (later Lord) Clive routed an Indian army of fifty thousand led by the Bengali Nawab Siraj-ud-daula at the village of Palasi, about a hundred miles north of Calcutta, on June 23, 1757, with casualties for the British of only eighteen killed and forty-five wounded. It was also the battle that established the British as the undisputed power in Bengal and made possible the eventual conquest of the whole of India. More than that, however, it is an unusually interesting battle to read about, for it was won as much by trickery (a large part of the Nawab's army had been bribed not to fight) and by luck (a



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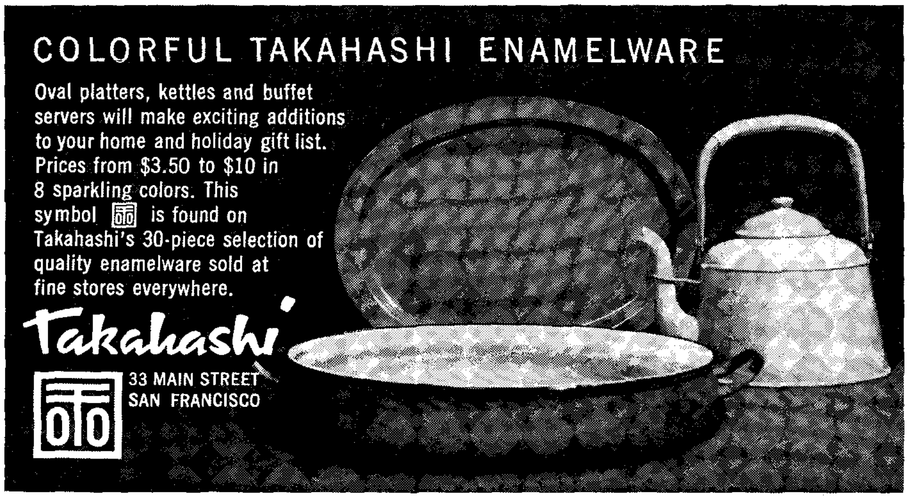

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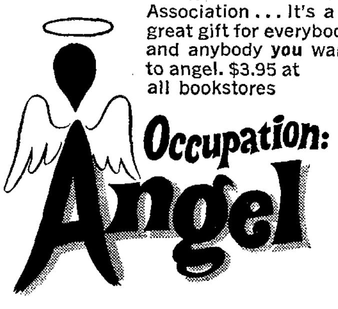

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sudden monsoon shower soaked much of the Nawab's powder) as by force of arms. Illustrated with portraits, drawings, and maps.

A SENATE JOURNAL, 1943-45, by Allen Drury (McGraw-Hill). For almost two years, Mr. Drury, who later wrote the best-selling novels "Advise and Consent" and "A Shade of Difference," covered the Senate for the United Press. Not content with the stories he put on the wire, he kept the voluminous political diary he here offers us. In it, he looks at all sorts of stupidities, and comments that democracy offers a heartening spectacle; while trying to like nearly everyone, à la Will Rogers, he also terrifies himself with spectral dangers to our very solid republic from the left, from the right, from executive usurpation, and from legislative delays. His view of the legislative process is confusing, and his emotions are obtrusive and inappropriate.

VERDI: HIS MUSIC, LIFE AND TIMES, by George Martin (Dodd, Mead). This book contains a number of inaccuracies as to dates and places but is nonetheless a very readable biography of the great Italian composer. Its strongest features are a lively delineation of the political and social background of Verdi's time and an examination, quite accessible to the general reader, of his music. It does not, however, exhibit the patient, painstaking research that made Frank Walker's "The Man Verdi" a milestone in scholarship. Twelve dollars.

FEIFFER'S ALBUM, by Jules Feiffer (Random House). Jules Feiffer seems to have turned from pictorial satire to verbal preaching. The change does not become him. In the past, he has created some sharp, funny cartoon fables. None of them are included in this large, pretentious volume.

•

Highlight of Henry Frankel's European trip was his view from top of the Acropolis (a high hill) in Athens where he stood by the Parthenon (ancient Greek temple) and saw the market place below.—*Denver Post.*

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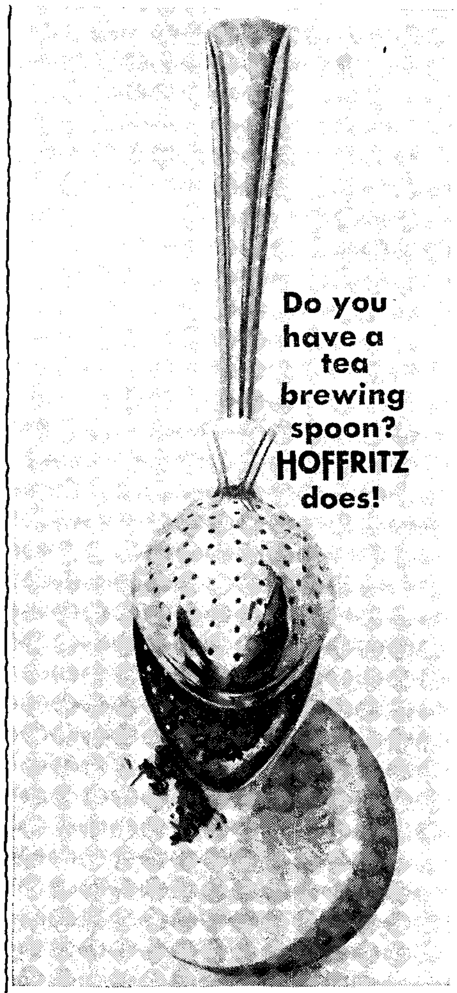

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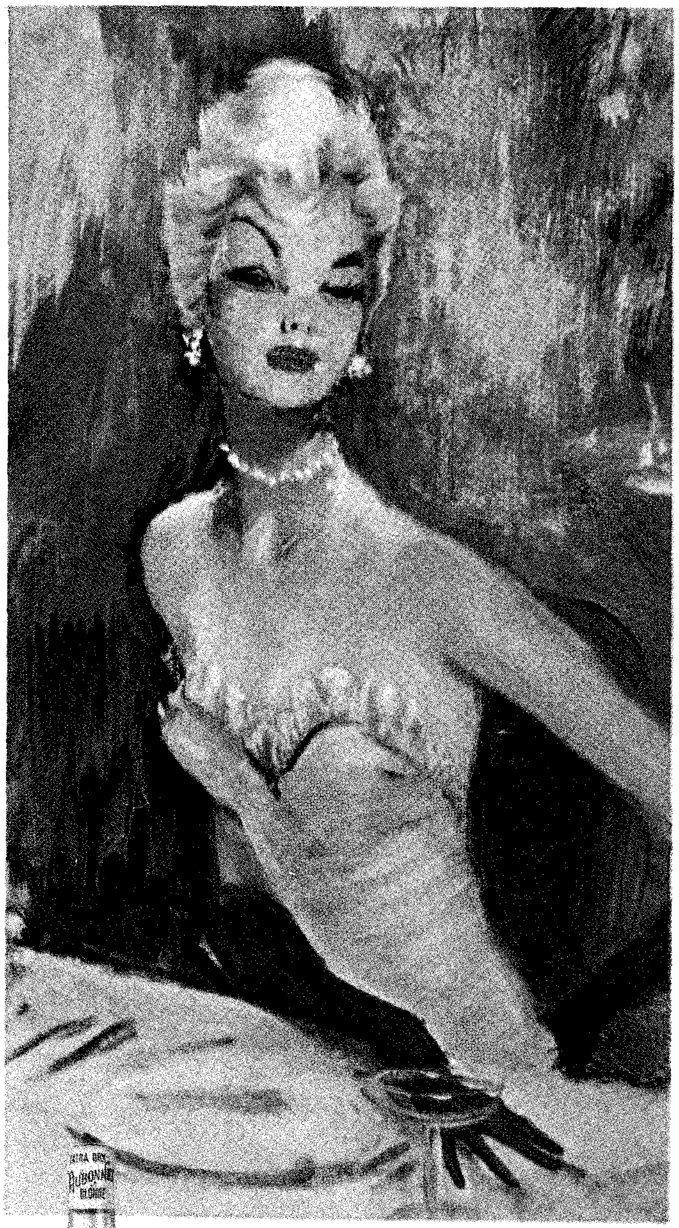

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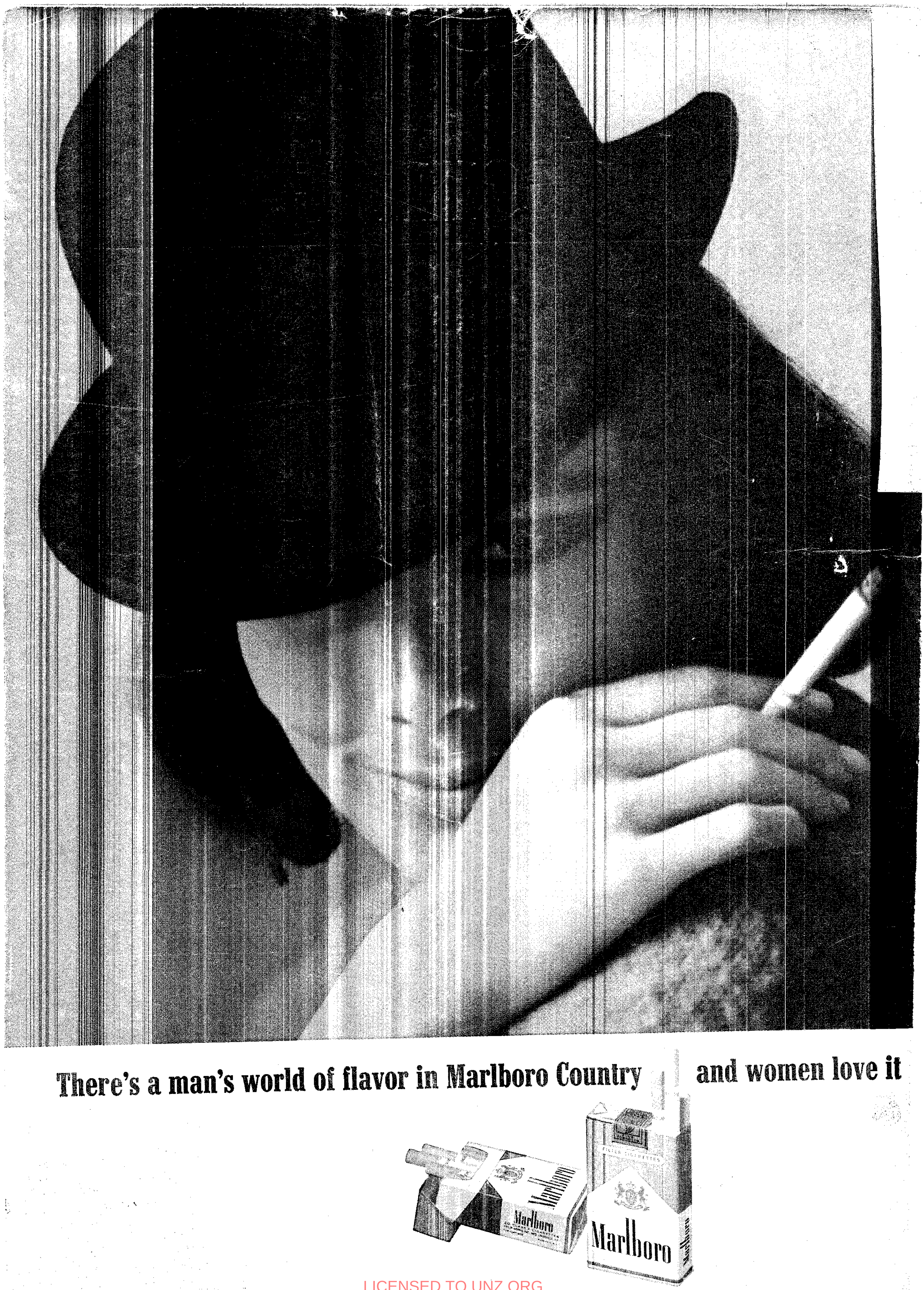
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